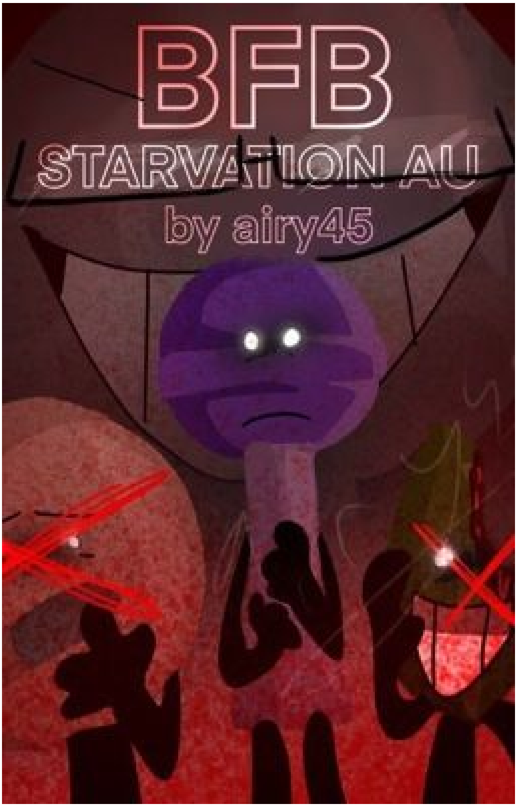
BFB
STARVATION AU
by airy45

1- "Doesn't count if she's already dead!"

TW: spoilers for bfb, cursing/offensive language, needles/sharp objects, blood, character death, cannibalism

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//3RD PERSON POV//

"Eraser, Eraser! Look what I found!" Pen rushes to his friend's side, naerowly missing Rocky. "Look, it's a rectangle..."

"No, pen. That's a parallelogram." Eraser rolls his eyes. "Wait... is that other one you're holding a..."

"Pentagon?" Pen smirks, proud of himself. "It's pretty cool, it's like my name... and then -TAGON!"

"No, you don't get it Pen... pentagons are scary..." Eraser shudders.

"Why-"

"AAAAAH!" The two scream in unison as the pentagon growls. "BLOCKY!!!!"

"Ugh. Idiots." Blocky deeply exhales and grabs Saw.

"Wait- where are we going- OW! OW!" Saw yelps in fear as she is used to saw a pentagon in half.

"Damn, that's brutal!" Foldy exclaims. "*I'm* a pentagon... I hope they don't..."

"No worries, Foldy! They aren't like that. I knew them last season.

Sure, they were sort of bullies... but they wouldn't MURDER anyone!" Tennisball laughs. "I... need to find leafy. Golfball was trying to find her earlier."

"Oh! Leafy's right over there!" Foldy gestures behind the yellow-green ball.

"Oh. I see, thank you Foldy!" Tennisball jumps up and trots to Golfball. "Hey, GB! I found leafy!"

"OH! GOOD." The grey sphere nods. "I SHOULD GO SEE HER NOW-OOOF! PIN?!"

"Hey. GB! I was wondering if you saw my seeds!" The sharp red tack asks. Her syllables are spaced apart like the golfball's which is actually more common than it would seem. "It's almost time for lunch! So- so I need the seeds to make blueberries for a pie!"

"Me...?" A pie asks grumpily.

"No! Not you..." Pin laughs. "A pie for lunch!"

"No thanks..." Pie sinks herself lower into the grass. "I'd rather explode..."

"NOW DON'T SAY THAT!" An energetic plant appears out of nowhere. "THERE IS SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR! THE SKY'S AWAKE, SO-"

"I'd honestly rather die then listen to you, leafy." A flame grumbles and hides his face. He actually wants to make amends with the leaf... but he can't let anyone else know that! "Hey look, coiny! Hating her is a thing we can bond over!"

"Yes!" Coiny cheers. "Let's celebrate how we both hate her and throw these seeds!"

"I can agree with you!" A deep voice comes out of nowhere, making the two boys jump.

"F#ck off snowball." A stern voice grumbles. The cold white sphere looks to the small Mexican food who had just cursed at him. "I'm way f#cking better than you, #ssh#le!" She smirks.

"Oh yeah?" Snowball cracks his knuckles. "Let's see who can throw those seeds into that pot! Whoever can throw the seeds in is best!" He laughs, his dark eyes filled with *determination*.

"Oh ho ho! I am SO watching this!" Pencil giggles and Match scoots closer to her.

"FIGHT! FIGHT!" Match begins to cheer and soon the pair are both yelling. "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"Oio noio!! Doint foight goiys!" A clear, soapy sphere exclaims.

"Yeah!" Ruby exclaims.

"Bubble- you're being demoted to bember, and Ruby... You don't want to be demoted too... do you?" Pencil shoots a glare at bubble and ruby who both begin to tremble. The school supply then proceeds to look back at match and smile at her.

"Ugh. All of them are idiots." A pale light switch snickers. "What do you think, tree?"

"I dunno." Tree shrugs. "Hmm... I'd rather not watch though, I'll go talk to remote." Tree walks away and towards remote. "Hey, remote."

"Hello, tree." Remote's robotic voice echoes out of her speaker inside her. "Want to see my fork- OH NO. MY FORK."

"Yummy!" A yellow smiley face chuckles.

"NO. GIVE THAT BACK." Remote struggles to free the fork.

"Yeah! Give remote that last fork back! I need it to complete my stack!" A blob of jello calls out, glancing proudly upward at his stack of forks.

"YIIIPEEEE!" A bell yells as she swings past Gelatin's tower- or... directly into it...

"Uh oh, Your forks fell!" A clear bottle laughs, her voice sounding as distant as usual so it doesn't concern the others.

"We can SEE, bottle." An irritated donut grumbles. "Now, I need to leave so I can get my lunch. See you all in a few!" The donut waves and turns away from them, sighing as he does so.

The tall grass crunches under his feet as he walks to the apartments which everyone lived at. Infront of it sat 5 people, diligently looking through a large book... but the 5 happened to be blocking he entrance.

"Excuse me..." Donut mumbles but the 5 don't bother to acknowledge him. "Hello...?" He tries again but to no avail. He's about to give up when he hears a voice...

"STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP!" A gleaming cube exclaims from nearby. "Please let him through!"

"Loser! Loser! LOSER!" The 5 of them chant. Loser then smiles and walks away.

"Oh! Uh... sorry! I'll move right away!" Cake exclaims, scooting to the side and away from the door. It's strange how people have grown to depend on the shiny cube... "Come on, guys!"

"But grassy wants to read more!" A collection of grass blades whines.

"I know, I'll read more to you in a minute. For now, we need to let donut pass." An orange ball with black stripes smiles warmly at Grassy and the two move away from the door. "Come on you three!"

Three? Donut scratches his head.

"Coming!" Puffball sings.

"Yeah!" A cold cube stands as well and walks toward the group.

"HEY!" The book suddenly snaps shut and jumps up. "DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME!" She runs to the other five.

Donut then sighs deeply and walks inside the building, shutting the door behind him.

"Hey, guys! What are you doing?" Naily asks Cake.

"We're looking inside book for descriptions on us! Wanna join?" Cake asks.

"Sure! Can Bomby, Braceletty, and fries come too?" Naily asks to which Cake nods.

"HOORAY! ICY!!!" Braceletty rushes to the ice cube.

"Hey-hey puffball!" Fries walks forward as well. Bomby just trails behind.

Meanwhile, Barf Bag and Pillow are trying to prove who is right and who is wrong... Eggy, Lollipop, Clock, Cloudy, 8-Ball, Nickel, and even Fanny agree with Pillow and nobody except teardrop and spongy seem to agree with Barf Bag. Gaty watches this from far away, sighing to herself as she sees the two groups discuss what teardrop's arm flutters mean. With Gaty is lightning, balloony, woody, Rocky...

"Awww little one... come here..." Balloony hugs Rocky and Rocky keeps the same giant smile. Woody nervously scoots closer, looking at the smaller object in the tall balloon's arms. Lightning picks at the grass, uninterested.

"Awww! That's so cute guys!" Gaty smiles at the trio.

Suddenly, a patch of dirt lands infront of gaty and she curiously looks to where it came from.

Marker and Stapy are playing "Toss the dirt" and Dora thought it looked like fun. She started to dig, causing a big mess while David shouted "AW SERIOUSLY?!" Whenever dirt got flung at him.

Further away, Donut watches this with a smile as he gets his food from a machine. He has no way to get the food into him as his mouth is a giant hole. So, he uses a machine that Golfball built to get nutrients inside him through a patch on his arm that a tube would connect to with a needle. Sure, it may sound complex, but donut has the hang of it by now.

Donut continues to get his "food" as he sees Dora discover a jar and flower picks it up.

"Woah! Thats cool, flower! What is it?" Needle asks.

"It's a jar!" Flower exclaims and tries to open it. She grunts. "This is impossible! BLACK HOLE! OPEN IT!"

"Hmmm..." Black hole considers. "I'm not sure if I can-"

"JUST DO IT!" Flower yells, and black hole begins to come closer toward them all.

Meanwhile, Donut is finished and is walking toward the others, curious if black hole can open the jar or not.

As black hole comes closer, everything begins so suck into black hole. All screams are muffled... and all objects thought that was sure to be the end...

But it wasn't...

Not yet...

//DONUT'S POV//

"H- huh...?" I blink slowly, my surroundings coming into focus. "Where... am I...?"

A strange grassy area spans infinitely out on all sides. Yellow trees dot the arena and light green grass blades peak taller than the darker ones. In the distance, a tall staircase that spans infinitely as high as the ground appears looms over a pile of brown baskets with helicopter propellers attached.

A cool breeze whips through the air, sending the blades of grass to point north. Lighter objects are grabbing onto blades of grass on an attempt to not fly away.

I... wonder what's causing this...

I slowly look in the opposite direction the grass is blowing in and I see...

"Ew! What is this? It as a squishy texture!" Liy squeezes the thing making the breeze and it stops. "Hmm... This one has another texture!" She skips over to another thing.

"Stop it Liy! We don't know what it does!" Saw exclaims.

"I can do this!" The first thing cheers as it reaches out its hands and sends a long gust of wind from it. "Pretty cool, right?"

"Four...! You're gonna end up hurting them!" The other thing whines and swats Liy's hands away. Liy looks at the two in awe.

"Fine." The first thing, that I'm assuming is four, grumbles. "Then what powers can I even use...?"

"Well," the yellow X looks deep in thought. "I know you can't use the mutilation powers on other people!"

"Aw man... that's my favorite...!" Four sighs. "What else can I not do, X?"

"Well... no despawning, no zappies, no screechies-"

"Well, I can do a non-harmful screech, can't I?" Four looks excitedly at X who smiles back.

"Sure!" X jumps happily. "Whatever makes you happy-"

"Hey guys? Where's your- like- bubble recovery center?" Match interrupts. "I'm- like- super worried that Bubble might pop again."

"You... you... YOU INTERRUPTED HIM!" Four yells loudly, causing everyone to cover their ears.

The ground rumbles underneath, causing my legs to feel numb.

I squint and see Match vibrating slightly as four yells. The yells from Four abruptly stop when X places a hand on their shoulder. I uncover my ears.

"I said no screechies!" X exclaims.

"Well- uh... it didn't kill her! That would be bad since I can't revive anyone yet!" Four laughs and then turns to match. "There are no recovery centers! But good news, black hole can't suck you all up anymore!"

Pencil sticks out a finger at Four.

//3RD PERSON POV//

"GOOIIYS! NOOIWW OOI COIINT BE RECOIVORED!!" Bubble panics, waving her arms all over.

"Look at her! She does not care." Pillow whispers to lollipop who shakes her head.

"I'm not sure, pillow..." The purple candy looks at the transparent, soapy sphere. The Lollipop puts a hand to her own head. "Hmm... pillow, since you seem to be *soooo* full of knowledge... would you mind telling me the temperature? I'm practically melting." Lollipop rolls her eyes.

"That's odd. I feel cold." Pillow shrugs.

"Hmm... would you all wanna play a game?" Four grins. X, who is sitting down, begins to kick their legs excitedly.

"I LOVE GAMES!" Braceletty yells. "What's wrong?"

"Don't you wanna battle to win a prize?" An excited smile creeps onto Four's face.

"But what *IS* the prize?" Eraser asks.

"A BFDI!" Four exclaims to which everyone chatters excitedly.

"I love that prize!" X exclaims.

"Now you'll have to form 8 teams of 8!" Four exclaims. "Welcome to the competition!"

"A competition? Sure sounds fun... but I sort of wanna go home... I've never been on a competition before." Pie flops onto her back.

"Hey, I'm sure it'll be fine!" Tree sits down next to her. "They better have lunch here, I'm starving."

"I'm scared that four is gonna end up killing us." Pie looks up. The blue sky is dotted with fluffy white clouds.

"Hey! He won't do that... not with us around! We'll prevent death!" Tree exclaims, alerting others.

"Woah! Preventing death! I want to try!" Bottle scurries toward the two.

"Yes. I would love to learn from you all.. no worries. I am no longer dangerous." Black hole floats down to the group.

"Awww... I wish I could prevent death... but I always seem to cause it!" Liy frowns.

"I can... teach you?" Pie sits up and shrugs. Liy then squeals and runs to hug pie.

"THANK YOU!!!" She excitedly yells. "I'm so excited to prevent killing!"

"Did someone say killing?" Pillow asks.

"Hmmm..." Leafy walks among the new contestants. "I'll take you... you... you-"

"Stop it, Leafy." The cloud complains. "What... what is it that are you doing anyway?"

"I'm taking in all of you that look like you need help!" The energetic leaf smiles. "I LOVE to help people!!! Oh, and you too Roboty!"

Cloudy exhales heavily as he and Roboty are dragged into a group containing Balloony, David, Woody, and Rocky. "COME HERE NICKEL!" Leafy exclaims and Nickel follows.

. . .

Soon, all teams are made and named... and it was all a matter of time before the challenge were to start.

"Alright everyone!" Four exclaims but then suddenly looks sad. "Look at that! X is about to lose grip of their beloved baskets!"

The contestants look up to the variable who stands sadly atop the tall staircase. "Oh no!" X cries out as his baskets float away from him.

"You guys gotta return the baskets to him! The last team to give X his basket will be in deep trouble..." Four looks directly at donut to which the pastry gulps. "3, 2, 1, GO! Begin your first challenge!"

//DONUT'S POV//

"What will we *dooooo*?!" Gelatin whines. "None of us can fly!"

"OH! BUT WE'LL FIND A WAYYY!" Braceletty cheers. "TEAM ICE CUBE FOR THE WIN-"

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." I grumble. "Let's just *try* and win..."

"Yeah! Donut's right!" Bomby yelps. "Let's win!"

"I can't win on an empty stomach!" Naily then turns to four. "Get us some food, four-y!"

"Wait... you all need food?!" Four stares at the rest of us. My jaw drops.

"I'm astonished!" Barf Bag laughs it off. "You must be kidding."

"I... us algebraliens don't need to eat.. I didn't expect you all to need to eat so... I dunno." Four shrugs, wrapping their arms around themself. "So... yeah. There isn't any food here-"

"WE'RE DOING IT!" Eraser yells and I glance toward him and then I follow his gaze. Puffball is pushing a basket toward X at an extremely fast rate and Cloudy is following suit.

"Team BEEP and Free Food are safe!" Four cheers.

"Ugh. Just the word food is gnawing at my stomach..." Firey Jr. complains, holding his stomach and whimpering.

"Yeah!" Spongy yells out angrily.

"Ugh. Is there *any* food around here?!" Gelatin groans and Firey Jr's gaze immediately snaps toward him. "Haha... Uh..."

"Yeah, Gelatin's right!" I stand, determined. Firey Jr's gaze then snaps to me. "Look, things are going to be hard for us... we aren't home, we're hungry..." I recall how I get food and nutritions from a tube and how I won't be able to eat at all here. "... and we don't have a huge advantage." I continue.

"But, when I look at my teammates... I see hope." I glance to Barf Bag and Spongy.

"I see strength!" I glance to Braceletty and Bomby.

"I see ingenuity!" I glance to Gelatin and Naily.

"Firey Jr, there's no one quite like you!" I finally look back to Firey Jr, my mouth stretched into a smile. "We *can* do this!"

"But I *caaaaan't...*" Firey Jr groans. "I'm *too* hungry..."

"Hmm... yeah. I'm... feeling awfully hungry as well." Naily sinks herself low into the grass.

"Guys! D- don't be Like this! At this rate, we'll lose the challenge!" I exclaim, trying to pull everyone together and redeem myself after battle for dream island again.

"Look at iance, *they* won't be winning anytime soon." Barf Bag smirks and nudges me. I follow her gaze to the team she's talking about to see them jumping, trying to reach a basket that is over a mile away from them... in height. "Idiots."

"Let's use Bomby to launch ourselves up to the basket!" Gelatin laughs.

"DontignitemeEEEEE!" Bomby screeches.

"Are you ***INSANE,*** GELATIN?! *NOW* LOOK WHOS THE IDIOT?!" I turn to him, rage boiling inside me. "That would KILL him! He's our *teammate*!"

"Ohhh..." Gelatin sighs.

"How about we use spongy instead?" Barf Bag suggests. "We can use Naily to jam the propeller and then bounce the basket off spongy."

"Great idea!" Spongy smiles.

"OKAY! HOP ONTO MEEE, NAILY! I'LL HELP YOU UP AND THEN WE CAN WIN!!! YAAAAY!" Braceletty picks up Naily and jumps atop Spongy. She then tosses Naily and she jams into the basket, causing it to then fall onto Spongy. The basket bounces off and leaves Naily, and Spongy, unharmed. The basket flies to X.

"Team Ice Cube is safe!" Four exclaims and I give out a sigh of relief. "So now it's down to iance and [BLEH]!"

"Ugh. How does he even manage to say that name? It's so hard." I sigh, turning back to my team. "So, how is everyone?"

"I feel like I'm dying!" Naily cries out and Firey Jr just curls into a ball. "I'm so hungry!"

"Me too..." I give into my hunger and I suddenly feel my stomach turn. I gasp as I clutch it, trying to stop the hurting. "This is bad... this is *very* bad...!"

"Look!" Gelatin yells and points to the tall stack of stairs.

I look to see taco and saw both running up it, both holding a basket.

"And team [BLEH] is safe! Meaning team iance is up for elimination!" Four exclaims. X cheers in the distance.

Saw then speaks with X, but I can't really hear the whole discussion since it's too far away. X smiles at Saw and saw smiles back. Taco then seems to roll her eyes and ask Saw something. Saw then turns to her and looks angered to which X shrinks in fear.

"I wonder what's going on up there?" Spongy asks.

Saw then backs toward the edge as taco seems to yell even more. Taco then looks like she's about to punch Saw. Taco makes a run for it and Saw then quickly moves away...

But taco still ran...

"TACO!" Lollipop gasps and rushes to the stairs. I jump up and follow suit.

"SH#T! SH#T!" Taco screams, flailing around as she falls toward the grass at an alarming rate. "F#CK YOU SAW!"

"TACO!" Lollipop gasps. "QUICK! I'LL CATCH-"

SPLAT

Taco hits the ground with a loud splat, Lollipop stares... her expression unreadable.

"No..." I mumble. "Tell me that was just a... a... a decoy! Yeah, a testing dummy!" I bite at my nails, a nervous habit.

"Taco...?" Lollipop kneels infront of the shell. "Taco...?" She pokes it.

It clicks.

"Lollipop?" I tap her, tears springing to my eyes despite not knowing the girl. "Lollipop, she's..."

"Taco...? Hey girl, we- haha... we didn't get to hangout yet..." Lollipop pokes her more. "Taco? Taco... we didn't get to go out together yet... remember? Taco-"

"Lollipop." I place a hand on her shoulder. "Stop it, alright?"

Lollipop looks away.

I gulp.

"She's dead. There's nothing we can do-"

SLAP

I stagger backward, my hand on my cheek. A stinging sensation tingles on my face where Lollipop slapped it.

"Go... GO AWAY! SHE'S ALIVE AND YOU KNOW IT, BAGEL BRAIN!" Lollipop screams, tears beginning to form in her eyes.

"I..." I walk backward faster.

"WHAT IS IT? RUNNING AWAY FROM YOUR PROBLEMS AGAIN? CAUSE YOURE A PATHETIC LOSER?!"

"This... this isn't like you..." I bump into Gelatin. "Gelatin, tell her she isn't acting normally!" I whisper-shout.

"Woah, woah, woah Lollipop! Chill!" Gelatin walks to Lollipop's side and I reach out a hand for him.

"Don't..." I mumble. I don't want Gelatin to get hurt...

"Gelatin...?" Lollipop mumbles as he places a hand on her shoulder.

"Look, Lolly." He smiles warmly at her. I... guess he's starting to take everything more seriously- "There's free food now! So we don't have to go hungry!"

"Gelatin!" I gasp. "Some respect for the dead!"

"She... isn't really dead... is she...?" Lollipop asks Gelatin. "I... is she-"

She then abruptly stops and looks to gelatin. She stares at him a minute before whispering...

"Taco....?" She asks. "I'm... glad you're okay..."

Gelatin looks completely freaked out by this and he backs away.

"Taco...? Where are you going...?" Lollipop mumbles, seeming out of it as tears start to stream down her face. "Please come back..."

"I'm... I'm not taco!" Gelatin yelps as he bumps into a tree. "Taco's dead!"

Dead.

I slowly, and cautiously, walk to taco and I turn her over.

Blood trickles from the rips in her soft shell, her eyes closed and her expression relaxed. The fish that is usually inside of her is not present, and is actually slightly far away. The fall had caused most of the toppings inside her to spill out, luckily these were not her organs... I hope.

I check her pulse and was met with what I would expect: nothing.

"I- I'm sorry!" Saw cried out. "I'm sorry... I... I was trying to warn her that people would start turning on her for food! And then she got mad and tried to hurt me!"

"Food?" Naily asks and suddenly everyone quiets as she walks forward and toward the empty shell... that I happen to be kneeling over. "Oh, dough boy... hope you weren't planning on eating that-"

"I wasn't... not like I can anyway." I fold my arms and I walk back to gelatin. At least HE won't accuse me of attempting cannibalism. "So... How's lolli*poop*?" I ask gelatin as I emphasize my '*mistake*' in her name.

"Oh! Good ol' Lolly's doing pretty well!" Gelatin smiles.

"Yep. ***WAY*** better, jelly boy." Lollipop rolls her eyes. She's back to being as snarky as usual, but she still keeps a sad mood. "Sorry you all had to see me so... out of it... back there. I don't really know what happened... but it'll be fine! I'll be fine, taco will be fine..."

"Yep! And revival is *DEFINITELY* possible!" Gelatin smirks. Oh my f#cking- you have got to be kidding me... Gelatin is tricking her even further into denial and saying revival is possible?! What the he-

"Mmmm! Yummy!"

"BOTTLE! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PREVENT DEATH!"

"Doesn't count if she's already dead!"

"Bottle..." Tree groans, pulling Bottle away from the shell.

"Yeah!" Naily yells angrily at bottle. "Save some for ME!"

"And me!" Firey Jr runs up.

"Hold on, Hold on..." I laugh nervously. "Did my speech not mean... ANYTHING to you?" I ask. "We can't just all resort to cannibalism..."

"But does it count as cannibalism..." Gelatin sighs. "If she's... already dead...?"

"Don't say that! She'll be revived in no time! Right four?" Lollipop asks the integer. "X?"

Four and X stand side by side, both of their eyes wide and filled with fear. "You... have to be kidding me..." Four whispers. "No... this can't be happening..."

"Four...?" X mumbles. "I'm... scared..."

"Me too, X..." Four whispers. "I... don't know what I'm gonna do..."

"I mean, just revive her already." Lollipop sighs. "Ugh. I'm losing patience."

"Yoiah goiys! At loist troiy oit!" Bubble folds her arms angrily.

"I can... give it a try...?" Four shrugs. "I'm scared... I've never done this before, X!"

"You'll be fine four, I believe in you!" The letter smiles warmly and the integer sighs in reply.

"Alright, here I go." Four takes a deep breath and an object suddenly begins to form from his hand. Lollipop watches in awe.

And suddenly, logic seemed to be defied as Taco appeared...

She seemed dazed as she stumbled forward... and fell once again.

Her body was still by the stairs... and this "new one" then began to glitch out of existence. That one that four could make would be simply...

A lifeless... *clone*...

Lollipop's fine! I think she's perfectly okay! 100% not fake! 100% not depressed! #veryhappyinside! /sarc

Uh- anyways... both donut and bottle will be important next chapter!!

Hope you liked this chapter as well! And hope you all, who celebrate and dress up and stuff, have an awesome Halloween! And hope you all have an amazing day/night! :)

4098 words
October 30, 2022

2- Bottle?

TW: cursing/offensive language and spoilers for bfb as well as detailed descriptions of Death, Gore, Organs, Blood, Cannibalism, Electrocution, Starvation, Vomiting, depression, self harm, su!c!dal thoughts

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//3RD PERSON POV//

Grassy kicks his legs, bored. Blocky and Basketball sit on both sides of him, trying to ignore the hunger tearing at their stomachs.

"Blocky?" Grassy asks. "Grassy feels tired... and hungry."

"Look, Grassy." Blocky sighs. "There was ONLY so much of Taco to go around. And, since you're a kid, you had more than the rest of us."

"But... Grassy needs respect!"

Blocky deeply sighs. "If only four can generate real clones..."

"Real clones?" Basketball asks. "What... what do you mean *real*? I thought that one was real, just lifeless."

"So... you didn't hear about what happened with Bell?" Blocky asks, surprised.

"N- no..." Basketball nervously locks eyes with Blocky. "Would you mind filling me in?"

"Sure." Blocky begins to tell the events from in between this episode and last.

It was a few hours past the challenge. Bell was relaxing with her teammates, still slightly disturbed over the fact that ***everybody*** *who was hungry had to eat Taco.*

She recalls how she tasted the tender, juicy tomatoes... the crunchy, watery lettuce... the salty, and sweet, taste of... ***blood.***

She shuddered, remembering how Donut stepped forward and- with the help of Golf Ball- portioned an equal amount of Taco for every starving object. The young got the biggest portions as it was essential to their growth. The hungry got the medium sized portions. Meanwhile, the less hungry either ate small portions or did not eat at all.

Bell has eaten a small part... and considering Taco was small, it was hard to feed 63 objects- scratch that- 62 since donut can't eat unless he has a tube to get the nutrients inside him.

Bell, along with all the other objects, knew donut was going to die one way or another. Whether it be due to cannibalism or the lack of nutrients and food in his system.

She sighed, shuddering and trying to shake off the gross feeling that remained on her. She then opened her eyes and glanced toward the glitching clone. Maybe she could...

Bell glided forward, determined as se stopped in-front of the lifeless clone. She lowered her string, smiling wide like a madwoman. She clenched her teeth, the sound as she moved it together like nails on a chalkboard.

Finally, she was just in-front if the clone. She then lowered down slightly and-

CHOMP

-bit down into the glitching clone.

Almost immediately, she felt a jolt of electricity run through her body and her eyes grew wide. Her string became stiff and her mouth jerked.

Shouts erupted from all of team Free Food, calling out to their teammate. Calling out to Bell. Calling out to Bell as she was stiff as she jerked and twitched, electricity jolting through her veins. She-

"Couldn't she have just pulled away?" Basketball asks, interrupting the story.

"I was GETTING to that." Blocky snaps, trying to not let his hunger get to him. "Luckily for you, I LISTENED to what Golfball said... if only for a few minutes." Blocky scoffs but then continues anyway.

Bell's mouth seemed as if it was glued to the glitching clone. The electricity jolting through her caused the shiny chime to freeze, her muscles tensing as the electricity caused them to be no longer under her control.

Foldy rushed toward the bell, her screams inaudiable. Bell was then *yanked away, breaking the circle of the electricity flow.*

Fries stood behind her, anger burning in his eyes. But the anger was not directed toward her, but instead directed at... ***four****...*

"FOUR!" Fries yelled at the integer. "THAT CLONE IS DANGEROUS! IT ALMOST KILLED BELL!"

"Oh...? OH..." Four sighs. "Why did she even try to eat it?"

"Because it was a **clone,** *four. The clone looks* ***just*** *like a piece of food." Foldy exclaims, realization finally hitting her. "G- get rid of it four! It's gonna end up hurting someone else!"*

"NO! DON'T GET RID OF IT!" Lollipop interjected.

"Shut up sass queen on a stick." Barf Bag yells from across the grassy plain.

"MY GIRLFRIEND JUST DIED! DO YOU EXPECT **ME** *TO SHUT UP BARFY B#TCH?!" Lollipop screams her head off, soon putting a hand to her head as a headache formed.*

"Well, why don't you go die in a-"

"Stop, Blocky. You don't have to explain. We get it. It's all arguing at this point." 8-ball's deadpan voice makes Blocky's story come to a halt.

"Right..." Blocky sighs. "Why on earth did I join this team..." He mumbles so no one can hear.

"Alright, iance! Let's do cake at stake!" Four exclaims. "iance, you lost last time, so you do the Cake at Stake! The person with the most votes will be eliminated from BFB. I have 7 slices of cake."

"Oooh!" Cake gasps and Loser smiles at him. Four appears to anger for a split second because of the interruption, but then calms down a second later.

"If I give you cake, you get to stay! But if not, no more game for you!" Four walks to an easel and picks up some crayons. "Time to show the votes!"

"Just to clarify... You had food all this time?!" Lightning gasps.

"Uh.... No. This is just plastic." Four holds up the plastic toy cake. "okay! Moving along!" His tone completely shifts as he begins to read the votes.

"Bubble is safe. Ruby is safe. Lightning and Snowball are both safe. Flower and Match too!" Four flings a piece of plastic came to everybody as he calls out their name. Bubble narrowly misses getting popped, she gives a long sigh of relief. "Now it's down to Pencil and Fanny- AND NO MORE WAITING!" Four flings a piece of plastic cake at Fanny. "Pencil is... **ELIMINATED**."

"W- wait! I... I can't be eliminated!" Pencil jumps up.

"Nooo!" Match hugs the school supply. "I can't lose you pence-pence!"

Pencil's worried face softens as she returns the hug, now more worried about Match worrying for her than anything.

"It's okay, matchy!" Pencil pulls away. "It's not like I'm gonna die before you see me next!"

"You're Like- sure?"

"Yeah! I- like- love you so much so I'm obviously gonna be alive when I see you next! Hope they have food in the TLC."

"Actually, you won't be going to the TLC." Four reminds them. "You'll actually be going to the EXIT! Buh-bye!"

"Wait- like- where is-" Pencil begins to ask before Four snaps his fingers. "-thaaaAAAAAAAAAAAT!" Pencil is sucked into the side of Four.... And into the exit.

"Wait. Where's..." Lollipop looks around frantically. "Where's **taco** and teardrop?"

"Tacos dead." Four mumbles. "But good ol' teardrop is in one of those jawbreakers over there!" Fours mood shifts to a positive one. "THE LAST TEAM TO GET ALL THEIR CONSTANTS BACK WILL BE **PUNISHED**." It shifts again to an angered one.

"So, to clarify..." Lightning asks. "we have to save someone from one of the jawbreakers for our team to be safe?"

"That's right! Now go! This is a challenge!" Four cheers.

Lollipop immediately rushes to the jawbreakers, scrambling through them to find something.

Someone.

Taco.

"Lollipop! You can stop! We're safe!" Saw calls out behind her. "We found Book- no. Dora found book!"

Saw.

Saw.

Saw...

"You..." She whispers as she turns around. "***YOU*** CAUSED ***HER*** TO DIE!"

"I-I-I was just warning her and..." Saw trails off as she looks up to see Lollipop's face contorted with rage. "I- I'm sorry!" Saw cries out and rushes away. Lollipop then tries her best to control her breathing as she looks for Teardrop.

Meanwhile, Team Death P.A.C.T. had used black hole to suck off the tops of jawbreakers, and they are all looking inside them to find people.

"Nothing."

"Nothing."

"Just a boatload of air."

"I found nothing too!" Bottle exclaims.

"No, bottle. You found Foldy." Pie explains and helps Foldy out of her jawbreaker.

"Oh...!" Bottke exclaims. "Whoopsies!"

"Go back to your annoying team, Foldy." Liy demands and folds her arms.

"Liy, that was a little rude." Black Hole scolds her. "And bottle, you should not have said nothing. There was clearly something in there."

"Yeah." Tree thinks for a minute. "I think both Bottle and Liy deserve a timeout."

"Noooo!" Bottle whines.

"HEY! I DONT NEED A F#CKING TIMEOUT!" Liy yells at Tree. "I'M NOT A CHILD! I'M ALMOST A FULL GROWN ADULT, YOU #SSHOLE!"

"Timeout. Both of you. Now." Tree points to the stack of jawbreakers and the two Death P.A.C.T. Members reluctantly follow their "orders."

After a few minutes of sitting, the other members of their team walked forward to tell them to come back...

That's when they saw something...

Unexpected.

//A FEW MINUTES PREVIOUSLY, BOTTLE'S POV//

Sitting here is so boring!

I wanna do something fun...

"Liyyyyy..." I whine. "I wanna DO somethiiiiiiingg..."

Liy shuffles away from me. "Stop."

"Oohhhh..." I Look away from her, disappointed.

I feel all gross since I ate some of taco. Disgusting! Ew! But I was so hungry!

I'm still hungry.

I'm... I'm feeling so... so awfully hungry that I think I'll explode like Pie!

Pie.

Pie.

Pie....

Food. I want food. I don't care.

Food...

Food...

Food-

Pie walks up to me. "Bottle? *Are you okay?"*

I'm fine!

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

I said I'm fine.

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

Huh...? Why do you keep-

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

What's... what's going on?

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

That doesn't even sound like pie! Why is she saying it over and over?

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

That doesn't even sound like pie! It sounds like...

"Bottle? Are you okay?"

It sounds like....

Me...

"Bottle...? Are you okay...? Bottle..? Are you okay.....?" The end of each sentence is drawn out. "Bottle.......?" It gets more drawn out by the second. "Are.... You.... You.... Okay.....?"

"Bottle? Bottle! BOTTLE!" Tree shakes me, I feel my heartbeat pause. I feel my muscles tense. "BOTTLE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!"

"Bottle.....? Are you..... okay.....?" I continue to mumble without meaning to.

Without meaning to.

Without meaning to.

Without meaning to.

Without meaning to......

"Bottle.... Doesn't... mean... to.... Bottle... doesn't... mean.... To...." My voice continues to mumble. Tree shakes me violently again, causing my muscles to tense up once more.

They tense and I take in a sharp inhale. It hurts. Everything hurts.

"Bottle. Please... can you hear me?" Pie looks me dead in the eye. "Bottle. Look at me."

I am.

I am.

I am.

"Bottle.... Is... looking at.... Pie...." I mumble. "Bottle... sees.... Pie... Bottle... sees.... Pie... Bottle... sees.... Pie... Bottle........ sees........."

"Good. You can hear me." Pie rests a hand on my leg. "Now, can you look at me?"

I nod. I nod. I nod. My nods become quick and my breathing catches and I begin to laugh and cough. And- "HAHAHAAHHA- ACK! *COUGH*" I burst into a violent fit of coughs and I quickly fall backward toward the jawbreakers stack.

I hear a crack.

//A FEW SECONDS PREVIOUSLY, 3RD PERSON POV//

Tree looked at the figure in fear, his close friend was going insane.

Of all people, it had to be Bottle.

Sure, she was always ditzy. She was always carefree... and when he first met her, he thought she was insane already!

But now? Now he knew the true bottle who was kind. And now... right now....

He ***knew*** this *wasn't* her.

THIS is not bottle. Not the bottle he once knew.

Her eyes are distant and she's mumbling things; sometimes indistinct...

"Bottle... sees.... Pie..." She mumbles. "Bottle... sees.... Pie... Bottle... sees.... Pie... Bottle........ sees........." Her eyes grow even more distant.

"Good. You can hear me." Pie rests a hand on her leg. "Now, can you look at me?"

Bottle nods slowly at first, it seems like she doesn't understand. But then she soon nods it faster, a hyper and energetic nod like she always does...

But then the nods are faster, and Tree is afraid she might not be controlling it. He then watches as she abruptly comes to a halt and her muscles tense. She then opens her mouth into a smile but no words come out... instead....

"Ha... ha... haha.... HAHA... HAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!" She begins to laugh and her face turns red.... And then the glassy area begins to turn an odd purple. "HA- ACK-" COUGH COUGH COUGH* She makes sounds like she's going to vomit.

Tree takes a step back and glances around. Everyone, and really everyone, was looking. Even Four and X, who both seemed paralyzed with fear.

Suddenly, Bottke violently thrusts backward and her glass body....

Comes in contact with the case of jawbreakers...

Glass flies in all directions, glinting in the everlasting sunlight. A single shard reaches so far as to skim Tree's torso, leaving a bloody scratch behind.

Blood trickles down the side of Tree as he remembers their team name.

Death P.A.C.T.

Death Prevention And Creating Trust.

He pushes his pain aside as he rushes to Bottle, examining her.

Blood.

And lots of it.

Lots of blood is pouring out of her before Remote finally sits her upright.

Hot, sweet, salty blood rolls down her face and into her mouth. She smiles once it trickles inside, wanting more.

Wanting to taste her demise.

Bottle thinks demise tastes good. That's why she liked the taste of taco when it was fresh. That's why she now wants more.

Bottle is the quickest, of many, to go insane.

Bottle is not herself anymore.

Bottle violently coughs, blood splattering out onto the green grass. Her stomach turned from eating a corpse...

It wasn't just a corpse.

It was the corpse's organs.

She ate Taco's organs while everyone avoided it.

Silky, slimy, gooey, sticky, wet.... Those were only a few words to describe how they tasted.

The heart was Bottle's favorite, the heart moved every once and a while while she slurped at it. The heart longed to be inside a body again. The heart slurped it's way down into Bottle's stomach. The heart was now about to come back up through her esophagus.

The eyes were the worst. Bottle hated the sense organs. Squishy, like jello, they were. They were too small, too easy for her to catch her throat on, to choke on.

But did people see her eat that part of taco? No. Only Tree and Naily, who was on another team.

She had described it as yummy which lead Naily to become interested.

Tree said they were supposed to prevent death.... But they only seem to be causing it now.

Bottle lurched forward, her mouth beginning to feel warm, her tongue beginning to tingle, her taste buds sensing something disgusting. She hiccuped and, finally, lurched forward once more.

The hot and tingly feeling passed up from her stomach and through her esophagus and out her mouth. Her eyes shut tight and her eyebrows furrowed.... Until the next wave made her eyes go wide.

Her body lurched forward again, this time, something came out of her mouth. Something she swallowed. Something.... Round....

Pillow held her own mouth tight, trying to not vomit herself at the sight. A singular eyeball flew out of Bottle's mouth inside the vomit. Bottle was on the ground, her elbows rested in the grass as she kept violently lurching forward and forcefully vomiting all kinds of organs, although these were not hers.

They were.... Taco's organs...

Bottle flops onto her back, coughing up blood. She begins to vomit more.... But she's on her back... this is bad.

She coughs and chokes on the thick, rising vomit, struggling to get back up as thick, warm blood pours out of her head.

"Eating Taco's organs wasn't that well for her in the long run, was it?" Gelatin nudges a distressed donut. "Guess she couldn't BOTTLE up her vomit-"

"Gelatin..." Donut whispers so quiet that the blob of jello can barely hear. "...stop."

"Aw, come on Donut! Stop being such a bagel bawling baby! Haha! That's an alli- alliteration- alliteration! Yeah!" Gelatin excitedly jumps at his ability to form the long word. He then smiles. "Isn't that so funny-"

SLAP

"YOURE REALLY JOKING AT A TIME LIKE THIS?! HUH?! WHY CANT YOU JUST TAKE SOMETHING SERIOUSLY FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE?!" Donut screams, letting his hunger get to him.

"I'm...." Gelatin looks to the ground, holding his face where it was slapped. "Sorry... Bagel..."

"DONUT!" Donut screams, soon wincing and holding his stomach. Hunger.

Hungry.

He's too hungry.

"Bottle! Get up! You're gonna choke!" Tree is trying to force her to sit upward and the rest of their team watches with interest. "Come on guys! We're Death P.A.C.T! Hurry up and help me prevent death!"

Pie and Liy immediately rush to help Tree, but bottle isn't working with them. Instead, she's shaking and coughing and vomiting violently... occasional sputters of blood splatter out of her mouth as well as the floods of thick blood that pour out of her head.

"GET UP, BOTTLE!" Liy screeches as her arms begin to feel sore. "GET UP-" She abruptly stops when Bottle's coughs abruptly stop as well. "... Bottle?"

"That was weird." Bottle remarks loudly. "I thought I was gonna die there!"

"Bottle. You lost so much blood... and you seem... okay?" Pillow carefully approaches the weak figure.

"I'm perfectly fine! Just a little tingly!" Bottle laughs dryly and more blood spurts out of her mouth. "Woah! A water-fountain!"

"Death P.A.C.T. I'm here to warn you, and provide you with information." A stern voice calls to the team and Liy glances over to see-

"Golf Ball?" Liy asks. "What are you-"

"There isn't much time." Golf Ball approaches Bottle.

"Oh... then.... How long does she have to live? What can we use to cure her?" Pie asks, grasping at anything... anything to help her 'friend' Bottle.

"No... I believe you misunderstood." Golfball sighs.

"She's already dead," Golfball explains, "This is just the shock."

"Me? Dead! Haha! That's funny!" Bottle laughs dryly, more blood splashing out of her mouth. Pie immediately leans over her.

Pie had so many things to tell Bottle.

And she can only tell her how.

Only now.... In the last few moments.

But what would it matter is Pie said how she really felt anyway? After all, Bottle would die before the two got the chance to-

"Goodnight Pie!" Bottle smiles weakly at Pie.

Aw F#ck it. I'll tell her anyway. Pie thinks as she braces herself, feeling her face turn scarlet.

"Good.... Night.... Bottle...." Pie mumbles, tears she didn't know she contained beginning to form in her eyes. "I...."

"I love you too!" Bottle smiles wide, seeming as if she read the pastry's mind.

"Bottle...." Pie's voice shakes. She's never gotten sad before... let alone this sad. "....don't go...."

"I'm not going anywhere silly!" Bottle's loud, dry voice is filled with excitement, even in times like this. "Come on Pie! We're doing so well at preventing death!"

"Bottle...." Pie puts her arms around the figure, letting the tears she didn't know she contained slide down her face, letting the emotions she didn't know she contained form into more sobs. "Please...."

"It's okay, Pie! We're preventing death! Remember?" Bottle speaks loudly, most likely unaware of mostly everything as her eyes grew more foggy by the second. "I'm not gonna go, silly pie! That would be against our team's rules! Prevent death!"

"Oh... bottle.... You seem fine.... I don't know what Golfball was worried about..." Pie let a soft smile creep onto her face as she kissed the figure gently.

Bottle didn't respond.

"Bottle....?" Pie released the hug.

Infront of her, was a bottle, that was for sure. But the bottle's head had lost most, if not all, if it's blood due to a hole in her head. Her mouth was dripping long streams of thick, dark red blood and... despite this... was curled into a soft smile. Her eyes reflected a similar message, they were foggy and not focused on anything. Her limbs hung... well.... Limp... and, right where the crack letting blood seep out, was guts. Brain guts just oozing out. Brain guts proving this girl....

…was definitely gone…

Pie sunk to her knees, hot tears streaming down her face.

And bottle is dead.

Bottle is gone.

Forever.

Forever.

And ever.

So? What did that mean to Pie?

That meant to pie.... That bottle... She meant the world to pie.

And now? She was dead. Bottle was breaking the the team rules, she was supposed to be preventing death.

And pie was about to break them too.

Because, Pie thought, what was the point?

What was the point in a world without bottle?

Sure, she had been on the edge before. But bottle and her friends were keeping her just at the top of that cliff... and not falling off.

But now? Now that bottle was gone?

Bottle was most of the horsepower keeping her atop that cliff and not falling off it. Now her team was the only ones pulling her, desperately trying to get her to not fall off the edge.

But her feet now were curled over the cliff, the team pulling her were like 6 rabbits trying to pull a bear.

Bottle was the other bear. 6 rabbits and 1 bear were stronger than just 1 bear. But now? 6 rabbits are nowhere near as strong as 1 bear.

This is not about horsepower or forest animals or a cliff.

This is about Pie's life.

And no BFDI prize was going to change anything.

No BFDI prize was worth living in a world without the things, or people, Pie loved most.

No BFDI prize would change the fact that she was about to go against her team's rules.

Prevent death....

"Pie?" Tree asks, shaking the unresponsive figure, trying to fight down the tears that kept springing to his eyes.

"What's the point." Pie mumbles, shaking away from Tree's grasp.

"You..." Tree mumbles. "You don't..." He glances to Bottle, everything clicking in his mind.

Pie wants to kill herself.

"You... YOU MONSTER!" Fanny screams at Four. "I... I **HATE** YOU! WHY ARE YOU KEEPING US HERE, HUH?! JUST FOR SOME STUPID #SS COMPETITION?!"

"H- huh...?" Four mumbles. "Wait. It's not fun?"

"OF COURSE ITS F#CKING NOT YOU DUMB#SS! YOU IGNORANT PSYCHOPATH! BUBBLE TOLD ME A STORY ABOUT SOME AHOLE LIKE YOU AND THAT MOTHERF#CKER ENDED UP DEAD! THAT B#TCH PAYED FOR TRAPPING INNOCENT PEOPLE AND FORCING THEM TO COMPETE FOR SH#T! EXPLAIN! NOW! ALSO I **HATE** YOU!"

"I- WELL *I'M* **SORRY**, FANNY!" Four snaps, rage burning inside him. "IM SORRY THAT I HAD TO FIND JOY IN **ONE**, **SINGULAR** THING IN THE UNIVERSE AND IT IS BEING TAINTED WITH **BLOOD**!"

"**YEAH**! NO **SH#T**! AND WHATS THE THING, HUH? YOUR SILLY LITTLE B#TCHY GAMESHOW?!"

"YES!" Four's angered screams are beginning to vibrate the ground so

X frantically reached for the factor, trying to calm them down before anyone else got hurt.

"Four...?" X tries to stop them.... But the blue number doesn't hear.

"FANNY, YOU KNOW WHAT... I'LL **ELIMINATE** YOU RIGHT **NOW** IF YOU KEEP UP WITH THAT ATTITUDE!"

"YEAH! TRY IT THEN, YOU WEAK #SS! I HATE **YOU** MORE THAN **ANYTHING**, YOU F#CKING **SOCIOPATH**!" Fanny teases.

"BETTER YET, I'LL **KILL** YOU!" His rage boils further. This makes everyone fall silent, including Fanny. "YEAH... yeah... yeah! That's right! I'll kill you!" The factor laughs nervously, adrenaline rushing through their veins.

"Four... you don't really mean that... do you?" X walks up to the integer. "You... really don't mean it?"

"Step back, X." Four puts a hand in front of the variable, pushing them backward. "I need to show Fanny who's boss around here."

"Don't hurt her, I'm sure we can all solve this out!" Leafy steps between the two blue beings. "Like Friends! We can-"

"DID I PERMIT YOU TO SPEAK?!" Four lashes out and Leafy flinches.

"Leafy... get out of there...!" Pin shouts.

"Four, let's talk!" Leafy nervously optisches the fuming integer. "I'm sure it's upsetting to you, but-"

"SHUT. UP!!" Four lashes out, unaware that they were about to use their powers....

ZAP

A flash of neon light bursts out of four's hand. Four gasps immediately afterward, feeling guilt consume him for not being more careful with their powers.

But what did the powers do?

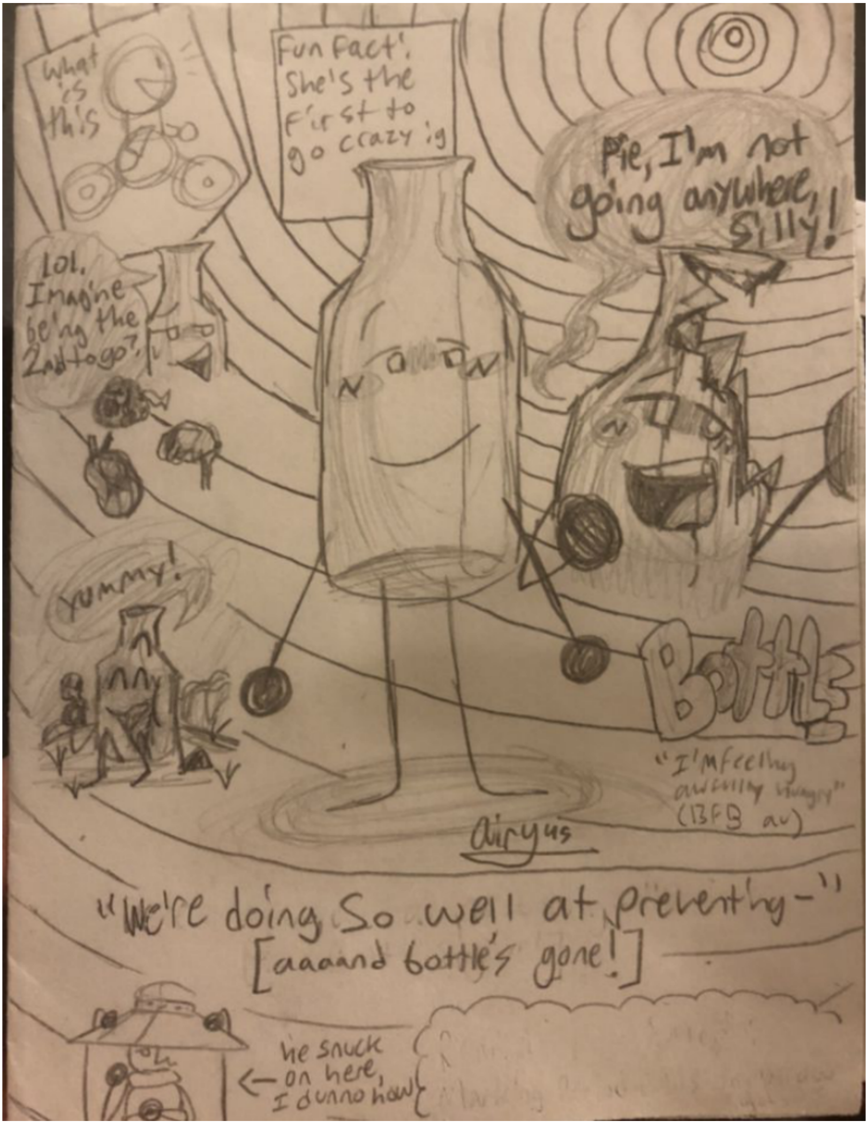
"Oh sh#t...." Leafy mumbles before her body collapses to the ground, a gaping hole where one of her eyes should be.

"OH MY S.A.P! LEAFY!" Barf Bag gasps. "Donut! You helped before! Come on! ***DO*** something! You're a leader, right?! DO SOMETHING, DONUT!"

"Donut...?"

"DONUT!"

THUD


what is this
Fun Fact! She's the first to go crazy ig
Pie, I'm not going anywhere, silly!
lol. Imagine being the 2nd to go?
yummy!
Bottle
"I'm feeling awfully hungry" (BFB au)
airyus
"We're doing so well at preventing-"
[aaaand bottle's gone!]
he snuck on here, I dunno how

4123 words
November 3, 2022

Update: story title change!

Hey everyone!

So I'm probably changing the title of the story from: "I'M FEELING AWFULLY HUNGRY" (A BFB STARVATION AU) to just: BFB STARVATION AU

Sorry about that, I just realized the title is really long so I'm changing it.

Anyways, hope you all have an amazing day/night! :)

3- Pencil Erasers

TW: Infections/descriptions of open wounds, Cannibalism, suffocation, death, murder, su!c!de, insanity

A/N:
Alrighty! This chapter is where it starts to go off the rails from the script of BFB! Challanges start to be different and eliminations after this chapter will be different as well, and will be cast by BFB contestants! Hope you enjoy! And I'm sorry this took such a long time, I sort of forgot this existed-

---

Tree sat. Well rested, well liked, and well fed.

He hummed a quiet song, waiting for the rest of his team to return from their tasks. Four and X had established them after.... Bottle died. Teams would be split into groups between challenges.

Four people from each team would gather anything that can be used as food and will put it in a pile for all contestants to share. Those things being leaves, sticks, grass, past contestants... they will also look for water sources as well.

Three from each team will figure out what this place is and it's limits.

And one person will stay behind and keep watch, maybe try and form connections within the game.

Since Tree was most injured, he stayed behind. He was in the right spot mentally, but physically... his scratch on his side from bottle's glass was becoming infected and bruised.

The stinging sensation of rubbing against a cut radiated through him as someone brushed against him. He winced.

"Oh! I'm so sorry..." A horse voice exclaimed, causing tree to look up.

Loser.

"Oh. Hey!" Tree laughs, shaking off the stinging sensation. "Loser! Hello!"

"Tree... I can see you're in pain..." Loser sits next to tree, making tree raise an eyebrow. Why was Loser talking to *him* of all people? "I... guess I just wanted to have a talk?"

"Oh? Why me though?" Tree asks, ignoring his pain.

"Well... I kind of wanted a break from my team?" Loser shrugs. "Sure, attention is good and all... but sometimes it's..." He glances at cake. "...a bit much."

Tree laughs heartily. "I guess I know what you mean. I feel like I'm always the one getting everyone on track..."

Loser smiles. "I feel... similarly. My team seems to only like ideas I have... I like giving ideas, sure, but I want others to share theirs to... You know?"

Tree's eyes widen. "Yeah..." He mumbles. His voice with a hint of clarity. "Yeah...!" He smiles. "You know what, Loser? Maybe I can help you?"

Tree immediately shakes his head. "Oh, Nevermind!" He laughs nervously. "It's only if you want-"

"You... really think you can?" Loser asks tree. He looks towards the cube, the cube's eyes looking at him with determination.

Tree smiles back. "Sure, let's go."

Tree begins to stand when loser puts a hand on him, gently pushing him back down. "And tree?" Loser raises an eyebrow before smiling. "I want you to know, this isn't about the game."

Tree looks directly at loser. Loser takes his hands. "This is about...?" Tree asks.

"Friendship." They both admit in unison, surprised at how they were thinking the same.

They sit a minute in silence before loser speaks. "Let's go, like they say... two heads are better than one."

"Yeah." Tree smiles back.

"Alright," Loser stands and offers his hand to tree. "Let's go talk to my boyfr- friend." Loser gets flustered, something no object would normally see or even think about seeing.

Tree laughs at this, taking the celebrity's hand. "Let's go." He grips hard onto Loser's hand as he pulls him up. "Alright, Cake is over here-"

"TREE!" Liy gasps, running towards the two.

"W- what is it Liy?" Tree asks, his expression growing concerned.

"It's pie..." She gasps for air.

"W- what? Let me have a look!" Tree let's go of loser's hand.

"I'll come to..." Loser walks towards Liy. "Your team helped mine find food, so the least I can do is help you with pie-"

"ITS NO USE!" Liy interrupts. Tree gasped, nobody had EVER interrupted loser in rage. "SHE'S... shes..."

"She's what?" Tree asks, his voice rising with concern.

"She's dead. She ate *herself*."

A bullet.

A bullet felt like it shot through Tree's chest.

He touches the area, his eyes wide.

There is no hole, not on the outside that is.

His mind begins to swirl and bend, his heart begins to shatter.

His job was to prevent death... and he had only caused it.

If only he had been there sooner... then he could have saved her.

A thick, gloppy tear rolls down his face, dampening his leaves. He chokes on a sob, feeling a bubbling rise up in his throat.

His knees hit the grass, muffled yells echo around him. His infected cut burns and stings as he lays on it. He doesn't care, however.

He curls in a ball, these thick tears making him feel like he was dying. This pain making him feel like he was dying.

There were only two people now. Only two he was living for.

Liy and Loser.

Maybe these two won't leave him... THEY BETTER NOT LEAVE HIM! He didn't want to die... but if there was nothing to live for...

Then he would open his arms to the scythe of the hooded figure who offered death.

This was all too much. Too much for this "reasonable" deciduous tree to handle. Honestly, if it were up to him, he wouldn't label himself as reasonable or even stern anymore. He's just.... a tree.

Tree laid. Not rested, probably not liked, and not fed.

But, of course, no moment can last forever. Happy or sad or anything else...

As long as *THEY* were around...

"Let's do Break at Flake!" Four exclaims, holding a tray of plastic globes.

"Alright, time for Break at Flake!" Four walks to the chalkboard. "Whoever gets fewest votes is safe, and whoever gets most is ELIMINATED. Here Balloony, have a globe!"

"Thanks four! But isn't it Cake at Stake?" Balloony asks, catching his globe.

"Uhhhh.... WHAT?!" Four yells, causing Balloony to shrink back.

"Also Nickel and Cloudy!" Four tosses a globe to the two he named, gaining a more positive attitude.

"Hey, we're both safe!" Cloudy smiles at his best friend, Balloony. "And I've completed my planet collection."

"That's good and all, but... How about the little one and my friend, woody?" Balloony asks four.

The integer sighs. "Yep, they're both safe." They toss the plastic planets to the two. "Now it's just down to Roboty, David, and Leafy! Also, Roboty's safe."

"Aw Seriously?!" David screeches.

Leafy just gently touches where she was hit previously with the laser. It still tingles.

"NO MORE WAITING!" Four throws a planet at David and Leafy's eye widens. "SAY BYE BYE TO YOUR LITTLE NATURE BUDDY!"

He then sucks the leaf into the side of his head. Leafy screams and suddenly... she's inside some sort of... classroom?

She looks across the room to see a figure, still as a statue...

"Pencil...?" Leafy asks shakily.

Pencil doesn't move. She sits idly at a desk in the back.

Every step leafy takes feels like it takes an hour.

She cautiously walks towards the school supply, hoping pencil is okay.

After what felt like hours, she reaches her and taps on her shoulder. "Pencil...?"

Pencil stares blankly at the desk, causing leafy to panic.

"PENCIL?!" Leafy shakes the unresponsive figure.

Pencil still doesn't move.

Leafy checks her pulse... and it's still there.

What was happening to Pencil?

She had only been here...

A week.

Pencil had been here for a week and she was like this... what would become of leafy?

Pencil's sudden movement snapped leafy back into reality. Pencil twitched.

Leafy looks at her and cautiously taps her.

Pencil's head snaps in her direction, her eyes distant and her mouth slightly agape.

"Pencil?"

Pencil twitches slightly again.

"Pencil?"

And again.

"Look, pencil... I just want to talk to you- AAAGH! MMMPH!" Leafy tumbles to the ground. A hand is placed over her mouth.

Pencil.

Pencil smiles wide, a crazed look in her eyes as she presses hard on Leafy's mouth... muffling her screams.

A headache began to form, first hurting but then making the leaf feel numb. Lightheaded. Her vision began to blur...

Pencil was suffocating her. She was trying to kill her.

Leafy struggled, feeling her limbs go heavy. Leafy looks to pencil, pleading she'll stop..

And, like a miracle, pencil paused.

Pencil's eyes focused again, if only for a second. Her maniac smile and crazed eyes faded. Her hand moved from the Leaf's face.

Leafy gasped for air.

And not a second later, Pencil was gone again. She was insane. A crazed smile spread across her face again and she reached for Leafy's mouth again.

But this time Leafy was ready.

Leafy jumped up and tossed the school supply to the ground, her survival instincts from Yoyleland kicking in.

She steps on the school supply. The pencil keeps a crazed look and opens her mouth.

"More...." Pencil groans, disgusting Leafy. "I WANT TO FEEL SOMETHING! DO IT! KILL ME! I WANT TO FEEL SOMETHING AGAIN! IVE TRIED! IVE TRIED TO FEEL GUILT OR PAIN! DO IT! KILL ME!" She laughs insanely. "YOU GONNA STAB ME OR SOMETHING? COME ON, DO IT! HAHAHA!"

"I'm not gonna kill you!" Leafy cries out, but still keeps her foot pressing down on Pencil... making sure she doesn't try to kill Leafy again.

"I'M ASKING YOU! PLEASE! I'M ASKING NICELY, LEAFY! GIVE ME IT! GIVE ME DEATH!" Pencil shakes uncontrollably, laughing her head off. "ITS BETTER THIS WAY! KILL ME! I WANT TO FEEL SOME-GAH! ACK!" Pencil begins to cough and choke as Leafy digs her heel down harder. Pencil smiles wider. "FiNaLLy..." She croaks.

Leafy doesn't want to kill her. But she wants to make people happy. And if this is what'll do it...

She's willing.

Leafy crouches down next to the body, feeling it breathe softly through the soft smile on its face. Leafy looks towards the top of it...

She always had a habit of chewing on erasers.

A/N:
Sorry to say, but almost every pencil line this chapter is a reference to some song/show or something-

Anyway, I'm so sorry that this is so short! I have been writing other stories and honestly forgot this one existed. Therefore, chapters will likely be shorter but that means there will be more chapters. Sorry! Anyway, I hope you all are doing well!!

November 16, 2022
1746 words

4- guilty

TW: cursing/offensive language, su!c!dal thoughts, death, blood, vomiting, description of heart attack, detailed descriptions of guts and gore, TRYPOPHOBIA!! (A/N: I easily get disgusted and weirded out by certain formations of holes, so I put a warning here because this type of thing is mentioned in detail... even though it's hard for me to write due to how uncomfortable it makes me. Also I like the wording I did for this chapter. And yes, the challenge is different from the original series this time!)

3RD PERSON POV:

Bring your team from point A to point B. Sounded easy enough.

But not for the Better Namers and iance...

The two were lagging behind despite Match's leadership and Golf Ball's intelligence. They were the last two! They had to hurry... or else they would be up for elimination.

The whole time, Flower was on edge. After all the events during and after their very first- and second- challenge, she was shaken up. She wasn't alone, everyone was. But the only person who comforted the once bratty plant was Ruby. And in turn, Flower comforted the gem.

Flower put her arm around the red gemstone, sighing as she did so. This was not a bored sigh, rather one filled with dread.

Flower was filled with dread, and she had no idea why.

The weight of dread in her stomach weighed her down, making her heart feel like it was dropping into her stomach, making her stomach feel like it was down even past the lush, green grass.

Flower's pink petals dropped as negative thoughts began to cloud her mind. Negative thoughts containing anger, dread, fear, and sadness. Negative thoughts containing anger at four, dread for what was to come, fear for what will happen to her and her precious gemstone, and sadness because of the thing all those thoughts ended in... death.

Death was around any corner the Flower looked, and it was only a matter of time before any corners closed off... making no way for her to escape from the only path she could take. The one path was forward, and the path forward had a shadow at the end. A shadow with a scythe. The shadow was death.

If Flower kept going, she would meet death... no matter what she had tried to do.

She was safe back then with announcer and recovery centers. But now that they are all gone, she is no longer safe. Nobody was. But especially her. She required just the right amount of sunlight and water for her to grow, just like your everyday houseplant. But this flower was even more so living, she walked and talked and laughed and cried. The food she needed was more dire, and she could already feel one of the beautiful petals on her head tearing around the edges.

Maybe they're right, maybe she *was* ignorant. Because she had ignored the other paths for so long, and now they have all closed. And now the only path was forward. And that path was a dead end.

And that dead end was nearing the poor plant... or maybe it was that *she* was nearing *it*? Maybe she was voluntarily walking towards death since the start of this hateful competition. Maybe she subconsciously knew the suffering this show would cause her.

But now was not time for negativity, now was time to keep moving.

Ruby feels the cold hands of her girlfriend leaning against her. She helps prop the plant up as the two walk behind their team.

"What's wrong?" Ruby asks the drooping plant.

"I'm going to die... aren't I...?" The weak flower's voice quivers. Her arm becomes heavier against the gemstone's head. It hurts the gemstone, but she keeps supporting her wilting loved one.

"You aren't going to die..." The red gem comforts the undernourished plant. "You're going to be okay...! This will all be over soon."

"If you say so..." Flower grumbles. "I'd honestly rather 'pull a pie' right now..."

Ruby knows what Flower is referring to. Pie had, between challenges, become consumed by grief and hunger. Pie had eaten herself. Pie had kicked over the bucket and suffocated herself with the death that was inside it.

Ruby's eyes widen, realizing what her dear girlfriend was going to do. She wouldn't handle it. She couldn't take it. Flower wasn't acting herself lately, nobody was. And that was especially true for one of the contestants among them. One of them was not who everyone thought they were...

"TB!" Golfball gasps, running as fast as her small legs will carry her. "HURRY! WE ARE ABOUT TO LOSE!"

"I'm trying Golfball....!" Tennisball pants, running fast, though not as fast as his friend who claims their relationship is purely "platonic." "TV is just too heavy...!"

"WHY ARE YOU CARRYING HIM THEN?! HE HAS LEGS!"

"Oh! Right! Sorry TV... gotta set you down."

TV's bland expression morphs into a frown, a clip from Bfdi of Golfball exploding shows, indicating he is upset with her.

"Guys! iance is close to the finish!" Robot flower nods her head in the direction of the other team.

"Yeah! But half of them are behind us!" Basketball exclaims, adrenaline rushing through her as she runs with Grassy perched atop her head.

Blocky rushes behind everyone else, seemingly unable to keep up despite usually being able to. He is filled with a similar sense of dread as flower. But his is... different.

He knows death is around the corner...

But not for him.

He knows death is around the corner for all of his teammates. He saw it from day one. And what kind of idiot wouldn't spend their last days with people sulking? He was going to prank, and he was going to have fun.

He was going to finally have fun with his team before they all slowly disappear into the earthy ground.

He was going to cherish his time with Basketball and Grassy, and do fun, harmless pranks with the rest of them. He was looking forward to it... but he wasn't focused on running.

Blocky snapped out of his thoughts, finding himself in the middle of nowhere.

"What?! Where the hell is my team?!" The red cube shouts out, confused as to where his team went. He steps forward, seeing something left behind... an electronic?

Blocky picks it up and laughs at it. "Huh, funny." He holds it up like a camera, pretending to be on video. "Hey guys, welcome back to BLOCKY'S FUNNY DOINGS INTERNATIONAL! For a prank, sneak up on a team member while they're in the middle of a challenge! Like this!"

He rushes toward the nearest object he sees. It looks like TV, sitting against a tree.

"BOO!" He scares the electronic, laughing. "This program was brought to you, by Blocky's Funny Doings Interna-" He noticed something, the false camera slipping from his hands. This couldn't be...!

TV...

The figure Blocky thought was TV, sitting against the wall, was not what he had thought. Sure, it was TV, but his screen...

His screen was popped off, blood dripped steadily out of it. Wires poked out and stray sparks of electricity bounced and licked at the edges of the shattered glass.

Speaking of the screen, it not only was popped off, it was hanging by the edges, exposing his guts. His half-electric brain slipped down, his wires and nerves teared apart. His screen, the main focus, was dark.

And only now did Blocky notice that the TV head was pinned against the tree, above the body, not connected. Wires uprooted from the TV stand and down from his head.

Blocky never cried, he didn't think he even had the capability to. And he still didn't, even after seeing this. So his instinct- "WHAAAAT THE F#CCCCCCK?!!!!!"

Further away, Basketball hears Blocky's screams. "Guys! Stop! I heard Blocky!"

"You... WE LEFT BLOCKY!" Tennisball exclaims, turning and running the opposite way.

"WAIT! WE ALSO LEFT TV! TB, WAIT!" She rushes after her "friend." "GUYS! YOU ALL KEEP GOING! TB AND I WILL GO GET BLOCKY AND TV!" Golfball runs off and the rest of the team continues the challenge.

"Guys! I see the finish!" Robot flower exclaims, exciting the others. The finish is only two feet away, and the living better namers collapse on the other side of the finish, out of breath. Well, all except for Blocky, Golfball, and Tennisball.

And TV... would not count. TV was long gone, a murder had taken place and it was Golfball's job to solve it...

Back at the finish, team bleh was talking to saw... or mostly, gaty was.

"Saw? Are you doing okay?" Gaty asks.

"I'm FINE... I mean... I'm doing okay, Gaty." Saw mumbles, rubbing her head.

"You're Not... you need rest-"

"NO I DONT! IM FINE!" Saw lashes out, the anger bubbling inside her getting the best of her. But this anger is not at others, more so at herself. She let taco die, so she had to pay... or at least that's what lollipop said. "Taco died and it's all my fault..."

"No it's not... plus, all she did was die." Gaty laughs.

"W- *ALL SHE DID WAS DIE*?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN *ALL* SHE DID?!" Saw begins to feel tears in her dark eyes.

"Well, that's what happens here, right? You try to live, but you end up dying one way or another. What's the big deal?"

"..."

"Saw, I'm not saying we all want to die. But we can't avoid death, it's always here. Just accept it."

"..."

"Saw-"

"Gaty. Stop. I don't feel well..." Saw mumbles, her arms aching. She furrows her eyebrows and shirts her eyes tight.

Her fault.

Saw knew it was all her fault. She warned taco and that made taco try and push her, angry that Saw guessed at people committing cannibalism. Then Taco died. Saw had been too careless to help Bottle and Pie... she had an opportunity to help leafy and didn't take it. And she knew she was responsible in some way for everything else...

Lollipop was angry at her... most people were angry at her... or at least that's what she thought. Really, everyone was concerned... but Saw wouldn't see it. She-

Saw's thoughts are caught off when an overwhelming pain courses through her chest, making her feel nauseous. She groans, clutching her chest with her weak arms.

"GUYS! SOMETHINGS WRONG WITH SAW!" Gaty yells to the rest of her team and they rush over.

"Of course there's something wrong, she caused Taco's death...." Lollipop grumbles, looking away from Saw with a disgusted expression.

"No... look!" Book opens herself, pointing to a definition. "She... hasn't been breathing well lately, right? She smelled that funny plant and she's been out of breath ever since!"

The definition she is pointing to is of a plant. This plant is a plant only grown in areas inhabited by algebraliens. It is said to have similar-smelling fumes to an 8-ball. It says it causes the lungs to not work properly, causing a person to not get enough oxygen they need which can lead to problems later on.

Saw was having one of those problems now, but nobody had seen this before or knew what it was.

Saw lurched forward, holding her mouth as to not vomit. But this made her breathing even harder.

"Book?" Ice cube asked. "Did you find anything yet?"

"No..." Book sighs, flipping through her pages. Dora suddenly jumps, stabbing her hand onto a certain definition. "OW! Dora... what was that for?"

"Dadadadadadadada!" Dora spits out words nobody can understand. But book gasps, realizing what she meant. Dora removes her hand and book looks at the definition.

"Saw?" Gaty asks, stepping infront of her. "Saw are you-"

"UUUUUUGGGGHHHHHH...." Saw vomits, it sprays all over. All over saw, all over the ground, all over Gaty. Gaty cringes, but her face still remains concerned.

Saw can't take it anymore. Her chest hurts too much, her mouth tastes like vomit, her arms are sore and her back is killing her. Her jaw is in immense discomfort, she can barely breathe, and the vomit is making it harder. She feels nauseous and she feels like she's dying...

Saw can't even scream, or say anything anymore. The pain is unbearable. Saw feels sweat roll down her face.

Her fault.

It's all her fault... SHE MADE EVERYONE DIE... so... her thought was that she deserved the same... or whatever this was. This felt like death to saw.

And it was... just not yet.

And the pain stopped.

Saw's pain had stopped.

But she couldn't move... nor could she breathe. But guilt had overcome her...

"Wait... Dora? So was that this or this?" Book points to two definitions. Dora thinks a moment before pointing to the second one, then the first. "WAIT A MINUTE... the second is just a subcategory for the first! Dora! You're a genius!"

"Guys? I think we REALLY need a genius over here right now..." Gaty's voice shakes as she looks at her best friend.

"OH MY GOODNESS! WE HAVE TO ACT FAST!" Book immediately shuts herself closed and rushes to saw.

"Why?" Lollipop asks. "What's going on?"

"Her heart has stopped! Teardrop! Help me!" Book yells and teardrop scuttles over, afraid to lose another teammate. "We need to do this until Golfball arrives! Then she can help us save her!"

"Is she breathing?" Ice cube asks, her eyebrows furrowed.

"She's... not..." Book's eyes widen. She looks at the unmoving girl. Book pokes saw, gaining to reaction. But she still has... hope. "HURRY TD! WE CAN STILL TRY!"

Teardrop gets directions from Book and she follows them. Book is reading steps inside her for how to complete hands-only cpr.

Minutes fly by and saw is still not moving.

Teardrop then presses as hard as she can and-

"YOU WERENT SUPPOSED TO PRESS THAT HARD!" Book exclaims, shoving teardrop away and looking at her teammate. "Oh no..."

The lack of oxygen inside of saw is making her vision fade... not yet. She hasn't died yet...

Black. Her vision went black. And numb. She felt numb.

But outside of saw's perspective, there was panic. Saw was moving... involuntarily. It was... a disgusting sight to see. Constant shaking and twitching from a teammate was too much for Ice Cube to see... more like Saw was an ex-teammate now.

Ice Cube couldn't take it.

She ran from her team, ran from the contest, only to bump into Bracelety... what was Bracelety doing?

Bracelety was yelling something ice cube couldn't quite hear. Who was it to? Ice cube peaks around her admirer to see...

Four.

Bracelety was arguing with four and ice cube could not hear. Why couldn't ice cube hear?

Ice cube watched as four's angered expression melted. Melted into one of guilt. And then... ice cube's hearing returned.

"I'm... sorry..." Four mumbles halfheartedly.

"FOUR. YOU ARE HURTING OUR TEAM! YOURE HURTING ICY!" Bracelety grabs ice cube close.

"Yeah, Four! Look at Donut!" Barf Bag gestures to the starved, weak pastry.

Ice cube's eyes widen.

Donut had chunks ripped out of him; he had given part of him to his teammates to stop their hunger. He was selfless. He also had holes all in his arms. Holes from multiple attempts of his team when they tried to give him the nutrients he needed. This only ended in clusters of deep holes in his arms.

Bracelety then walks in-front of ice cube, protecting her from the sights she had seen. Ice cube attempts to look around the piece of jewelry but Bracelety moves in-front of her again. Ice cube gives up, sitting on the grass.

"Four..." a weak voice croaks.

"Donut! You have to rest!" Barf bag tries to lay him back down.

"No..." Donut shakily stands. "If I'm gonna die, I'm going to die a hero. I'm not going to die like a coward, starving to death in the corner being babied by my teammates."

"Donut! Wait!"

"I... I don't care, B-Bag." Donut turns to four. "You bring us here. You starve us. AND ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS SORRY?!"

"Y- yeah!" Four lashes out. "And I brought you here... but I saved you! You were gonna get sucked up by black hole! I saved all of your lives!"

"Of course. Of course you did." Donut grumbles. "I WOULD RATHER GET SUCKED UP BY HIM THAN GO THOUGH THIS TORTURE!"

"I..."

"YOURE A MONSTER, FOUR! YOUR A F##KING A##H#LE! YOU SEND US BACK RIGHT NOW, YOU PSYCHOPATH!"

"You... YOU TAKE THAT BACK! I *CANT* SEND YOU ALL BACK! I DONT KNOW *HOW*!"

"THEN WHERE IS X, HUH?!"

"YOU DONT BRING X UP IN THAT WAY!"

"OH... IM *SO* SORRY! IM *SO* SORRY YOUR BELOVED X IS MISSING-"

"SHUT THE F##K UP!" Four screams, using a power X had forbidden him of using on the objects... the screech.

An electric jolt coursed through Donut. It was short, but painful. Immense pain overcame the pastry... before fading...

Along with his life.

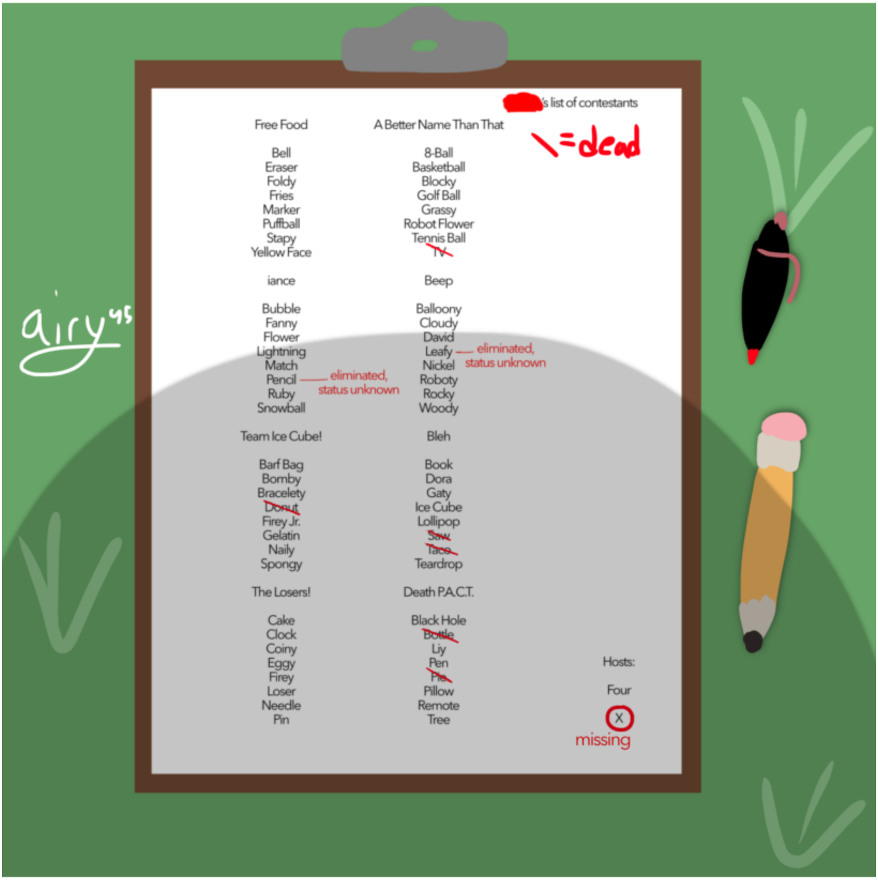
2849 words
November 20, 2022

5- the challange is over

a/n: sorry I haven't been updating recently! I forgot this story existed for a bit, but I'll probably update more soon...
Also parts will be shorter because I'm not feeling the best and also for suspense. Also I'm sorry if characters are a bit out of character at times.

TW: blood, murder, insanity, trypophobia, death, cannibalism

3rd person pov:



[redacted]'s list of contestants

\=dead

Free Food

Bell
Eraser
Foldy
Fries
Marker
Puffball
Stapy
Yellow Face

A Better Name Than That

8-Ball
Basketball
Blocky
Golf Ball
Grassy
Robot Flower
Tennis Ball
~~TV~~

iance

Bubble
Fanny
Flower
Lightning
Match
Pencil — eliminated, status unknown
Ruby
Snowball

Beep

Balloony
Cloudy
David
Leafy — eliminated, status unknown
Nickel
Roboty
Rocky
Woody

Team Ice Cube!

Barf Bag
Bomby
Bracelety
~~Donut~~
Firey Jr.
Gelatin
Naily
Spongy

Bleh

Book
Dora
Gaty
Ice Cube
Lollipop
~~Saw~~
~~Taco~~
Teardrop

The Losers!

Cake
Clock
Coiny
Eggy
Firey
Loser
Needle
Pin

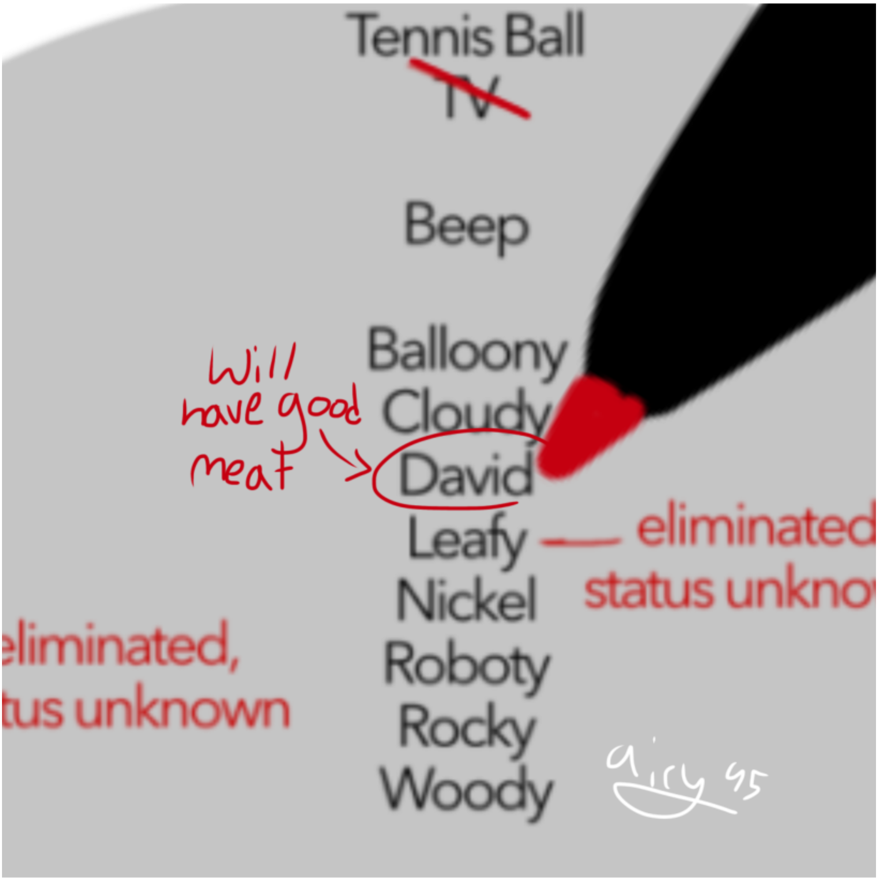
Death P.A.C.T.

Black Hole
~~Bottle~~
Liy
Pen
~~Pie~~
Pillow
Remote
Tree

Hosts:

Four

X
missing


Tennis Ball
~~TV~~
Beep
Balloony
Cloudy
David
Leafy
Nickel
Roboty
Rocky
Woody
Will have good meat
eliminated
status unkno
eliminated,
tus unknown
airy 95

An unknown object sits up from their notebook, a crazed grin on their face.

They were never like this before, in fact, they were one of the nicest objects iance had ever seen… even one of the nicest lollipop had ever seen.

After Taco died, Lollipop found a new attachment. A new object to obsess over. A new object to find innocence in every corner of their being.

That new object was now sitting in front of a clipboard. One that held information on everyone who had died. One that held information of who was going to die... to their own hand...

"Like, finally!" Match huffs as she collapses at the other end of the finish line. "I am like, so starved!"

"Hold on! We won! Those NERDS, the better namers lost! Haha!" Snowball cheers.

"Wait. So to clarify, they're up for elimination?" Lightning asks.

"They like, should be." Match shrugs. "Hey bubble?" She turns to the bember. "How like, is Ruby and Flow- oh. Hey Ruby and like, flower! Where like, is bubble?"

"I'm not sure?" Ruby shrugs and flower simply shakes her head.

"Huh. Well. I like, hope she actually came with us..." Match mumbles.

After a few minutes of silence, bubble crosses the finish. "Soiry goiys!" She huffs, a clipboard and pen in hand. "Oi goit distracted!"

"It's fine bubs! Like, what are you holding?" Match shifts closer to Bubble.

"OIT'S NOITHING!" Bubble shouts, holding the clipboard, pen, and pencil to her chest... careful not to pop herself.

"If you like, say so." Match pulls herself away from the transparent, soapy sphere.

"UGH! ITS FOUR!" Fanny yells, interrupting whatever the rest of iance was doing. "I HATE FOUR!"

"He... looks upset?" Lightning noted. "Four?" The curious bolt floats over to the integer. "You look depre-AAA"

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" Four screeches at Lightning- the screech. The screech is deadly... but luckily, lightning was able to escape from it but at the cost of a spinning head.

"Uuuuggghhh..." lightning groans, falling to the ground. His head spins as snowball rushes toward the bolt. Lighting's head rings so he can't hear the words said by the ball of frozen water that were meant to comfort him.

"Woah..." Ruby murmurs, "*Somebody* woke up on the wrong side of the bed."

Four takes a deep breath in and out. "This competition is getting to me..." He mumbles, clutching his 'head' with one hand. "What am I doing....? I've... I'M BECOMING A MONSTER..."

"Like, yeah." Match rolls her eyes. "You kinda like, are tho... 'cause you're like, killing people left and right and-"

"THATS IT!" Four yells, the power of the yell like a slight screech. The slight screech causes Match to shake slightly. "oh f##k the competition! GET RID OF THE TEAMS! GET RID OF CHALLANGES! IM DONE!" Four stomps his foot, turning around and walking away. "I'll just go to Equation Playground and look for X..."

"WHOIT! THE COMPETITION IS OVER?!" Bubble yelps, clutching her clipboard close.

"YEAH!" Four screams. "PEOPLE ARE DEAD, PEOPLE ARE DYING. I'M CAUSING PEOPLE TO DIE! I- I JUST CANT!"

"Let him go..." Flower mumbles to Ruby. "He can't bring us home. I want no more competitions, for petals sake..."

"Alright..." Ruby holds the flower's hand tight. Flower was getting weaker by the minute... Ruby believed that anything she did for her would help her recover. "Four... it's okay. You can go..." Ruby says and watches as Four dashes away, looking behind him every few seconds.

He pauses at a point and reaches inside his head, taking out two things and tossing them towards iance. He then resumes running.

It's only a matter of time until all the "contestants" gathered. Without Four.

"I'll... go see what he threw." 8-ball suggests, rolling over toward the things four threw. "Oh. It's the people who were eliminated."

"Pence-Pence?!" Match exclaims, rushing toward the two figures infront of 8-ball.

"Leafy...?" Firey quickly dashes toward them as well.

As the two near them, one sits up.

"Hey, Leafy!" Firey exclaims. "Look, I'm sorry I haven't talked to you before... you see-"

"FIREY?!" Leafy yells, seemingly unaware of the loudness in her voice. "WHATS GOING ON?"

"Leafy- please quiet down..." Firey pats her shoulder, careful not to burn her.

Leafy smirks. "Heheh.... That's warm..." she giggles, her laugh seeming hollow.

"Leafy, are you alright?"

"I FOUND AN OLD HABIT!!"

"Leafy-"

"PENCE-PENCE!" Match exclaims, leaning over pencil's body.

Firey pulled leafy up and the two walked toward pencil.

Blood was the first thing the flame noticed. The second was the holes. And the third was the bite marks.

Pools of blood surrounded the school supply, slowly sinking into the grass below. Blood seemed to squirt out of the small holes all over pencil's body. The holes were extremely close together... and there was a lot of them. Who could have done this? Who could have taken the time to do this?

Pencil's eraser was something Firey couldn't miss as it looked completely damaged, just like her body. Her eraser was mostly gone, many many bite marks outlining where the rest of her eraser would be. Blood flowed steadily out of that too.

The amount of blood caused firey's legs to wobble. But his stomach was stronger than match's. He saw movement out of the corner of his eye, looking to see that Match had passed out because of all the blood she saw.

Firey then looked down at leafy to see if she was disgusted. She... surprisingly wasn't.

Leafy wore a large grin. The one eye she had left was staring into the distance, not focusing on anything. She began to bounce up and down, giggling as she did so. She was acting childish, laughter bursting from her mouth. She giggled, pointing at pencil's corpse and slurring her words together.

Firey's eyes widened. This was not leafy. This... this had to be somebody else... this couldn't be leafy... "Leafy...?" Firey shakes the leaf, gaining no response. "LEAFY...?!" He asks again, louder this time.

It's no use.

Leafy stops laughing and turns to the flame, grabbing his arm. "HEY!" Firey gasps as the leaf pulls hard. Her mouth twisting into a large grin.

"Food....!" She exclaims, pulling Firey's arm closer to her mouth.

"G- GET AWAY FROM ME!" Firey pulls and pulls but can't get away from the insane, green leaf. "GET AWAY!"

Finally, as Leafy was about to bite down, she freezes. Her eyes going wide when something collided with her head. She collapses to the ground, alive... but unconscious.

Firey looked up to find his savior, who could it be? Who would save him from Leafy?

Before his mind could process the person, the object ran away. They then went to another object and did the same thing to them.

Wait.

"WH- DAVID?!" Cloudy rushes to the figure who was out cold on the ground. "WHO WOULD BE WALKING AROUND MURDERING PEOPLE LIKE THIS- RIGHT IN-FRONT OF US TOO?!"

While everyone was distracted, the object blinked a few times. Their surroundings coming into focus. They think hard, unable to remember what they had just did. The two concussions they had most likely caused... they didn't remember doing any of it.

They trotted back to the group, apon seeing David they remembered what they did.

If anyone saw them... they could be found out! They could die!

So, they did what anyone else would do.

"BLOIKY DID OIT!" They point to blocky, fully aware of the game of distrust that they had just started...

1323 words
November 29, 2022

6- scrambled egg

!!!!WARNINGS!!!: detailed descriptions of gore, cannibalism, blood, death, guts and also depersonalization

---

"BLOIKY DID OIT!" Bubble yells, pointing towards the block.

"W- what? I- I was with Basketball and Grassy when Leafy and Pencil came back!" Blocky exclaims, attempting to defend himself.

"Grassy was with Blocky!" The small grass blade exclaims, making his caretakers smile.

"It was obviously bubble!" Robot flower explains. "Replaying the footage in my memory storage now..."

"I BELIVE ROBOT FLOWER," Golfball shouts, "ALSO I SAW THE PERSON DOING IT WAS LIGHT BLUE AND TRANSPARENT! IT MATCHES UP WITH BUBBLE!"

"No! Bubs couldn't have done it!" Ruby shakes her head, still supporting the weakened flower.

"She did." Tennisball sits on the ground.

"She... couldn't...." Match mumbles, putting both hands to her head. "Pence-pence... she's dead..." Match mumbles.

"Look, we can all agree that bubble did it. You're all just in denial." 8-ball sighs.

"I still... I won't believe it." Lollipop shakes her head. "I'm not losing another person I love. Not after taco..."

"AND NEITHER AM I!" Match yells, tears streaking her face.

"YOURE IN DENIAL, THATS WHAT!" Golfball screams, causing the conflict to go even further.

Bubble awkwardly looks away from the argument and her eyes settle on David. His head was bashed open and his brain guts were spilling out. But bubble's eyes immediately locked on something. His flesh... his blood...

Bubble grinned, her body beginning to feel numb as she watched herself walk closer to David... as if she was watching herself on a film. She kneels in-front of the corpse, bending down and slurping on the gore...

All noise becomes distorted to the disassociated bubble. The only things she hears is the slurping of the blood and gore... She doesn't mean to do this... it's like her body has a mind of it's own.

Meanwhile, everyone is wrapped up in the argument... except for one. Eggy.

Eggy sighs, looking away from the argument and... seeing something horrifying...

Bubble is slurping up pieces of David's corpse... BUBBLE IS SLURPING UP PIECES OF DAVID'S CORPSE?!

Eggy rushes to the gory scene, trying to kick bubble out of the way without killing her.

Bubble doesn't notice at first, but when she does...

Bubble watches herself like she's watching a film. She watches as she looks up from her meal and feels her face begin to hurt as it smiles wider than she would normally allow it.

Bubble watches as she lunges forward and atop eggy. Eggy screams. Bubble watches as her own body works against her and...

CRACK

"AAAAAGHHH!" Eggy screams, blood trickling down her face. The blood mixed with the egg white, the albumen, spills out of the large crack in her head.

Bubble watches as she cracks eggy more, leaning down into her and slurping up the yolk... she doesn't mean to do this... her body seems to have a mind of it's own.

"YOU... YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE US! SHE IS A MURDERER!" Golfball screams at Lollipop.

"WELL," lollipop yells back, "IVE NEVER SEEN HER-"

"AAAAAAAGHHHH!" Eggy's screams are audible to everyone else now.

Everyone looks toward eggy to find bubble atop her... cracking her further and eating her insides. Of the people who thought bubble was innocent; Lollipop watches in fear. Ruby is seemingly shocked. And Match...

Match stands quickly and runs toward bubble. She screams things. She doesn't know what she screams but she throws bubble off eggy, panting afterward.

Bubble's body twitches slightly, the smile on her face faltering. Eggy meanwhile, stumbles backward slightly before falling to the ground... Golfball walks toward the sight to examine Eggy.

She kneels on the ground, frowning and looking all over her. Golfball then stands and turns toward the majority of the group.

Golfball then speaks, her voice mostly monotone, "EGGY IS DEAD..."

"EGGY!" Lollipop gasps, tears rolling down her face. Eggy was... a dear friend to her, that's for sure. Others cry, or sadly look away. Some hated the girl, and they still just awkwardly comfort the ones who considered her a friend... of course, this happened to everyone else who died but... this time, it was formal. For once, they could have a funeral...

AND THEY COULD PUNISH THE ONE WHO CAUSED THE DEATH...

History repeats itself, and these objects needed to form a new government system soon... they would need to do this, others need to know what's right and wrong, after all.

Golfball was going to take that step... but not just yet. First, they had a murderer on their hands.

Bubble twitches, finally sitting up. She has completely **no** control of her body now... and her body walks forward... a large grin creeps onto her face as she walks toward the match. "*maaaatttccccchhh....*" She hisses, her voice raspy.

Match turns, beginning to back away from the mindless, soapy sphere. "G- get like, away from me!!" Match yelps, frantically backing away. She trips over a rock and she falls right on her back. She groans in pain. She attempts to sit up but bubble pounces on her, her teeth covered in blood and egg white.

She begins to sink further into match, she bites at match's tip. Match screeches in pain, flailing around.

She flails and flails, her eyes shut closed.

Eventually, her arm gets... wet?

POP

She opens her eyes as her flailing arms collide with bubble. Bubble's eyes widen before she pops, the soap and blood spraying everywhere...

Match stares in shock, unable to move... unable to feel...

When she returns to her senses, she begins to cry. Pain overcomes her head and she lets all her tears out.

Tears for pencil... tears for bubble... tears for everything...

Golfball rushes away from comforting lollipop and toward the crying figure. She props Match against a rock as she cries. Golfball examines the tip of her, noticing how most of it is entirely gone. Noticing as blood pours out of it... noticing how her *brain* is exposed.

She immediately grabs bandages and begins bandaging up Match's head as she falls unconscious...

Golfball soon backs away from the work she did to keep Match alive. She can't risk having another person die.

She turns to the others. They all look so depressed... she wants to pull them together...

That's why she's going to allow history to repeat itself... the history after Bfdi... the history where everyone created a sort of government together to form harmony and a basis of rules. Back then, there was no definite ruler and there was chaos.

Now, Golfball will become the ruler and will help everyone maintain order.

So she steps forward and opens her mouth to speak, "EVERYONE!" She exclaims. "LISTEN TO ME... WE NEED ORDER... AND I AM GOING TO CREATE IT! SO HEAR ME WHEN I MAKE THIS SPEECH... BUT ILL BEGIN WITH A SINPLE PHRASE TO SUM IT UP..."

Golfball begins her speech, "TO GET RID OF MURDERS LIKE THESE, WE NEED ORDER... JUST LIKE BEFORE... AND IM ABOUT TO GIVE IT TO YOU."

---

a/n:

uuughh... I'm sorry this ending for the chapter is so horrible... I just didn't know how to end it. :(Anyway, hope you all liked the chapter and I hope you all are doing well!! :)

Also why did I write this chapter like this?? The ending is weird and I have absolutely no idea why Golfball just suddenly wanted to make a government or something... uh... I dunno...

1239 words
December 3, 2022

7- miseries and mysteries of Golfball

a/n:

Hey!! You there!!
I hope you all enjoy this chapter and I hope you all are doing well!! :)
Also all art in this chapter is made by me!!
Oh! And I just realized how close this chapter was posted to the last one..
And I don't like the title I gave for this chapter but OH WELL-

---

!!WARNINGS!!: cannibalism, insanity, seizures, corpses, blood/gore, murder/death, memory loss, torture, ocd, intrusive thoughts, depersonalization, and mentions of su!c!de

---

(a/n: Finally, it's not a third person pov!)
POV: GOLFBALL:

I sigh heavily as I finish assigning jobs. Who knew this could be so hard?

Luckily, my speech was a success. Nobody except the Losers, when we had teams, fought me on it. They were very happy when I decided to have two leaders, me and Loser. Loser was hesitant about it, but I said he could have a leader under him too... we would make a system.

It would be like a president and vice president- well... that is if there were two of each.

It would be me with a "vice-president" Tennisball and Loser with a "vice-president" cake. It could all work out!

Me and Loser began assigning jobs to people. The ones with least empathy would help round up the corpses, the strongest ones would help build, the weak and/or kind would help search for other sources of food.

So far, Needle has found that the grass is not edible.. at the expense of a 5 minute long "trip.." it was hard to bring her out of it, but Teardrop found that a slight drop of blood into the mouth of an object who had eaten one of those weird grass blades can bring them out of their "episode." Again, that was at the expense of a paper cut on teardrop's finger.

Almost all the corpses were rounded up and Snowball and the others were doing pretty well at making a house for us with some nearby trees. I doubt saw's corpse was ideal for cutting trees, but it's all we could find.

And of course, me and the other leaders are not just sitting back. We're making lists of rules and tasks... me and TB put in logic and Loser and Cake put in the feelings and empathy. With both combined, these rules seem like they'll be easy to follow.

Rules:
1- *do not kill. No object should eat another object*
2- *objects are good, algebraliens are bad*
3- *lastly, if a government is not responding to all's needs and/or being a tyrant, it shall be abolished. Do not revolt without reason.*
4- *lastly, there shall be no major fights*

Me and Loser glanced over the rules multiple times to get it just right, afterward we handed them to TB and Cake. Both gave nods of approval.

"We should... make an account of everyone who has died and why?" Tennisball suggests.

"WOAH. THATS ACTUALLY A GOOD IDEA, TB!" I smile at him and he smiles back. "BUT WHO WILL DO IT?"

"Me and Cake can do it! You and loser can.. uh.. do leader stuff!" Tennisball smiles and takes a sheet of parchment that we had found lying around. I nod.

The parchment reminded me... had we tried to eat non-living paper yet? "LOSER? DID WE TRY EATING THAT PAPER YET?" I ask, gesturing to the pieces of parchment on the grass in-front of us.

"Uhhhh..." He rubs his head. "Yeah.. Puffball and Liy both tried." Loser explains and points to the two. I follow where he's pointing. "They both look the same color as the grass, they don't feel well.."

"AH. I SEE." I nod, sinking back into the grass.

It's only a matter of minutes before TB calls us back.

"Alright! Did it!" TB exclaims.

"LET ME SEE." I look at the list.

Dead as of.. now:
Taco (fell, trying to punch saw)
Bottle (vomited insides, shattered)
Pie (su!c!de, sad because bottle)
TV (bashed open, by bubble)
saw (heart attack, stress/guilt)
Donut (starvation, zapped by four)
Pencil (poked at and eaten by leafy)
David (bashed open by bubble)
Eggy (bashed open by bubble)
Bubble (accidentally popped by match)

"TB! YOURE HANDWRITING IS SO MESSY!" I squint, finally able to read it.

"Says you.." TB jokes.

"HAHA. VERY FUNNY." I say sarcastically. "BUT HONESTLY, VERY GOOD JOB, TB! ESPECIALLY FOR BOTH OF US WRITING WITH OUR

FEET OR MOUTH!"

"Thank you, Golfball!" He smiles and I return the smile. That is.. before he groans. "I'm so hungry....."

"DONT WORRY. WE WILL ANNOUNCE THE RULES BECAUSE EVERYONE HAS RETURNED, THEN WE WILL EAT." I clear my throat, turning to the others. "HELLO! EVERYONE! WE HAVE MADE THE RULES!"

All chatter stops and everyone gathers around the leaders.

Once they all gathered, I speak again. "WE HAVE MADE THE RULES. RULE 1, NO OBJECT WILL KILL AND/OR EAT ANOTHER OBJECT. 2, OBJECTS ARE GOOD BUT ALGEBRALIENS ARE BAD. 3, YOU ALL MAY ABOLISH THIS GOVERNMENT IF NEED BE, BUT YOU ALL MUST HAVE REASON. AND-" I pause. The number four almost escaping my lips.. the image of the algebralien forms in my mind- no. Not now. "AND LASTLY, THERE SHALL BE NO MAJOR FIGHTS. THAT IS ALL!! NOW, PLEASE ABIDE BY THE RULES. AND NOW, WE EAT." I finish and many clap.

I feel adrenaline and dopamine rush through me, making me smile. Who knew I could absolutely *love* the spotlight on me so much? I'd honestly do anything for it..

I'D KILL TO HAVE THIS FAME AND LEADERSHIP- wait what? No. I did not just think that...

I know it's only been an hour or so.. but this power already seems to be getting to my head...

I step towards the others as they chow down on the old corpses. "PEOPLE! WE WILL RUN OUT! DONT EAT IT ALL!" I yell. I knew that they knew what I meant earlier. When I said no object will eat another object, I meant an alive one. And I know I meant that. So why...

WHY DO I WANT TO RIP TENNISBALL WIDE OPEN? WHY DO I WANT TO SCOOP OUT HIS HEART AND EAT IT?

I lick my lips, the thought of it making my stomach rumble- WHAT THE HELL AM I THINKING?! WHERE DID MY KNOWLEDGE GO?! IM TOO SMART TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

As Tennisball walks by me and toward the food.......... **WHY..... WHY AM I LIKE THIS...?** I was never like this... **none** of us were ever like this. So why.. why is this happening to me..?

"TB." I nudge him and he looks down at me. "WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME...?" I ask, my voice shaking as I resist the urge **to pounce on him and tear apart his flesh....** No... I don't want to..

"GB?" Tennisball asks me. "I should have mentioned this earlier.. but I don't know. I saw you having so much fun being a leader and stuff... I don't know-"

"**TELL ME, TB...**" I demand of him.

"Well- uh... I did a scan on your brain while you were asleep once, before the competition. And I've been paying attention to things you've done ever since you've got here and..." he pauses before leaning closer and whispering to me. "I think you may have ocd or something else... I'm not sure though.. but I know this situation is making it worse, possibly turning it into something else." He looks me directly in the eye. "Tell me what you want to do right now?"

"I... WANT TO..." I feel my eyes widen as *that phrase* repeats in my brain: **KILL HIM, TEAR APART HIS FLESH AND EAT HIS HEART. KILL HIM, TEAR APART HIS FLESH AND EAT HIS HEART.** "NO... I DONT WANT TO BE LIKE THAT... I DONT WANT TO BE LIKE BUBBLE..." I fall to my knees and I burry my head in the grass, trying to make those thoughts stop.

TB softly kicks my head back up to face him. I stand up again. "I'm proven again, GB..." he smiles at me. This time I don't return it. "Just.. ignore those thoughts, okay?"

I nod. "I.. AM TRYING..."

"I know. And you're doing well." He smiles before walking to the food and eating some of it.

I walk toward the food as well, eating until I'm not hungry anymore... but I'm not full either. I stand and I walk towards the bucket people have made of the blood from the corpses. It's disgusting, but it's the only thing we can drink here without twitching and foaming at the mouth.

I take a few sips from the bucket, then wiping my mouth. Loser walks up to me.

"Hey, Golfball?" He asks. "Uh.. you know how all the robots here actually have emotion?" He asks again and I nod. "Robot Flower said somebody here should be without emotion so they can do certain things for us.. like gather things and test things out.. Everyone agreed but... I dunno. Tennisball said you can probably put a chip inside one of us and make us temporarily like that..."

"I COULD. BUT IT WOULD NOT WORK UNLESS SOMEBODY IS FRESHLY DEAD. I HAVE TO PUT A CHIP IN THEM WITHIN 20 MINUTES OF DEATH." I explain. "AND NOBODY HERE HAS BEEN DEAD IN THAT SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME."

"Well... that's what Tennisball said so..." Loser sighs. "Basketball... she..."

"She offered to do it." Loser explains. "She wants a better future for Grassy and Blocky, so she's willing to sacrifice herself so she can help everyone."

"OH..." I mumble, my eyes wide. "WHERE IS SHE?"

"Right here." Basketball walks up behind loser and he steps aside. "I know you want to, Golfball. Hit me with your best shot..."

"YOU DONT HAVE TO DO THIS-"

"I want to. Someone without any feelings could help all of you escape. They could easily test if something was edible or not without expenses of others. They could get crushed and beaten over and over without pain." Basketball explains. "Do you have a chip on you?"

"I ALWAYS DO." I say, realizing too late how suspicious that makes me sound. But luckily, Basketball didn't notice.. loser may have noticed though... but whatever, I'm sure he wouldn't remember later.

"Alright, then do it." She steps forward and hands me a baseball bat with her foot. "This is the only weapon I could find around here.. come on. Hit me with your best shot. Imagine me as a baseball or something.. whatever you need to do... just do it."

I climbed atop a pile of baskets, just reaching basketball's height. At that point, it seemed like I was watching myself on a film. Maybe this is how bubble felt..

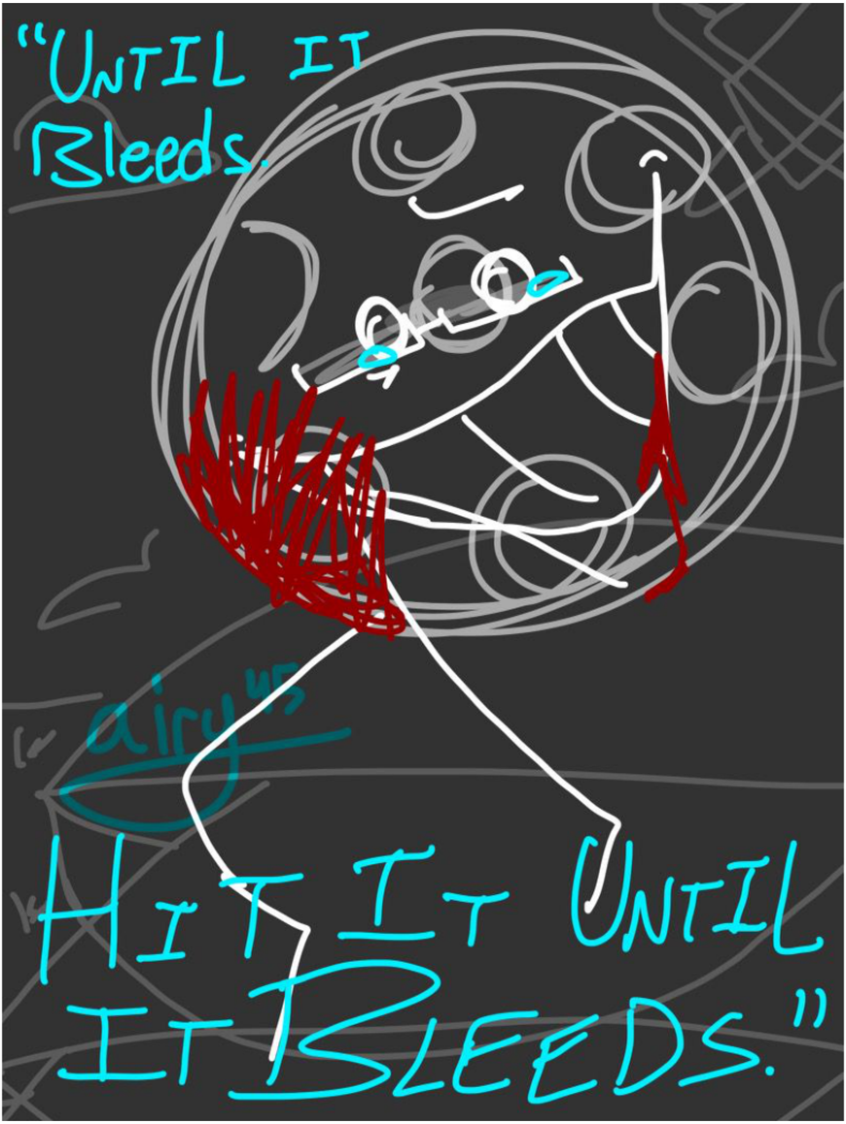
I put the baseball bat in my teeth. My mouth forming into a smile. **KILL HER. SHE IS IN YOUR WAY. ISN'T SHE TB'S FRIEND? KILL HER. SHE IS IN YOUR WAY. YOU NEED HER GONE... SHE IS IN YOUR WAY OF TB. KILL HER.**

I swing the bat down, giving into those intrusive thoughts.

THUD

Basketball doesn't make a sound, her eyes only widen as I repeatedly hit her head with the baseball bat... until it bleeds. **HIT IT UNTIL IT**

BLEEDS.


"Until it Bleeds.
airy
Hit It Until It Bleeds."

It isn't long before basketball collapses to the ground, blood leaking from her head. I drop the baseball bat. A smile spread across my face. I feel a soft laugh escape my lips- but I don't get to really laugh. The baskets I'm standing on slip out from under me and I hit the ground. Hard.

The impact of my body and the ground snaps me back into focus. It makes the things disconnecting my sanity lock back in place, returning me to being sane.. wait.. that's a pretty bad analogy.

"Are you okay...?" Loser asks me.

It takes me a minute to respond.. my world is spinning.. "YEaH..." I say shakily, my heart pounding.

Finally, the spinning slows until it stops and my heartbeat returns to normal. It's probably only been 8 minutes since basketball- yeah... I still have time.

I rush to Basketball and I take out the chip. Loser hands me pliers and I use them to rip a hole in basketball without deflating her. I put the chip inside her, then sealing her back up with some red fabric from the baseball bat's handle.

Finally, I step away from my work. I wipe the blood off of me before seeing what I had done... **ITS WONDERFUL...**

Basketball is in a sitting-up position. Her eyes are closed and her head has small areas with dried blood, which I can't clean off due to her now being electric in certain areas.. soon to be fully throughout her once the chip attaches to her brain and then travels through her nervous system.

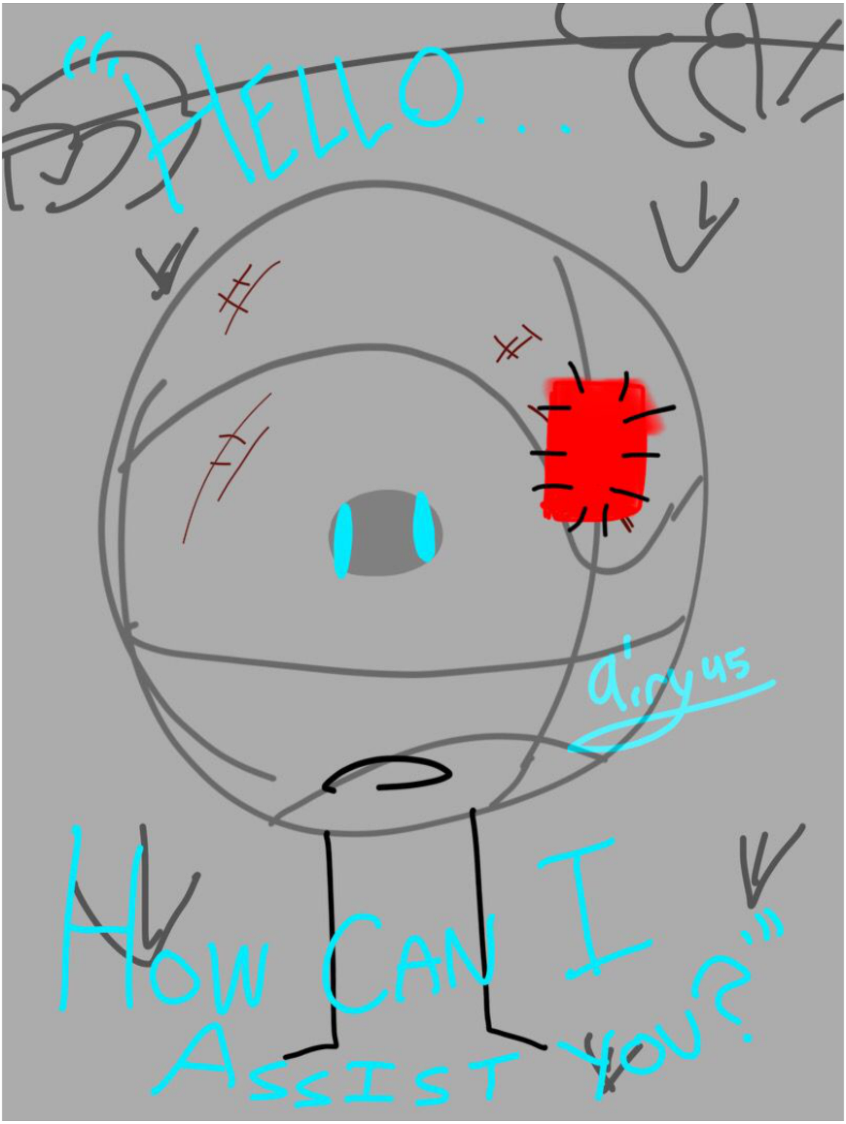
It should be fully throughout her system within the next 2 minutes... I can barely contain my excitement as Loser and I drag her back towards everyone. I watch as Loser explains it to them... he asks me something I can't quite hear too... but I can't hear it. The only thing I hear is my excitement.

He probably thinks I'm insane.

I PROBABLY AM INSANE.

I watch Basketball as her eyes slowly flutter open. They're... cyan... a light blue...

"Hello." She speaks, her voice monotone. "How can I assist you?"


"HELLO...
HOW CAN I ASSIST YOU?"
a'ryus

---

a/n: sorry if the last drawing on there is a little bad.. my drawing program decided to begin to stop working so it's just badly edited on a different one- sorry about that. But I hope you liked the chapter and I hope you all are doing well!!

2292 words
December 5, 2022

8- "wooden block"

TW: cursing, vomiting, cannibalism, mentions of death, memory loss, "fever dream," derealization, torture
(a/n: Ah, always a friendly welcome when you get a notification for a new chapter of the bfb starvation au... /sarc)

POV: BLOCKY:

That... ABSOLUTELY FREAKS ME OUT... I understand how *woody* feels now. Never thought that thought would even cross my mind.

Seeing Basketball like this... it hurts. She helped take care of grassy and she sacrificed herself for him...

I Look away, finding myself staring at woody. "Hey woodster?" I ask hesitantly.

As expected, he jumps. I knew it was a mistake getting his attention.

"Wah wah wah?" Woody asks. It's hard to understand him, but I'm pretty sure he's asking if I can help him with something.

"What?" I ask as I walk toward him.

"Wah Wah wah... wah!" He makes a motion like he's writing something.

"You... need paper?" I ask and he nods. I walk toward the pile of paper Golfball and Loser used to make the rules... surely she wouldn't mind if I just... **took one...**

I walk back toward Woody with a pencil and paper. "Here you go." I hand it to him. "And also, I still don't really like you."

Woody writes something wildly on the paper before holding it up for me to see.

'Well, that response is better than the last, at least...'

"WH- WHAT?" I ask, rubbing the back of my head.

Woody writes again. *'Last time you said you hate me. And this time you only said you don't really like me. Is this an improvement? Are we friends?'*

"PSSSH!" I wave my hand, signaling for him to walk off. "FRIENDS?! WE BARELY EVEN TALK!"

Woody shrieks, backing away and covering the sides of his 'head.' Ugh... shut it. I don't want to feel ANY EMPATHY toward that WEAKLING.

I scoff, covering the fact that I had ANY hint of concern. I turn away from the slab of wood, walking toward this "robot basketball."

I notice Grassy sitting near her. "Grassy loves Basketball's new patch and eye color! Grassy loves it!" He cheers, running circles around the figure.

I didn't even need to ask if she remembered us.

"Hello. Wooden Block." This robotic Basketball speaks with a monotone voice. An all-too-similar voice. The one that helped Grassy. The one that was kind to me.

THE ONE THAT DIED FOR US, FOROGT US, AND IS GONE.

She is gone, she is gone, and I knew that... so... so why am I still surprised?

BLOCKY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! I hit my head with my fist. YOURE THE PRANKSTER, THE JOKESTER! YOU NEVER ACTED LIKE THIS! TOUGHEN UP!

Toughen up...

I look toward fries.

Toughen up...

He... he can survive without the fries inside him, right? RIGHT?!

Toughen up.

"Hey fries!" I wave to him. *Act casual, act casual... don't jump on him immediately.* "So... how's life?"

"Blocky? Asking *me* how's life?" Fries laughs. "Are you sick?"

"Nope!" I grin, beads of sweat forming on my face. Uhhhhhhh... TIME FOR AN EXCUSE- "HEY FRIES! FOR A PRANK-"

"Oh no...." Fries groans. This is the perfect excuse, since it's something I'd actually do.

"FOR A PRANK," I yank one of Fries' ... well- fries out, "EAT ONE OF FRIES' FRIES AND WATCH AS HE LIVES! Wait.. that's more of a magic trick... OH WELL!" I grin, taking a large bite of the French-fry...

This is good...

Delicious-

"BLOCKY!" Fries snatches the frenchfry back, stuffing it back inside him. "I **NEED** THAT TO SURVIVE!"

"Ehhhh.... Whoops?" I laugh it off, shrugging. "Well, my mistake... better be off!" I begin to walk away before I abruptly turn back and yank it out again, finishing a singular fry.

"BLOCKY!" Fries yells. "GOLFBALL!!!"

Well sh#t.

The robotic Basketball suddenly grasps my hands, tying them behind me. "Golfball, I have captured the dangerous criminal."

"GoOd... VERY GOOD..." Golfball laughs, her voice cracking. "BLOCKY... YOU BROKE A RULE..."

"UHHHHHHHH..." I laugh nervously. Sh#t.... I had completely forgotten about her rules.

"ROBOT BASKETBALL! PUT HIM IN THE PRISON!" Golfball orders.

"THE WHAT???" I scream as I'm thrown into the building Golfball and Loser had me help make.

I'm trapped.

Trapped in a prison I created...

It reminds me of something I saw... but I can't remember what. I put a hand to my head... wet...?

BLOOD.

IM BLEEDING...

I limply fall to the ground. Since when were my hands untied?

Pain.

I groan, holding my stomach. Was that food poisoning? I don't understand...

BLOCKY! IDIOT! TOUGHEN UP!

I'm trying. Help. Help. Help.

Help me.

My hand twitches and I snap my gaze toward it. Huh?

Wait. Since when was I back on the grass? I'm not in the prison anymore?

"Basketball? Grassy? Woody? Anyone?" I call out. Why don't they answer?

Is this a prank? Who is that?

Flowers. Many flowers... with funny scents.. a dream?

This is a dream.

Eyes.

Basketball? Woody?

Am I dead?
No you're dreaming.

I am dreaming?

I was.

And then I woke.

And then I feel sick.

And then I vomit.

I'm so weak...
And I hate every second of it.

(a/n: ummm sorry this part is shorter than normal- BUT ANYWAYS BLOCKY ISNT FEELING WELL AND THEY ALL **REALLY** SHOULD GET A DOCTOR...)

885 words
December 9, 2022

9- lollipop..

WARNINGS: hallucinations, delusions/delusional beliefs, insanity, su!c!de, death, memory loss, derealization, depersonalization, blood, gore, breaks from reality, character heavily panicking

POV: LOLLIPOP:

Calm... something I haven't felt since... what had happened again?

I run my hand over the grass, no sensation registering in my brain. I slowly Look to my side, watching my hand move slowly back and forth on the grass. My vision drifts and blurs, making my vision hazy.

With no sensation registering, it feels as if I'm in a bubble.

Bubble... why does that feel so... familiar...?

I slowly bend my head up, looking at the sun. Too bright. I look back down.

I stare ahead of me.

"LOLLIPOP!" Somebody screams and I frantically look around me. Who had said that? Who was lollipop? "Lolly?" They ask, waving a Hand in my face.

I turn toward them. A chunk of gelatin. Interesting.

"Lolly!" They wrap their arms around me, the sensation barely registering. "Phew! You're in there! Haha! Almost thought you were literally brain dead!"

"Who..." I feel my mouth move, then my eyes widen. My voice... it sounds weird... "where am I...?"

"Lollipop-"

"WHO..." I begin to yell, bringing my hands to my head and holding it tight. "WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?! WHERE AM I?!"

"GUYS! SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH LOLLIPOP!" The blob of jello yells to.. somebody... about somebody...

A few minutes of silence pass. When will this dream end? When will I wake up in my castle? The castle I lived in all my life...

The silence stops and hands are placed on my shoulders. I'm still here... please... when will I wake up from this horrid dream?

"Look... up at me." Someone instructs and I obey. Their face comes into view. A... flower...? "It... takes me a... a while to talk so... bear with me..."

Wait. "Flower? When will we be going back to the castle?" I ask her, glad to see a familiar face.

"Castle...?" Flower asks. "Oh for petals sake... there is no castle..."

"B- but..." my voice begins to quiver. "Y- YOU HELPED ME! YOU ARE THE OTHER PRINCESS!! YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER!" I cry, tears streaming down my face. How could she forget? I feel confused.. I feel betrayed..

"I..." Flower suddenly collapses. Screams echo around me... but not as loud as mine.

I scream as loud as I can. "HELP! FLOWER?! ANYBODY!" I cry and kick and scream, holding my head that feels like it's stuffed with some sort of cotton.. I need to wake up. "SOMEBODY! WAKE ME UP! I AM HAVING A BAD DREAM! KNIGHTS! FATHER! MOTHER! SISTER! FLOWER! HELP ME- MMMPPHH!"

A hand covers my mouth, causing my eyes to snap open and my screams to become louder.

"Calm. Deep breaths!" A balloon explains, then removing his hand.

"You... you know you'll get in trouble for hurting a princess! If you were real, you'd get in huge trouble!" I scold the peasant. "Lowly peasant. You were trying to drug the soon-to-be queen!"

"N- no I wasn't!" The balloon holds his hands up. "I... I was trying to calm you! You need to snap out of it"

"NO! YOU NEED TO SNAP OUT OF IT!" I snap. "SOMEBODY!" I scream again, holding my head. "I WANT TO WAKE NOW! WAKE ME UP- GAH!"

I gasp as I feel a collision with my head. I turn to see-

"Needle.... That hurt..." I mumble, rubbing my head and sitting back up. "What was that for...? Why'd you hit me..?"

"You were delusional.." Tennisball explains to me. Delusional? "You kept saying you lived in a castle... with flower and some others... and you said both of you were princesses..."

My eyes widen, remembering the childish things I had done. "What...? I... I... that's an extremely childish thing to do...!" I exclaim, slowly returning to my senses.

"Well, yeah... but you were delusional." Tennisball sighs. "I'm hoping this doesn't happen to Golfball... every time I see her since she took this leader role, she seems like she's close to having a breakdown.. or she seems like she has a break from reality..."

"Wait..." I mumble, looking around me. My surroundings are dim... "since when was it so... dark...?"

"Lollipop... I guess she's still having an episode..." Needle whispers to Teardrop, but I can still hear it. "Probably because of Taco and Bubble."

TACO AND BUBBLE...

"Button, are you going to head back to the castle soon?" Princess Flower asks. I'm so glad she's here with me! But we need to wake up so we can get back to the castle...

"I'm trying, Flower... but I can't seem to wake..." I explain to her. How long have I been here? Where even am I?

"Well, maybe you can-"

"LOLLIPOP! SNAP OUT OF IT!" A flame shakes me and I fall backward.

"Kill that pheasant! They doesn't have 'non-slip-shoes-so-ha!' So they won't be able to keep their balance! Bahaha!" Princess Flower cackles in my ear. She can be nice, but scary too.

"You really think I should...?" I whisper to her. "I doubt I can... he's a literal flame!"

"I don't mean him! I mean that CLONE of me!" Princess Flower giggles. "I've always wanted to say that."

I glance over to the unconscious body. I feel... guilty? "Why am I feeling guilty?" I ask her.

"I.. don't know. But since she looks unconscious, why don't you take out the balloon! It should be easy, button!"

"Oh..." I look over to the balloon. "Alright..."

"LOLLIPOP! COME ON! SNAP OUT OF IT!" The flame shakes me again.

"WHO IS LOLLIPOP? MY NAME IS BUTTON!" I slap his wrist.

"But... you're a lollipop..!" The flame says as he rubs his wrist.

"NO I AM NOT!" I yell at him. "I..." I begin to tremble as my reality distorts. No... as my dream distorts? No... is this a dream? Is this real? "WHAT IS GOING ON!" I break down into cries and sobs, curling my knees to my chest and resting my head on them. I Hold my head with my hands tightly, sobbing loudly.

"I DONT BELONG HERE! I WANT TO- *SOB* I WANT TO GO HOME! I- I DONT KNOW WHERE I AM! IM NOT LOLLIPOP! I- *SOB* DONT KNOW WHO THAT IS...!" I scream at the top of my lungs, sobbing. "I... I want to go home... I want to go back to the castle..."

"So... button, huh?" The jello sits next to me. "I'm Gelatin!" He reaches his hand out and I shake it. "Let's play a game!"

"A... game...?" I ask him, confused. Who even is he? Why am I here?

"Yeah, lolly- button!" Gelatin corrects himself. "And let's stack these forks! It's fun and-"

"Gelatin, you're making her delusions worse. You're feeding them." A brown, paper bag with something inside it scolds him. "Since Donut is gone, SOMEBODY has to keep you in line."

"Who- WHO ARE YOU?" I snap. "WHO ARE YOU TO CALL ME DELUSIONAL, YOU PHEASANT! WHO ARE YOU?!"

"Take a Lucky guess." She folds her arms, sighing. "I wish donut was here..."

"He still is!" Gelatin exclaims. "Over there!" He points to-

"AAAAAAAH!" I scream at the top of my lungs. "Dead... HES DEAD!"

"Deep breaths. Deep breaths...." Someone pats my back. I don't even bother to look. The feeling of someone slowly rubbing my back seems to calm me... really....... Well.....

I feel my eyelids begin to grow heavy, so I close them. I Rest my head on my knees.

"You're okay..." They whisper in my ear. "Come back..."

My eyes snap open.

My breathing quickens.

"What was That...?" I ask, my voice shaking. "H- how could I forget..."

"YES! SHES BACK!" Gelatin runs up to me and wraps me in his arms, shaking. Teardrop's face lights up like a kid winning an arcade game. She rushes toward me, grabbing my hand and hugging it since Gelatin is hugging the rest of me.

"LOLLIPOP!" Many others cheer, crowding around me.

My eye twitches. Crowds...

"C- can I... have some space...?" I ask.

"Yeah! Give Lollipop some space!" Ruby shouts and everyone moves out of the way. "Plus, Loser and Cake need to show us something! They found something while we were all here helping Lolly!"

"Huh... where is everyone else who wasn't helping her?" Needle asks.

"With Loser and Cake." Ruby rolls her eyes, a Hand on her 'hip.'

"So, That's where flower is?" Tennisball asks.

"No! No no!" Ruby laughs, shaking her head. The way she shakes it allows light to reflect off her a certain way. A certain pretty way. I do not like her, but I enjoy how the light dances off her. I would like to steal some of that light. When she is killed, I will steal a shard of her. That way I can have something to put joy in besides flower now that most other people I found joy in are...

"Flower is right here!" Ruby exclaims, snapping me out of my trance. She glanced to where she gestured, only to furrow her eyebrows in confusion. "No... this can't be right! She was just here... she couldn't have gone far..."

"OK! TB!" Golfball turns to her 'platonic partner.' I giggle at the thought, unsure as to why I allowed that giggle to escape. "DESPITE MY HATRED- AND MOST OF OUR HATERED- FOR THAT BRATTY PLANT, WE SHOULD FIND HER. WE DO NOT NEED ANOTHER DEAD BODY!"

"Dead....?" My voice trembles. I don't want princess flower to- princess? No.. I Just mean flower... I think parts of my episode are still lingering... "she... shouldn't be dead..."

"WELL, WE DO NOT KNOW! SO WE WILL HAVE TO LOOK!" Golfball exclaims. "TB AND ROBOT BB! YOU TWO CHECK ON THE PRISON! BARF BAG, TD, AND NEEDLE! YOU THREE INFORM LOSER! BALLOONY, FIREY AND GELATIN! YOU TWO CHECK NORTH AND EAST FOR FLOWER! LOLLIPOP, RUBY, AND I WILL LOOK SOUTH AND WEST FOR FLOWER! WE WILL MEET BACK UP WITH LOSER AND CAKE IN TEN MINUTES, WITH OR WITHOUT FLOWER!"

"Ah...... alright....." I form my words slowly, my hands beginning to feel numb, my head beginning to feel as if it's wrapped in a pillow. My world seems as if it's darkened and is hazy... am I dreaming again?

"Come on, lollipop." Ruby helps lift me up off the ground. I stumble forward slightly, my body feeling numb.

She drags me after her and Golfball. I begin to zone out... everything feels numb. My legs are moving but they don't even feel like mine... I feel like I am controlling a video game character. I am sitting at the control panel in my brain but I am not connected to my body... or at least, that's what I think. That's what it almost feels like. I think hard, trying to remember something I wanted to think about... but I draw a blank.

My memories are foggy. I remember sitting in-front of a building... then waking here. I then think we had to do a competition... but I don't remember who I was on a team with... I know I was with someone I loved dearly... but I am unsure who it was.

Was it a platonic relationship? A friend? Like Gelatin? Like Teardrop? Or was it something slightly more? Was it a lover? Or maybe it was somebody I simply thought of as cool? Like Flower, who's style I admire?

I remember... crying... about that loved one. What about them? My memory of it is spotty... how about the other one I loved? I remember her... her way she talked... the way she changed... but how did she change? Who was she? I can barely remember...

I want to speak, but my body does not allow me. It feels as if-

"Lolly? Still there?" Ruby asks, nudging my arm. I notice I had stopped.

"I- oh...! Yeah... yeah? Yeah..." I furrow my eyebrows, looking down at my hands. I should ask her... she would know. "Who... who was the person I liked? On my team...?" I ask her. She would know.

I watch as she looks up at me, the light dancing off her. When she dies, I need to remember to take a piece of her. It will be fun to look at and watch how the light bounces off it. "You mean... you forgot about Taco?" Ruby asks me, her face full of concern.

Taco..?

"I..." I feel my eyes begin to well with tears. "It was almost like that never happened... what about the one I loved who... changed?"

Ruby's eyes widen. "Bubble... I was... hoping to forget about her too... she was my best friend..." Ruby begins to shake and tremble, tears spilling down her face.

I begin to walk again, taking her arm and comforting her as we walk. "Bubble. I vaguely remember her. I know she had changed. She was kind and stuff, I know that... duh." I laugh softly, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yeah. She *was* always kind. She had an accent too..." Ruby wipes her face as she speaks, her voice quivering even though she smiles sadly. "...she loved yoylecake... she **loved** you, lolly..."

I smile at her, trying to ignore the feeling of numbness I am getting. "I am struggling to remember... but hey, girl. Things will improve. And we'll find princess- just flower... yeah..." I rub my head; ruby staring back at me, concern spread on her face. "We'll find flower, and cure her of her wilting!"

"You're right..." Ruby grins. "Heh..." She laughs softly. "Guess you got cured of your sassy and judge mental attitude, huh?"

"Psh!" I laugh, trying to hide my fear of this dreamlike state I am in. "Look at Golfball." I whisper to her. "She stopped, she's probably going insane. I wish she'd just go away honestly, she's horrible at leading us. She even broke on of her OWN rules and killed Basketball to make her a robot."

"Yeah, but I guess that attitude you had never stopped," Ruby laughs fully, "let's go get flower!"

"LOLLIPOP.." Golfball turns toward us, her eyes widened with fear. "YOU BETTER LOOK AHEAD OF YOU... I DOUBT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GET HER NOW..."

"Wh-" Ruby cuts off after she looks up, her eyes begin to fill with tears and she sinks to her knees.

What could be so bad?

I look up, my eyes locking with a figure's body.

A petal.

A beautiful petal is completely teared off flower's head, replaced by crusted blood. Crusted blood? Dried? How long was she dead?

Dead?

She's dead?

Of course she is...

Besides the petal, the other petals are hanging by threads... about to fall off. Her eyes are glassy, half-closed. But the most notable aspect...

Her body. It hangs limply. It hands limply on a branch. It hangs limply by a vine...

Flower.

I sink to the ground, tears spilling down my face.

Flower is dead.

Flower killed herself.

Flower killed herself to stop the pain she had to go though...

And now...

And now it seems that everything I care for will be gone…

I blink. I sit up. Where am I? Who…

Oh no

Not again

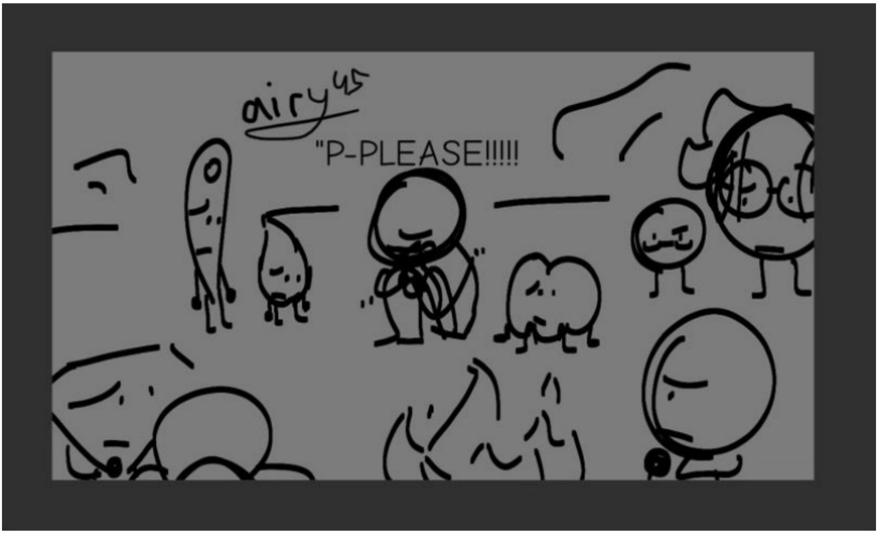
---

a/n:

Fun fact: flower was originally supposed to have the same thing happen to her, but later on and inside a bus (the one they get "stuck inside" in bfb 30 I think)

Fun fact: the way Lollipop is becoming was heavily inspired by something that happened irl (don't worry, I think it's over... the irl thing, I mean... but it literally scared me so much that it has been a constant thing on my mind for two days... Jeepers.. anyway, I think it's over though!)

Art for chapter:



(Excuse the quality, I made it in FlipaClip for an animatic I am working on)

I hope you enjoyed this chapter and I hope you all are doing well!! :)

2664 words
December 11, 2022

10- ruined logic of a Clock and some Cake

a/n:

I'm getting into writing poems recently, so ignore how this whole chapter sounds like a poem and is a bit repetitive at points-
Also I really like the wording I used for this chapter and the last... I don't know why, but I just really like it.
Anyway, besides this, I don't really like the title I used for this chapter.

OH AND THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR 1K READS!!!

Anyways, hope you all are doing well and I hope you all enjoy this chapter!! :)

WARNINGS: cursing, sharp objects, blood, cannibalism, **extremely** unhealthy one-sided relationships, self harm, su!c!dal thoughts, mentions of death

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POV: THIRD PERSON:

tick tock tick tock

Clock sits alone, bored out of his mind.

tick tock tick tock

Clock sits alone, his stomach aching.

tick tock tick tock

Clock grows angry.

tick tock tick tock

"SHUT- SHUT UP...!" He cries out, hitting his face with his knee to stop that **horrid** noise... that- *tick tock tick tock*

"SHUT SHUT SHUT! F###!! STOP!" Clock bashes his head again, causing his mouth to bleed...

"Clock, don't hurt yourself. Learn from me." Pie's voice *echoes in his brain.*

"Clock! You're better than this!" Bottle's voice *echoes in his brain.*

"Tsk Tsk- clock. You're only alive right now because of your desire to be liked." Taco's voice *echoes in his brain.*

"See, clock? See how angry you've made TV and me?!" Basketball's voice *echos in his brain.*

All the ones who died, their voices echo in his mind.

"Clock, you know so much... keep living!" Saw's voice *echoes in his brain.*

"Saw, quit that talk! Clock is a loser, not as in a follower of loser- but he's that to. He's a f###ing LOSER B#TCH! HE'S AN A##HOLE! EVEN DAVID THINKS SO!" Eggy's voice *echoes in his brain.*

"Clock, snap out of it... I'm growing concerned for your mental health..." Donut's voice *echos in his brain.*

"Oi am sure he's foine...!" Bubble's voice *echos in his brain.*

"Alright, I get it. But clock is a b#tch to everyone!" Pencil's voice *echoes in his brain.*

All the ones who died, their voices echo in his mind.

And now...

A new voice.

"Oh for petals sake, shut up! Clock is keeping us alive so just shut the hell up about it, will you all?" Flower's bossy and bratty voice *echoes in his brain.*

What if... no. Flower can't be dead...

What if... what if loser died?

"Awh, I wouldn't die." Loser's voice *echoes in his brain-*

"SHUT UP! YOU ARE NOT REAL! NONE OF YOU!" Clock screams as loud as he can to drown out the insults of the presumed dead. "YOU'RE ALL DEAD! YOU AREN'T REALLY THERE! LEAVE ME ALONE! I- I'm hearing things... I HATE THIS! I HATE YOU!"

Clock shakes and cries with his knees to his face... he repeatedly shatters the glass on his face, but never fully breaking it... he even manages to knock out a tooth and cause his mouth to bleed even more... oh that salty and iron taste of blood...

Hunger can do unexplainable things, can't it?

Hunger... it makes you see things. Hear things. Hurt... make you hurt yourself.

Clock chuckles, *heck! It can even make you think Cake is talking to you and trying to comfort you!*

"Clock?" Cake nudges him and he looks up. Oh. *That wasn't the hunger,* Clock thinks, *he's actually here...*

Clock doesn't have the strength to respond, so he just looks away.

"Clock, you look hungry... did you eat any of the bodies earlier?" Cake asks oh so casually. Yes, OF COURSE. A NORMAL EVERYDAY

OCCURRENCE TO EAT A DEAD BODY!

"No. I hate this." Clock grumbles, trying oh so very hard to ignore the pain in his stomach.

Cake giggled nervously, "you sound like Fanny."

"Did flower die?" Clock asks abruptly, assuming the worst out of... everyone.... As usual.

"Oh, no. I don't think she did. Nobody died since Basketball..." Cake trails off.

Silence.

Peaceful silence...

If it weren't for how much Clock is starved...

"FLOWER! FLOWER IS DEAD!" Golfball screams running back to everyone, causing panic. Ruby and Lollipop trail slowly behind her. Ruby looks like she barely wants to go on anymore... and lollipop...

Lollipop is a whole different story.

Lollipop... Clock had heard of her episode before. He heard of how it looked... and Clock is guessing she is going through another. Clock watches her thrash around in Ruby's grasp, crying and trying to scream.

Clock almost feels bad... but his mouth is spilling blood from when he hit it and his stomach is tearing apart because of hunger... maybe dying isn't so bad?

At least dying will save him from this scratching and itching pain that is leaving him helpless and shattered on the lush grass.

Clock looks at Ruby, unknowingly having similar thoughts to Lollipop... the way light reflects off her... he wants a shard of her when she dies.

The light dances off her, reflecting on her glass from the warm rays of the sun... it bounces off, but not in a blinding way... in a beautiful way. She is a crystal... a gemstone, literally.... So why are Clock and Lollipop so mesmerized by the glint that Ruby produces when the light bounces off her?

Maybe it's because the two know they will soon die, and they want to savor every second they have left...?

Unknowingly, others are finding satisfaction in the beauty of her radiating shimmer... and Ruby is a prime target. She would make a wonderful addition to Cloudy's collection of reflection, a wonderful subject for Golfball to test, a wonderful piece of jewelry for Lollipop, a *perfect* shard for Clock to stab and kill meat with...

She is a target. Ruby is a target... a perfect target for these 52-ish remaining objects' hunger... and who will save her? Nobody, her friends are dead...

It's pathetic, Clock thinks in a hypocritical light, *how she cannot even be safe from herself... she seems to want to "pull a pie" and turn herself into the trillions of glistening shards that we all want to have... truly pathetic!*

Clock chuckles to himself, ignoring the gnawing pain in his stomach... Clock is a hypocrite. He calls Ruby pathetic, when he really wants only the same for himself... to be merely a back of a clock and shards scattered across the ground...

He can already imagine the attention he will get from the people he oh so very wants attention from! He can already hear their screams for him to return! He will get so much attention!

Clock has a plan. Tonight. At the end of Cake and Loser's speech, he will kill himself... *perfect,* Clock thinks*, I will finally get the attention and recognition I deserve...*

People and objects alike may find Clock's logic insane, horrid and

illogical. In reality, most of the contestants and hosts alike have odd logic.
Take Four for example, with their logic that allowed them to assume that killing Fanny would solve everything and that allowed them to think that X was missing and to run for them and leave the show they worked so hard to produce.
This is messed up logic, crazy logic, logic ruined and turned illogical by nonstop isolation and starvation... but it makes sense to the objects it applies to.

Clock's logic makes him laugh. The laugh causes the leaking blood from his mouth to sputter. To sputter all over the scrumptious desert who sits next to him... oh how much Clock would love to have a fine, filling desert...

The desert cringes, the desert is alive, and that would mean that Clock tearing Cake apart would be against Golfball's rules... but when did rules ever matter anyway?

Cake watches Clock with disgust. He brushes the blood off of his new bowtie that Loser found laying around... speaking of Loser...

Oh how much Cake loves Loser! He isn't even like Golfball, pretending this crushing crush is "purely platonic." Cake is *desperate* for Loser... but Loser Just won't see it. Loser isn't interested in love... but Cake knows he eventually will! He will just wait until Cake proves his worth to the celebrity! He will just wait!

Cake snaps back from his wonderful daydream and into reality, watching Clock laugh at the amounts of blood all over this desert... oh how much Cake hates that laughter... Cake wants to smack that laughter off Clock's face.

Cake wants to slap that happiness out of that annoying time-keeper...

No... This isn't even happiness, is it? This is just insanity.

Clock laughs as Cake becomes more and more frustrated.

Cake... he... he slaps Clock with his foot...

Cake, Clock thinks, *he... he actually slapped me...! So... so why am I happy?!*

Clock begins to laugh... but Cake is laughing too?

His laughs are in pain, Clock thinks, *while mine are in insanity...*

Cake's anger begins to subside as he laughs in pain... pain and frustration... why won't Clock just shut up?!

Cake was never like this, Clock was never like this... this seems to be a recurring theme recently with these objects, hasn't it?

Cake stops laughing, letting out a heavy sigh. He can't be like this, let alone being like this around Loser...

Cake looks back at Clock before standing and walking away... he can't be seen with such a mentally ill object... he won't let Loser see him hanging around with an insane freak...

Cake wipes the blood off of him and his beloved bowtie.

Cake sighs again, furrowing his eyebrows and feeling a tear prickle and sting his eyes... no... he shouldn't feel bad for someone who has entirely lost their mind...

But... Cake sympathizes with Clock... Cake relates to him... why is that?

...maybe Cake is going a little crazy himself...

Cake looks to Loser, gaining his own kind of logic... a logic similar to

Clock's logic...

Attention... Loser's attention... that is what I need, Cake thinks, *not food nor water... I just need Loser's attention, and then I will be satisfied...*

Cake smiles as he walks toward Loser, the celebrity, his overwhelming crush, his overwhelming and even **unhealthy** obsession...

Yes, a thought **wriggles** into Cake's brain, *definitely unhealthy...*

Cake walks up to Loser, his face flushing scarlet.

"Hey, Cake...! Ah, what brings you here...?" Loser asks, turning away from his conversation with Tree...

Tree...

Tree, an intrusive thought **slithers** into Cake's brain, *he's trying to take Loser from me, isn't he?!*

"Alright," Tree gives Loser a small wave, "I'll talk to you in a bit," before he begins walking away.

Loser turns toward me and I feel my face begin to burn, "Cake? Y-you're not thinking of-"

"I- OF COURSE IM NOT!" Cake laughs, lying through his teeth, "I KNOW YOU CAN ONLY FEEL PLATONIC LOVE AND SO I AM DEFINITELY NOT THINKING ABOUT ANYTHING WEIRD!"

"Oh," Loser looks relived, believing Cake's horrid lie, "Thanks for that, Cake! You're a true friend!"

Friend.

Friend.

Friend...

Stupid! Stupid Cake, another **f###ing intrusive thought wriggles and squirms and gushes into Cake's brain,** *you're such an idiot...*

why did you even TRY?! You know that he doesn't feel romantic love... so why do you even bother? Just for him to see you? Just for him to "spit on your pathetic little face?!" YOU'RE F###ING PATHETIC!

Cake's mood shifts... and he begins to pout. *Oh loser,* he pleas in his mind, *please notice me... pay attention...*

"Hey cake, ready to make the announcement?" Loser asks me... oh... oh how the light bounces off him... to Cake, it's entirely different from Ruby's. To others, it's the exact same.

Cake looks at Loser and watches how the light bounces off him. It isn't mesmerizing... it's *enchanting-* "Cake?" Loser asks, slightly impatient as he fixes his bowtie. The bowtie is the same one that Cake got. The two of them found four bowties for Golfball, Tennisball, and the two of them. Loser and Cake's bowties match perfectly...

how romantic, Cake thinks before shaking the thought away, *no... loser told me he does not feel that way... I must not think this way...*

"Cake?" Loser calls again, growing anxious.

"Oh! Yeah! Sorry Lov- Loser!! MMHMM!! THATS WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY!" Cake exclaims, lying through his teeth yet again... Cake is a horrible liar.

"Let's make this announcement then!" Loser exclaims, believing the lie and gathering the other two leaders.

After gathering them, Golfball and Loser begin to make an announcement, while me and Tennisball are left in the background... Cake hates being in the background...

Cake looks into the crowd, noticing Clock. He seems to be staring intently back at him... what was he planning?

His death. Clock was planning the time that he would die. Clock was planning to kill himself and shatter his face against a stone... yes, perfect. Tonight, even though it never gets dark here.

Clock will turn his face into merely glass shards "tonight" after Loser's announcement. *Just* after the announcement... and loser will pay attention to him! Everyone will! Clock will finally get the attention he deserves!

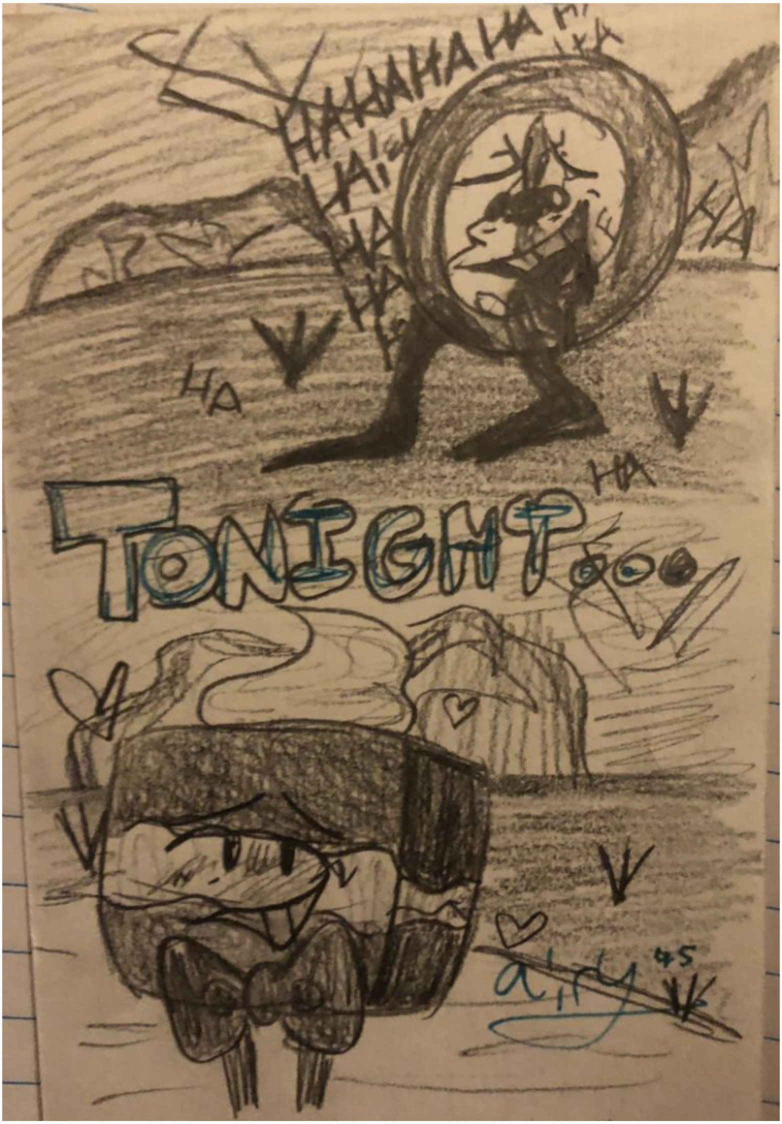
Cake thinks similarly.

Cake looks back at Clock, thinking of how he unknowingly plans a similar fate.

Cake knows how hungry Loser is. He will offer himself as a celebratory slice of cake to Loser for making such an outstanding announcement and plan... yes... this will work... loser won't be able to resist him now...!

After loser's announcement, Cake will take action.

Despite both Clock and Cake's intricate, detailed, and beautiful plans... only one would succeed. Only one of them will get the satisfaction of finally gaining attention, at the cost of their life.


HAHAHAHAHA
HA
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TONIGHT...
airy 45

a/n: excuse the low quality of this drawing- I drew this on a notecard in my school-

---

2281 words
December 20, 2022

11- poems by Match, tainted in blood

a/n:
Woah. Look who turned into a doki doki literature club character when writing this chapter?? (I mean the poems part, not the other part...)
Anyways, hope you like this chapter!! :)

Warnings: death, blood, cannibalism, murder, vomit, illness, guts/gore, sharp objects, detailed descriptions of things involving the brain

---

THIRD PERSON POV:

Match sits alone, away from the commotion of Loser's announcement... well, she isn't alone, but would you count an unconscious wooden block as someone you can speak with? No.

Match sighs heavily, wincing as her head pounds. Bubble... that... that... Match can't find a word describing what she means... She oh so desperately wants to describe what Bubble would be called after what she had done to Match, but Match is having a hard time finding her words...

She looks ahead of her, not to Blocky who is unconscious, ill, and is laying in his own vomit... but to a few pieces of parchment that Golfball, Tennisball, and their Robot Assistant Basketball left unattended.

Match holds the bandages on her head tight to make sure they don't unravel as she reaches forward. She grabs the parchment and pen and she returns to her comfortable spot in the shade.

The cool air manages to sting her wound even through the layers and layers of the bandages that Golfball had used to "help" her. What Bubble did to her, Physically and Mentally, was unforgivable and almost unexplainable.

Golfball had calmly explained to the weakened, flammable object that what Bubble did was immensely serious. Bubble had ripped a good portion of Match's tip, Match's head, and it had done damage... and lots of it.

The area where Bubble had bitten off contained a valuable organ, Match's brain.

When Golfball had explained what the effects were the first time, Match had started having a fit at the mention of "nerves that connect the brain to the muscles."

When Golfball had explained what the effects were the second time, Match started screaming at the top of her lungs that some "soapy monster" was going to "steal her brain's left hemisphere." This was due to Golfball explaining what part of Match's brain had some amount of damage. And this "soapy monster" was most likely Bubble. No, Match knew that it was definitely Bubble at the time. But Match insisted that she never remembered saying those things, even with the evidence that everyone had to say that she truly did.

When Golfball had explained what the effects were the third time, Match listened. Match heard it all. Match didn't lose control of her body and especially her speech, which was an extreme improvement.

But now? Now Match sits here staring blankly at a piece of parchment and pen, desperate for words.

Match brings a shaky hand to the pen and she lifts it, the weight of it appearing heavier. She brings the pen to the paper and watches as the ink runs and bleeds through the paper as if it was being stabbed.

Match moves the pen, unknowingly writing a word: "Left"

Match stares at the word in awe, amazed at this ability she has to write. Golfball had said that Match's ability to write would become difficult. And it is, but Match didn't have a fit, which is a good sign.

Match moves the pen again, managing to write another word: "Alone."

She reads the two words aloud, "L... Left... Ah... Alone..."

Match smiles at her ability to read, which Golfball also mentioned that it would be hard for her to do that as well. Golfball had spoken in an unusually calm voice when she had explained it all to Match.

Golfball had spoken calmly and tried to not be loud, but the combination made most of the objects cringe. But not Match. This tone helped Match understand, even if the tone was the same one that the objects use when they need to tell Lollipop that her delusions are not real.

Golfball, and the others, treated Match now like she was psychotic. But all that happened to Match was that her best friend was killed and her other friend gave her a major wound... and that Match had accidentally killed the friend that gave her the wound... and that Match has brain damage. *Well,* Match thought, *Maybe Golfball is like, treating me correctly. She doesn't want me to "have a fit" or something. I'm not sure what that means... I don't remember it.*

Match blinks a few times and her vision focuses again on the parchment, but it's different than before. Had she been writing without her own consent?

Match looks at the paper, trying to read what she wrote.

Left Alone

Left alone to play
Left alone to laugh
Left alone to cry
Left alone to hurt
Left alone to bleed
Left alone to scream
Left alone to die

I am left alone
Left alone to do all these things
All in order

Match stares at the parchment in awe. She had written a poem, without her own consent. It seemed as if she was split in two, half her mind focused on reality and half of it floating in the past.

Match's brain also seems to be like a safe, kept with a lock and key. But when Bubble bit her, that safe bursted open, and the lock and key went away with the bubble. The safe was forever burst open, with no way to change it.

When the safe used to be intact, everything was packed neatly inside, although some items were just useless information. But a good portion of it used to be emotion and memory.

And now that the safe is burst open for eternity, everything became scrambled, and it seems as if the items cannot fit back in like the puzzle they were... the items come in all wrong and so they need to be rearranged again, and sometimes terrible things occur when the items need to come out and be rearranged.

Sometimes, an item is lost. Sometimes, an item is stolen. And sometimes, someone sees the item... and then there is no more use putting it back in the safe if it is seen, is there?

The third thing mentioned happens so often since Bubble had bitten Match and damaged her brain, they would happen and Match wouldn't remember. Like-

"THE PENCIL HAS HOLES IN IT! SOMEBODY ATE HER HEAD!" A scream comes out of Match's mouth, and within the next few seconds it seems like nothing ever happened.

Match blinks a few times and looks back at the parchment. She sees that she had written another poem... how odd!

The Safe

Safe with her
Safe with them
Safe with the group
Memories of her
Of them
Of the group
Inside the safe

Unsafe with her
With them
The group is apart
The group is dead

Death to the leader
Damage to the "right hand woman"
Death to the lesser-member
Targets on a member's back
The group is dead

The group is dead
And soon
Soon I will be too

And the safe will be wide open
The safe is no longer safe
The safe
Anyone can access my safe
My safe
Destroy my safe

Match stares at the poem again with awe... how did she write something that long?! Let alone anything...

"How... did... I...?" Match furrows her eyebrows and glances around her, surely she couldn't have written this.

But the only person in sight was Blocky. Blocky was unconscious, with his hands and 'face' sweaty and his mouth open. His mouth has vomit crusted around it and he was also laying in his own vomit as well. In short, Blocky was ill.

Blocky couldn't have written this... and Match doubted her own abilities. But, Match ended up convincing herself that she did this. Maybe the part of her that was in reality was also a good writer, she'd have to ask later. Wait...

I'd have to ask later? Match thinks, *That didn't make sense... guess I mean that I might ask Golfball later, she's smart.*

Match looks down at the parchment and notices... stains...? Blood stains, to be specific.

Match sees that her hands were covered in blood, but what area of Match was bleeding?

The head. Of course.

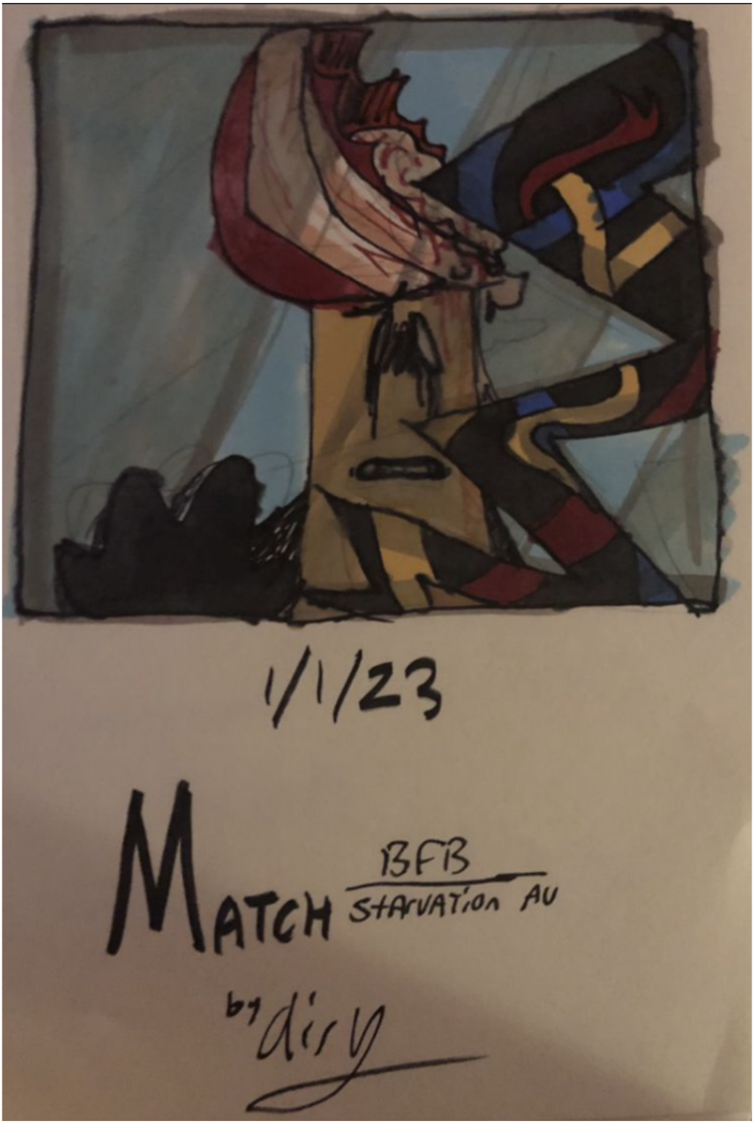
Match lifted her hand to the bandages on her head and touched them lightly, but her fingers got slimy and the area she touched of the bandage was wet and squishy...

No... was that even the bandage?

A mirror. Match needed a mirror.

Match glanced around for any reflective surface and she came across the pile of corpses that everybody had enjoyed for a meal. She moves slowly towards them, crawling on her knees because she knows she cannot stand.

She reaches the bodies and finds TV. She looks into the reflection of it and stares at her looks in horror.


1/1/23
Match
BFB
Starvation AU
by diry

It's unexplainable and hard to look at. And the only words that Match can use to describe it is 'makes me feel sick when I see it.' Which in other words means disgusting.

Match looks away from the broken corpse of TV and she stares at the parchment she wrote on. The words seem blurry now, and she feels a bit lightheaded.

And that lightheadedness doesn't get better when she hears a collection of bloodcurdling screams. Match can't help but cry as those sounds register in her brain...

Match tries to brave through her tears. She grabs the parchment with one hand and wipes her tears with the other. She tries to stand, and she manages to. But she's wobbly as she walks... and she holds onto trees for support on the way to find where the screams came from.

As she gets closer, she hears the screams better. She can now tell what they're saying.

"Is he dead?!" "Who would do this to them, especially him..." "I think he was responsible for that one's death, but I dunno... who would be responsible for his?!"

As Match gets closer, she begins to feel more lightheaded. Golfball looks towards her and immediately rushes to her side, saying, "MATCH! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY WITH BLOCKY! WHAT IS THIS? DID YOU WRITE THIS?" Golfball takes the parchment from Match and then Match looks towards the yelling.

Match manages to move towards what people are yelling at. Once she sees it, she freezes in fear.

She sees... A half-eaten cake which Match didn't know where it came from... until she saw that the piece of half-eaten cake had legs and a bowtie...

Frosting was splattered across the grass and Cake's face was in a relaxed smile... usually when an object dies, their face can still match their emotion in their moment of death. But... at least he Cake was probably happy. But why would Cake be happy about dying?

Match then gets a horrible, terrible thought... Maybe Cake fed himself to Loser? It's horrid and morbid, but Cake is obsessed with that celebrity cube and everybody knows that. Plus, there has been worse, hasn't there?

Then Match looks Next to Cake to find Loser. Loser has frosting all over his hands and has some on his face, so that almost proves Match's suspicion.

But the only odd thing was that...

Loser lays next to Cake's corpse. Loser has a hand on his own chest and his expression looks pained and his eyes are wide. But as Match sees that Loser doesn't move, not blink, not breathe... she knows something.

Both Cake *and* Loser are dead... and Loser and Cake are both at fault for Cake's death. But then what could Loser's death have been? And who would have done that to him? Maybe nobody did it at all and maybe it was like Bottle who ate something wrong?

Or maybe...

Match felt like her brain was about to explode with all this information... she begins to hear ringing as this information sinks in.

Death... that's what she sees...

And Match feels her legs give out from underneath her as she passes out due to the overwhelming, gruesome sight.

---

a/n:

Hey!! I hope everybody had a wonderful time during the holidays and I hope everybody has a happy new year!! :)

2042 words
January 1, 2023

12- Leafy

Warnings: cursing, blood, mentions of death, mentions of sickness, mentions of mental illness, insanity, memory loss, mentions of cannibalism

---

A leaf. She sees everything, hears everything, knows everything. Doesn't she? She has seen it all, and nobody has heard her.

All except Firey, who is now holding her by her hands as she struggles to break free.

Leafy saw Cake offer himself as a celebratory desert to Loser. Leafy saw Loser hesitate before giving into his hunger and eating Cake. Everybody knew that. Everybody knew that 2/4 leaders were dead. The two leaders who thought of everyone's well-being are gone, the rules may be stricter now. And everyone knew that.

But Leafy could never tell them what happened to Loser, her ability to speak has diminished with her line between reality and fantasy. It has diminished with the sense in her mind. Her mind, it wasn't functioning properly. She was labeled by Golfball as unstable and dangerous.

Unstable and dangerous? Please, if anyone was that it would be Golfball and her unnatural cravings to tear Tennis Ball apart. And yes, Leafy heard that too.

What happened to Loser? What happened to Loser? Everyone is asking that and Leafy is incapable of saying what she saw, her speech just cannot work. But what she saw? She saw Loser have a heart attack.

And now she sees everyone blaming Clock.

'*Clock poisoned him! Clock murdered him! Clock betrayed us!*' Lies, lies, lies.

Leafy suddenly snaps out of her thoughts when Firey slaps her face and yells, "YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY, LEAFY?! THAT'S **SICK!**" And it's only then that Leafy realized she was smiling like a maniac.

"--. ..- -.-- ... --..-- / .-.. --- ... . .-. / -.. .. . -.. / - --- / .- / .... . .- .-. - / .- - - .- -.-. -.-" Roboty shouts. But nobody understood morse code except Leafy and Balloony, and Balloony was off at who knows where with Rocky and Woody. Golfball might understand it, but she isn't listening much to anything others say now.

Leafy clenches her teeth, Firey's slap made her 'face' sting. Firey meant no harm, and only wanted to snap Leafy out of it. Leafy knew that, but somewhere deep inside her... an old form of her emerged.

She brings her fist back and swings it forward forcefully. It hits Firey, causing his flames to rise and her hands to sting.

Seeing herself like she was in BFDIA isn't what Leafy wanted, but the damage to her brain is severe and of course she reverted to how she was then... maybe perhaps worse.

Firey stares at her in shock and finally mumbles, "You're bleeding."

Leafy gently touches her face where Four had blasted a hole a few days ago. No, it can't be days ago. Weeks? Months? *Years?* Nobody knew how long had passed since the competition started... and then abruptly ended when Four ran away to find X. Leafy wonders whatever happened to them.

Leafy looks at her hand again, now that it had been resting on the gaping hole that cutter out an eye for a minute. Her hand is drenched in blood. Perhaps finally, finally Leafy is dying. This excites Leafy, she wants the pain to end. Her happy persona dissolved with her sense of being able to differentiate between reality and fiction and now... she seems insane.

The laughter that escapes the leaf's lips are first soft, but they soon become louder and more inconsistent. This makes Firey take a step back, his eyes lighting with fear and thus causing his flames to rise even higher. A loss of a friend was one thing, seeing or hearing them die is oh so painful. But seeing one's mind and rationality seemingly evaporate in-front of your eyes... is sometimes more painful.

And this is what is happening with Leafy.

And Firey is scared- no, terrified- no, petrified with fright.

Firey takes a step back, cowering in fear from the absolute mad leaf. Firey had tried hard to cover up his fear, but this fear is just too strong.

Firey hears a hiss and sees smoke, which is when he realizes that he is crying, which causes him pain. He screeches in pain and scrambled away from Leafy, making him fall onto the grass and this causing the grass to char and burn.

He wipes his tears but that only smears them, making the smoke from the Fire and water collision rise. He eventually burrows his face in the grass, charring the grass more yet finally drying his tears.

When he looks back up, Leafy is being held back by... Barf Bag? The bag ties the leaf's hands together. Why had Barf Bag done this?

Firey looks at Barf Bag's wrist, which is bleeding immensely. His gaze then lands on Leafy, who's mouth is bleeding. Firey heard that Leafy is the one who ate and killed Pencil. Was she trying the same here?

If so, she broke one of Golfball's rules and deserves to be locked in the same area as Blocky, another rule breaker.

"She should go in Golfball's prison," Firey suggests the obvious.

"I *know,*" Barf Bag clenches her teeth, both irritated at Firey's unbelievable unknowing to the obvious and frustrated at her bleeding wrist caused by this pathetic leaf.

"Sorry," Firey bites his lip nervously, his expression showing nothing but sorrow due to realizing that he will never again talk to Leafy like he did in BFDI. He never even apologized, and now Leafy's lost her mind.

Perhaps there was a way to get her back... like...

"Black Hole?" Tree asks, his voice straining, "BLACK HOLE?!"

"Yes, Tree?" Black hole is unamused. Tree was shaking and crying for ten minutes straight after seeing Loser's body and now he is suddenly calling to the mysterious entity? Why is he doing so? What has caused this change in Tree?

"Black hole, I need your help," Tree explains, plucking one of his leaves out and crunching it in his hand, "Everyone I get close to ends up dying. Bottle... Pie... Loser..."

"Liy didn't die, correct? Pen didn't die, correct? How about pillow and remote and me? None of us died, it's alright," Black hole tries to comfort Tree, "And don't pluck out your leaves. It's not healthy."

"And neither is this infected cut!" Tree points to his side, "Why don't we have any medical professionals here?!"

Suddenly, a distressed flame rushed to the two, "DID I HEAR MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL?!"

"You look like you need one," Tree snorts before realizing his mistake and then nervously glancing away. Firey glares at him.

Firey clears his throat, "as I was saying... is there like- a therapist around here or something? Or some other mental health professional? Barf Bag thinks that Leafy should be locked up but *I* think that there's a chance to get her back."

"YOU THINK SO, HUH?" Tree snaps, yanking out a handful of his leaves, "LEAVE US ALONE, IDIOT! YOU COULDN'T EVEN TELL WHO WAS WHO DURING HALLOWEEN MONTH BACK AT HOME!"

Firey takes a step back, "I'm just trying to help..."

"Everyone has lost someone, Tree. But it's no excuse to take it out on others *or* yourself," Black hole instructs, "why don't you talk with someone who shares similar experiences to you? Like Ruby? How about that?"

Tree thinks for a moment before sighing and replying with, "Fine..." He stands and limps over to Ruby and Lollipop, all while clutching his side and rubbing the places where he had plucked out his own leaves.

Black hole looks towards the flame and asks, "what did you need?"

"Follow me," Firey explains, leading the mysterious entity toward Leafy.

Golfball clenches her teeth, staring menacingly at Blocky. Blocky grasps his hands tight on the bars of he prison, begging to see Eraser, Pen, or even Woody again. "WOODY IS OFF WITH BALOONY AND ROCKY. PLUS, I DOUBT ERASER OR PEN WOULD WANNA SEE YOU ANYWAY," Golfball smirks, her leadership placement coming in handy... especially now that the two kind leaders were out of the way.

With Loser and Cake gone... Golfball could do whatever the hell she wanted!

She *is* the leader after all, the leader for eternity. Golfball had absolute power over everyone else... and it feels wonderful to her.

She locks Blocky tight in the prison, for his sin of trying to eat Fries alive. Golfball is a hypocrite in this scenario, but who's gonna stand up against her? NOBODY!

Golfball was beginning to resemble a tyrant... wasn't she?

Golfball looks to her left and sees Barf Bag approaching with Leafy struggling in her grasp. She watches as Barf Bag tosses Leafy into the prison with Blocky. Golfball watches Barf Bag walk away. Golfball locks the prison doors, with Blocky and Leafy trapped securely inside.

She turns to see a distressed Firey with an irritated Black Hole hovering behind him. Firey begins to speak, "Golfball, Black Hole is gonna check if Leafy's mental state can be cured-"

"NO." Golfball says harshly, causing the two others to flinch. "WHAT HAS SHE DONE?"

"Well," Firey explains, "She ate Pencil alive, she bit Barf Bag, and she seems insane."

"THEN SHE DESERVES TO BE LOCKED HERE, NO QUESTIONS ASKED." Golfball leads the two away from the prison.

The power has gone to her head.

Inside the prison, Leafy looks at Blocky with interest and Blocky turns away with disgust. Leafy sees that Blocky had been sick... how unfortunate!

Leafy knows she cannot speak, so she turns and lays on the ground. She stares up at the sky with her one remaining eye, making shapes of the clouds.

It isn't long before she hears a creaking noise and she sits up.

The bars of the prison have been opened forcefully. And who had done this?

The person on the other side of them has surely done it. And the only one who could have done this was Snowball, but he is back with the others. This person is not Snowball.

And somehow, on the other side... amazingly unscathed...

Is an unknown green integer... who resembles the number two.

1666 words
January 11, 2023

13- again, it is Golfball, that tyrant...

WARNINGS: cannibalism, blood, vomiting, murder, *death*, tyranny, characters manipulating others, starvation, abuse, violence

(a/n: uh oh. the title of the whole book is about to come into play again... let's see how that ends up-)

"Aw man. I knew i shouldn't have left Cloudy behind!"

"Wah Wah...?"

"Thanks, Woody. You're right, Cloudy probably didn't want to come with us anyway... So? Little one, what do you think of my fort out of the bushes?"

"Mhmm!"

"Wah Wah Wah?"

"Woody, that's just how Rocky usually responds, nothing unusual."

"Wah Wah!!"

"Oh, You're right! His throat *does* sound a little scratchy..."

"**Bleh**!"

"WAH WAH WAH!!"

"Aw, who *doesn't* like salt and vinegar?"

"WAH WAH!"

Rocky watches the two, his mouth finally done spewing up the food he previously ate. He smiles, unaware of Woody's discomfort. Balloony sees Rocky's happiness and he picks up the rock, twirling him around, blissfully unaware of the hunger that laid deep in Rocky's stomach.

Woody and Balloony, for as long as Rocky could remember, would try to get him to eat and not spit it back up. But just like attempting to speak real words again, Rocky failed. Ever since the competition started up, Rocky's inability to digest food has become less. And with the competition over, there became more problems. And, plus, with no baby formula around to substitute for the nutrition in regular food, or a syringe to inject nutrients into him, Rocky is left starved.

Balloony and Woody assumed that getting Rocky away from the deaths around him would help him greatly, but it hasn't. And Rocky's stomach still aches. Rocky is weak without nutrition. His voice is scratchy and more low, and his legs feel like jello.

Rocky wasn't allowed near the corpses since Balloony thought he was 'too young to see such things.' But Grassy is allowed... so why not Rocky?

Why not Rocky?

Why not Rocky?

Why not-

"Rocky?! Hey, little one?" Balloony shakes the frowning, unresponsive stone, "Woody?! Why isn't he responding?"

"Wah Wah Wah," Woody explains, "WAH!"

"Oh my helium! Rocky? Rocky are you hungry?" Balloony asks Rocky, unknowingly making the situation worse.

Rocky's lip trembles and the blood and flesh he was **forced** to eat... spill back out. He didn't even make his usual 'bleh!' Something is up.

Something is up...

"Little one?" Balloony shakes Rocky before Woody places a hand on his arm.

"Wah... Wah Wah Wah..." Woody shakes his head to which Balloony gasps and hugs Rocky tight.

"I can't just do that! He's gonna die if I leave him here alone," Balloony hugs rocky tight, "Plus, Rocky would never hurt me! I'm like his... father."

"Wah Wah Wah.. WAH WAH!" Woody makes a big gesture with his hands.

"Look, Woody. I understand that you wanna leave Rocky so he doesn't eat us alive. But he can't even keep down a small bit of the blood we're supposed to use as a substitute for water! What are we even supposed to do, Woodster?!" The tall balloon begins to panick and he grips the vomiting rock tighter.

Rocky looks up at Balloony. A balloon. Balloons cannot withstand much pressure. Rocky can already see Balloony's tense expression. Pressure.

"Wah...?" Woody points at Rocky, who is now staring at Balloony.

Balloony notices this and becomes more panicked, "Why is the little one staring at me?! You need something, Rocky? Anything?"

"..." Rocky makes no sound as he... bites Balloony's finger.

"WAAAAH!" Woody screams, covering his eyes.

"AGH! LITTLE ONE!" Balloony tries to shake Rocky off his finger but the stone won't budge.

Rocky happily crunches the balloon's finger... a meal! A proper meal! A meal he will not spit up! A fresh meal!

"LITTLE ONE!" Balloony screeches and is on the verge of-

"WAH WAH!" Woody reaches his hand out but it's too late, he-

POP

Stress, Pressure, Betrayal. Anything that can cause anxiety. It's a balloon's worst enemy. It was Balloony's worst enemy.

Rocky falls to the ground, "**Bleh**!" And spits up the flesh he ripped off of Balloony's finger. Woody screams and runs back to the others.

Rocky sits alone, staring at the bits of blue-green latex balloon that are scattered throughout the grass. Splatters of blood decorate the taller grass blades and gore blankets the scene.

Rocky sits alone. But he doesn't wonder why he has bitten Balloony's finger to the point of his explosion... he just sits. And feels hungr. Hunger gnawing at his stomach. He cannot take this. He couldn't take it for so long... it was finally time, and now the time has passed. And that time has failed. And Rocky will end up like Donut.

Donut had no source of nutrition, being that he only was able to take food from a syringe or needle. Donut is dead now.

Rocky is about the exact same as Donut, and soon, Rocky will meet the same fate... or will he?

"Golf... ball...?"

"WHAT IS IT, SB?"

"I can't... lift this..."

"TRY HARDER, SB!"

"Golfball? Hey, nerd-"

"SHUT UP, ERASER! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!"

"Uh... Pen found some mysterious green guy at the prison-"

"I DONT CARE, BRING ME SOME FOOD."

"..." Icy waits silently in the line of question-askers. Book is infront of her, Bracelety is behind her. Bracelety has her arms around the ice cube... causing the ice cube immense discomfort.

Icy stares at the long line of many and many. Golfball is acting more like... a ruler now. She sits at a make-shift chair and orders others around. Ever since Loser and Cake died... she's been resembling a tyrant.

The line of question-askers is long. And Icy is far behind many and many others. Icy was going to ask Golfball about the rules now that Loser and Cake are gone, and Book was going to ask about what they will do to find out who killed Loser.

But with the way that Golfball is responding to others, she likely won't answer the two of them... and Bracelety doesn't count, she just came to be with Icy.

Finally, Book is at the front of the line, "Golfball?"

"YES?!" Golfball grunts angrily, munching on some leftovers... which you'd know what *they're* from.

"Golfball, what will you do to find out who killed Loser?" Book asks, "Maybe a trial-"

"NO TRIAL," Golfball stomps on Book's foot, making the dictionary wimper, "CLOCK WILL BE **HUNG** TOMORROW AFTER BREAKFAST."

"WHAT?!" Icy steps in, baffled by what she heard.

"Icy's right! You can't just *do* that!" Book exclaims on Icy's behalf. But this is the one time that Icy doesn't mind. Book yells, "You can't just do that do someone who may not even be guilty-"

"FINE," Golfball frowns and then her expression turns to a smirk, "CLOCK WILL BE ***BEHEADED*** INSTEAD. NOW."

Icy couldn't believe what she was hearing! Clock? Beheaded? Without a trial?! NOW?! No!

This, THIS crosses the line. Book looks to Icy and sees her face scrunched with anger. She asks, "Icy...? What are you thinking about-"

"REVENGE!" Icy squeaks, stomping on Golfball's foot, just like Golfball did to Book. Except Icy made a mistake, Golfball is the leader... and Golfball was like a tyrant. This was a mistake.

Mistake.

Mistake.

Mistake.

"ROBOT BASKETBALL! TAKE HER!" Golfball screeches, and the robot form of Basketball puts a vine around Icy's leg and begins to drag her away.

Away.

To the prison.

The prison that broke.
The prison that was broken into... by..

"You two alright?"

"Of course not! I got food poisoning! Karma hates me!"

"Heheh..."

"Leafy, shut up! That's not funny!"

"Shh, someone's here," A mysterious, British, green integer gently pushes the leaf and block behind a bush when they see someone approach.

Robot Basketball tosses Icy into the prison and leaves.

The integer moves towards the prison and scoops up the now unconscious ice cube. They sigh, "Golfball again? What a tyrant..."

Blocky scoffs in agreement, "Seriously. She even trapped me here for something *she* did too! She shouldn't be able to do that, I'm like- the star of the show!"

Leafy sits silently, just reaching her hands up and motioning that she wants to hold Icy. With the condition she is in, she really shouldn't.

The integer shakes their head, "Sorry, Leafy. You might drop her." Leafy frowns in response.

Blocky sighs, "What's *your* deal anyway?! Why is an *algebralien* here?! Golfball said That algebraliens are *bad*. And what's your name too? Why are *you* helping *us*?"

The integer sighs, "First of all, Golfball is a hypocritical tyrant. And not all algebraliens are bad, I was kicked out of the equation playground because of... nevermind. Let's just say I learned to not act like Golfball is acting now. And I'm helping you from that tyrant, Golfball, who only thinks of herself... and that clumsy Tennisball too. And last of all, my name is **Two**."

Two reaches his hand out for a handshake but Blocky hesitates...

And unexpectedly...

Blocky grabs Icy from Two's arms and he grabs Leafy's arm too. He rushes away with the others he had grabbed. Why? Why would Blocky do this? Why-

"OH? AN ALGEBRALIEN, HUH?" A voice snickers and Two whips around to see... "OH? DID FOUR SEND YOU HERE TO LOOK FOR POOR X?"

again, it is Golfball, that tyrant... of course it is. *This* is why Blocky had run away.

"No... uh... Golfball," Two takes a step back.

Golfball laughs, "SO? WHY ARE YOU HERE THEN?"

"I just wanted to-"

"FIND OBJECTS TO BRING TO A COMPETITION?"

"H- how did you know that's what I-"

"TWO GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE!" Golfball grins at the integer.

"You're saying..."

"TWO, RIGHT?"

"Yeah? But what's it got to do with you?" Two asks, suspicious of the golf ball.

"YOU'RE VERY SMART, YOU KNOW? I THINK YOU SHOULD START THAT COMPETITION... BUT WITH ME. HOW DOES THAT SOUND?" Golfball asks, her tone sounding different than before. It doesn't sound as demanding, even considering what she said. It sounds more... kind.

And in the moment, to Two, Golfball seems less like a tyrant… and more like…

…a real being who Two could finally call a friend.

And so… Two, wanting to finally do something for themself instead of just for others, makes a deal with Golfball.

A *new* competition will *soon* begin.

---

a/n:

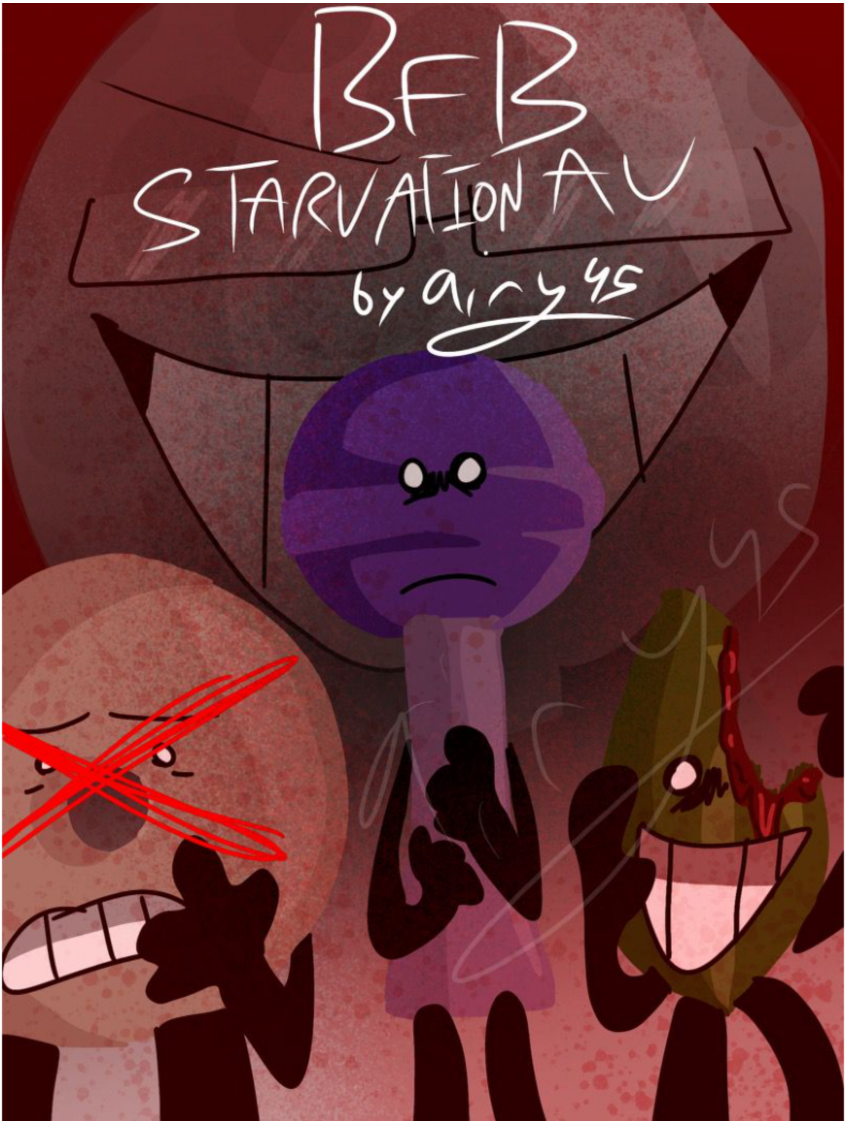
well, guess Two didn't save them and surrendered to their lifelong dream of becoming a show host. And also Golfball is going just a *bit* too far at this point…

1753 words

14- Golfball's dictatorship

a/n:

ay!! New cover!!


BFB
STARVATION AU
by airy45

warnings: mentions of death, blood, tyranny, mentions of vomiting, mentions of hallucinogens, gore/guts, mentions of cannibalism

Roboty wheels over to a group of others, he knows everything! Everyone should listen!

".-.. --- ... . .-. / -.. .. . -.. / -... . -.-. .- ..- ... . / --- ..-. / .- / .... . .- .-. - / .- - - .- -.-. -.- ..--. ..--." Roboty beeps but nobody listens.

"-.-. .-.. --- -.-. -.- / .. ... / .. -. -. --- -.-. . -. - ..--." Roboty beeps but nobody listens again.

"--. --- .-.. ..-. -... .- .-.. .-.. / .. ... / .- / - -.-- .-. .- -. - ..--. / .-- . / -. . . -.. / - --- / --- ...- . .-. - .... .-. --- .-- / .... . .-. / .- -. -.. / ... - .- .-. - / .- / -. . .-- / --. --- ...- . .-. -. -- . -. - ..--. / .-- . / -. . . -.. / - --- / -- .- -.- . / .- / .-. . -... . .-.. .-.. .. --- -. ..--. / .-- . / -. . . -.. / ..-. .-. . . -.. --- -- ..--." Roboty beeps again but nobody listens. What's the use anyway?

Leafy is insane, and the news just came that Balloony was dead. Roboty doubts that anyone else, besides the ones he just mentioned, can understand him.

And this leaves the robot feeling an emotion. No! No! Roboty shouldn't be able to feel something like this! He has to tell someone! But he can't.

He feels sad and helpless... and guilty. If only he had stopped Balloony and Rocky and Woody from wandering off... oh no... now Balloony is dead and Roboty feels responsible!

He doesn't know what to do.

Nobody will hear him.

Nobody.

Nobody.

He can't tell people information. He has no use anymore.

Maybe he'll just... end up like TV did.

At least, that would be better than *never* being heard, wouldn't it?

"Ooh! An announcement?"

"I wonder what she has to say this time?"

"I hope that clumsy tennisball is here, he's nicer than her."

"HEY IDIOTS! WHO WANTS TO EAT THESE HALLUCINOGEN FLOWERS?!"

"Hell no! Blocky, who let *you* out of prison?!"

"I wanna try one!"

"Ruby, no."

Tennisball peeks out of the vines that were being used as makeshift curtains for a stage. Everyone was there. And he felt so... so nervous...

Loser is dead. Cake is dead. And Golfball is mentally unstable. Now she brings in this "Two" character who doesn't even apply with Golfball's rules!

Tennisball walked over to Golfball and Loser's rules that were nailed to a tree.

Rules:
1- *do not kill. No object should eat another object*
2- *objects are good, algebraliens are bad*
3- *lastly, if a government is not responding to all's needs and/or being a tyrant, it shall be abolished. Do not revolt without reason.*
4- *lastly, there shall be no major fights*

The rules looked the same! Golfball broke her own rule! Tennisball needs to tell everybody! Golfball, despite being the beautiful brainiac she is, is a tyrant. And now that Tennisball knows this, he can tell everyone!

Rule number one, do not kill, no object should eat another object. Golfball already broke that rule. She *killed* Basketball and made her a robot! Plus, GB threatened to kill Clock! No... she **planned** to kill Clock.

Rule number two, objects are good while algebraliens are bad. Golfball broke that rule too, by "making friends" with Two and even *inviting* that green integer to help rule with us. Of course, Two declined.

Rule number three, if a government is **not responding to all's needs** and/or being a **tyrant** then that government should be abolished, but needs a reason to be revolted against. Golfball is... almost the definition of a tyrant. Plus, she never responds to everyone's needs too! Everyone should... be in rebellion by now.

But they aren't... because they're *scared* of her.

Rule number four, there shall be no major fights. That rule is vague, but Golfball has already broken it, *if* it means what Tennisball *thinks* it means.

Wait... then... then Golfball broke every rule she created!

She's a tyrant!

And I'm gonna tell everyone!

"Oh, hello, Tennisball!"

Tennisball whips around to see none other than Two. The algebralien that Golfball let in. The algebralien that SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED.

"Two, you shouldn't be here," Tennisball leans closer to Two, his large glasses reflecting the light.

"Golfball let me in here, so..." Two awkwardly shuffles his hands.

"But you **shouldn't** be here! Get out," Tennisball threatens the integer.

Two smirks, "Golfball let me in, she's the leader," they lean closer towards Tennisball so that they're only inches from the clumsy tennisball's face, "But I've distracted you. You should have kept an eye on those rules there. Now? There's **zero** evidence other than the other objects' memories."

Tennisball whoops back around to see the at the rules are... different...?

Rules:
1- ______ *No object should eat another object without reason*
2- *objects are good, algebraliens are bad but they CAN be better than objects*
3-
____
__________________. *One ruler shall rule, and nobody will go against them. They hold all the power for every decision.*
4- *lastly, there shall be no major fights without reason*

Tennisball stares at these new rules with shock and disbelief. This isn't true!! He needs to tell the others!

Golfball smirks his way, her face flushing and her mouth salivating. She looks hungry... oh- HELL NO!

Tennisball takes a step back. Golfball changed the rules. She really *is* a tyrant...

"OH, TB! DON'T RUN AWAY... YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE BALLOONY, DO YOU?" Golfball snickers and takes a step closer.

"GB... you're scaring me-" Tennisball gets cut off as he stumbles over a pebble and his back hits the ground.

"OH, TB. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO END UP LIKE **TACO?** THE FIRST TO GO? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO END UP LIKE MY ROBOT ASSISTANT?" Golfball snickers and Robot Basketball looks out from behind a tree, her mechanical, blue eyes shining.

Two helps Tennisball to his feet, "You clumsy Tennisball! Come on..."

"MY ANNOUNCEMENT STARTS NOW," Golfball smirks, "TWO!

MAKE SURE TB DOESN'T RUN AWAY. I'LL GIVE BOTH OF YOU YOUR QUE WHEN I'M READY."

And Golfball walks out from behind the vines, leaving Tennisball alone with Two and Robot Basketball.

"Foourrr?! Four?!"

A yellow variable wanders the forest alone, alone, alone. A pained look on their face. They were lost. Lost for... a while.

They look around everywhere... and still no sight of their beloved show-host!

"Four?!" They yell, their eyes filling with tears.

The last thing this yellow variable could remember was being knocked out by Bubble... and then they were here! Where was Bubble now? Where *was* everybody?!

This variable was named X, and he was having a hard time finding the show-host named Four.

X thinks that the competition is going along smoothly! "I think Flower is gonna win, she seems like someone who would win BFB!" X smiles and skips throughout the forest without a care in the world.

Little does this innocent variable know, he will soon come across the events of when they were gone.

Along this innocent X's path, he sees something. Something hanging from a tree branch.

That *something* was the person who the variable thought would win. That *something*- no. *Someone...* is dead.

X muffles a scream with his hands and he backs away swiftly, then proceeding to bump against a tree. Their panic is rising. They feel like they're going to be sick.

X rubs their back since it hit the tree, but he turns around and sees something else. This time, X screams.

A corpse. TV's corpse. And... many others too...

Taco's arm, Bottle's legs and shards, and Pie's tin container.

TV's screen, Saw's blade, and the smallest amount of Donut.

Pencil's point, David's eyes, and bits and parts of Eggy's shell.

A splatter of bubble solution.

Flower hanging by a tree branch.

A few pieces of basketball material.

A limp blob of latex balloon.

Half of Cake's body, and Loser's entire corpse.

And, lastly... a limp, and unmoving, Rocky.

X screams, their voice ringing through the trees. This sight is forever ingrained into his innocent mind... oh how he wishes he never came here...

When X stops screaming, their face is drenched with tears, tears of loss and guilt. And tears of hopelessness and worry.

Where was Four?

How could Four have let this happen?

X had seen Taco's death, X had seen Bottle's and Pie's.

But after Pie's death, along with the ones before her... X felt distant... and soon after seeing Pie's death, he was unconscious. But now that he's awake again...

He feels... helpless..

Voices ring through the forest, chatter of excitement and glee. Chants chorus throughout the wood.

The ex-contestants.

X smiles and wipes his tears, at least the remaining contestants sound happy. Maybe they could go over to them...

They all adored X! They'd love to have the beloved co-host back!

X skips towards the voices with glee, humming a song and leaving his worries behind him with the corpses.

The swaying of grass, the wind in their face, the sun on their back... oh! It was all so wonderful!

Four was so, so missing out!

The other integers at the Equation Playground were missing out too! Oh, how much X missed them all...

But that's not the point, X needs to find the ex-contestants!

Why call them ex-contestants? Well... X assumes that, because of all the deaths, and the absence of Four, the competition is over.

And it is.

But a new competition is beginning.

And even from a distance, X can hear a scream.

"PLEASE! GOLFBALL! I DON'T CARE IF YOU THINK I DID SOMETHING THAT I DIDN'T DO! JUST **KILL ME ALREADY!!**"

THUD

"NO! CLOCK! Golfball... *how could you...?*"

Chapter 14 ~art~
airy
45

1516 words
January 25, 2023

15- project Puffball begins

a/n:

mess-up on the cover so I fixed it.
also big thanks to who pointed out donut's "mouth" in the last version of the cover :)

also, the ending of this chapter is inspired by that new tpot 3 episode.. so.. yeah. but no cheesecake /hj

i also realized how many people are "missing" from this book's main focus, so i decided to have some stuff for them. some may not be in this chapter though.. so.. (examples are like puffball or 8-ball or even grassy and bell, and there are many others too.)

WARNINGS: blood, cannibalism, death, gore, guts, starvation, mentions of character having a heart attack, murder, beheaded, characters with su!c!dal thoughts, mentions of su!c!de, mentions of hanging, memory loss, characters with major depression, mentions of insanity, delusions, derealization, mentions of brainwashing, mentions of cults
(a/n: oh my goodness, what's golfball doing this time?!)

A thud echoes throughout the plains.

"NO! CLOCK! Golfball... *how could you?*" Barf Bag gasps, taking a step backward, "You're... evil..."

"HE KILLED LOSER," Golfball smirks. She loves the power and authority she holds over everyone else. It reminds her of when she declared Bottle dead, and only speaking due to shock. The shock of sudden death can leave a bit of adrenaline in your body left before you truly flatline, and that's what happened to Bottle, and Golfball felt proud at her accurate claim all that time ago.

"Guys. Loser had a heart attack." Remote explains. How did *she* know?!

"Hey nerd! I thought no one was supposed to die without reason!" Blocky yells, causing the Golfball to flinch.

"ITS TIME." Golfball snickers and two figures come out from behind the vines.

"There *was* a reason, Clock was going insane, wasn't he?" A green integer smiles, "Hello everyone, my name is Two."

Two's idea of a competition, of having so-called viewers vote on contestants, of having cake at stake, of having challenges... the idea was long gone by now. Not only to Two, but to Golfball. Golfball had used tactics to get Two to join, and then to forget why they had joined in the first place... oddly similar to a mysterious contraption Golfball was having someone build for her.

"HECK NO! NO ALGEBRALIENS, REMEMBER?!" Snowball yells to which Lightning nods in agreement.

"Of all people, I expected *you* to forget, SB," Tennisball sighs and a few gasps are heard in the crowd at the sight of the familiar, clumsy ball.

Tennisball has a large section of his head that is completely stripped to almost the innards of himself. He has a bit of a dead look behind the eyes and his glasses are cracked... and one of his eyes has a fresh bruise.

"HAD TO TEACH TB A LESSON! I GET WHAT I WANT," Golfball stamps her foot and some in the crowd yelp, "AND IF I AM HUNGRY, I CAN **EAT** WHAT I WANT."

Woody flinches and then begins to scream to which Blocky nudges him and whispers, "Shut up Woody, she's gonna hurt you."

This only makes Woody scream louder and this gains a chain reaction from Grassy. Grassy begins to cry and Blocky is now trying to calm two individuals, putting major stress onto the poor block.

And the stress Blocky is having is causing Snowball to worry too. If someone like Blocky could be so worried... then... then maybe he could too. And this causes Lightning to become nervous for Snowball. And Lightning's nervousness makes Liy realize what's going on.

And Liy's screams start a full-on panic for the whole group.

Shoving, hitting, yelling, crying.

Leafy is knocked to the ground, the breath knocked out of her. Her leg is stepped on, her finger is stuck under someone's arm, and her laughing only makes this worse.

The others don't realize the people they're trampling, they only want to leave.

Robot Basketball leans up from her position with a large blade. She held a large blade in her mouth, a large blade covered now in blood.

And beneath the blade...

...is a shattered clock.

Fragments of joy are strewn across the grass. Shards of glass that once reflected glee are hidden beneath the base of the clock. And worst of all, his legs...

Clock's legs are separated from his body, blood pouring out and staining the grass below.

The base of the clock, the back of the clock... whatever you'd call it, it's split in two.

And nobody cared about him.

He died without his wish.

His wish was to finally... finally get attention! Even if it meant by death.

And his wish was never fulfilled...

Clock died in agony. As did all the others.

Taco's plunge down the stairs, Bottle's decent into madness which then caused her to shatter her head, and even Pie's suicidal thoughts and actions... they all died in agony.

TV's head bashed open by Bubble, Saw's heart attack which stemmed from the ignorance of her team during times such as these, Donut's starvation that was ended by Four's destructive zapping ray, and Pencil's insanity driven her to force Leafy to eat Pencil until Pencil's death. All death in agony.

David's head bashed open by Bubble, and Eggy's head bashed open by her too. Bubble's insanity spiraling down until she was accidentally popped by Match, and Basketball's sacrifice to save Grassy that ended in her becoming a robot, a tool, for Golfball's dictator needs.

Flower's wilting until suicide, and Cake's offering to Loser for Loser to eat Cake... for Cake to finally get the attention from Loser that he oh so much craved... And only for Loser to die a painful death of a heart attack. And even Balloony getting popped from the stress of having the little Rocky he cared for biting him and eating his finger. And this, only for Rocky to vomit it back up, and die of starvation. All of them, all death in agony.

And now, Clock is dead too.

All of them, dead without their wishes fulfilled.

No dates for Taco, no love for Bottle or Pie, no recognition for TV, no reassurance for Saw, no help for Donut, and no company for Pencil.

No adventure for David, no long term friendships for Eggy, no kindness for Bubble, and no good has ever come from Basketball's sacrifice.

No smiles for Flower, no positive outcome and attention for Cake, no *real* friends for Loser, no parenting for Balloony to do, and no way to find joy anymore for Rocky.

And finally... no attention whatsoever for Clock.

Everyone died without a wish fulfilled.

Everyone died in agony.

And if this is how death will be...

Then if that's how death will be, Tennisball thinks... what's the point of living at all?

Those are the sorts of thoughts that run though objects' minds. Like Leafy's, Lollipop's, and... others too.

How is Lollipop doing, anyway? Where is she and her little delusions that Golfball finds cute?

Lollipop is far far away by now, not just mentally but physically too.

She ran away when she heard that Clock would be beheaded. She ran and ran and ran...

And bumped into someone familiar.

And, in her thick cloud of delusions, she saw this person as her hero! Her savior! Which was completely false... although...

"Oh! My hero!" Lollipop grins, causing the other being to cringe.

"Shut up," They cringe, folding their arms, "I need to find X. I've been searching for weeks..."

The other sighs and walks from the delusional lollipop. They need to find X!

They feel horrible for running from the competition, but it was for everyone's good... wasn't it?

They turn back to Lollipop and they sigh, "please go away."

Lollipop seems to be in a trance so this mysterious being ignores her.

The mysterious being turns from Lollipop and stares longingly at the horizon.

They need to find their past co-host.

Back in a location they all ran from, the place at the origin of the competition, a mystery- no... *project...* was awry.

A faint, humming echoes through the now hollow set of stairs. A fluffy, pink puffball hums a familiar tune as she carries a basket outside. She hasn't been seen by the others in a long time, and this makes her happy. Now, she is at no risk of getting eaten alive. Nobody has heard that she was here! Nobody knew! Plus, nobody has physically seen her...

Except for one. Fries.

Fries would deliver her portions of food. How kind! How noble!

Yet, Puffball still wouldn't return to the others. She was making something. Something... big... that a letter instructed her to build. If she built it, she would get all the attention and recognition she wants!

And the person who sent the letter would get their invention... along with limitless power...

Puffball thought she gained an ally, when all she gained was the usage of her dreams against her.

Who was this absolutely sick person who made her create such a contraption?

The person was Golfball...

And she instructed Puffball to create a temporary brainwashing device.

And why didn't Golfball just do it herself?

Why, it was a perfect plan. She knew Puffball would mess up. She knew that...

and therefore, Puffball would soon slip up in the machine making process... and her brain will be rinsed and cleansed and doused in the belief that Golfball is not only her leader...

but whom she must think of as a sort of... magical identity. a spirit. a... god-like being... whom Puffball must gather others to think the same way. No one else knew about this plan besides Golfball and Puffball. Not even Tennisball or Two knew!

Golfball has gone too far, way too far.

Will anyone try and stop it?

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a/n:

surprise! voting. this ends two days after the chapter is posted.

you'll be voting for one of few routes. either...

> Blocky

> Golfball

> Neither

enjoy voting! and remember, the result of the choice is unknown, i guess. but what you choose depends on an event and when it will happen (basically like next chapter or a few chapters from now or something else) but it's chosen through those options above. i hope you all are doing well!! :)

also i've got an animatic for this story so far. i'm making an object show soon too, so maybe you wanna see that when it comes out. anyway, the playlist for the bfb starvation au animatic(s) is here: https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PL_0zNaeM8Ox72b2EU1NaFl-tKZRnY1LPe

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1760 words
January 31, 2023

16- hallucinogenic plants

WARNING: mentions of hallucinogenics (its... in the title), mentions of death, blood, guts, cannibalism, mentions of murder, mind control, mentions of cults, mentions of poison/poisoning

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a/n: also uh.. Golfball won the vote in the last chapter. this chapter is leading into what choosing that option meant.. so uh.. yep! hope you like this chapter and i hope you all are doing well!! :)

Also this chapter is kind of a direct continuation of last one, so if you're confused about this then you may want to look back at the end of the last chapter real quick, but you don't have to.

Puffball sets the basket down outside and stares at the horizon, pondering what she shall do next. Shall she continue making the mysterious machine? Shall she explore? Shall she find the others? Why is she here anyway?

She turns back to her project. So far, it looks like a basket with a few twigs. She furrows her eyebrows, wondering what else she had added subconsciously.

She floats closer and takes a better look- *BANG*

A sort of bullet shoots from the machine and sends Puffball flying backward and into a tree.

But this bullet doesn't hurt, no, it just makes her feel numb. numb until her eyes drift closed. numb until this so-called bullet swims into her overreacting, starved, attention-seeking mind. And this so-called bullet comes in contact with her brain, specifically the cerebrum. This... parasite... latches onto her brain, sending mild or semi-hypnotic waves through her skull.

It sends those waves continuously into her brain without end. The waves begin to turn into music. Calming, moderately-hypnotic music. Music that soothes her worries and calms her nerves... and opens them to the artificial parasite's control.

The parasite then sends severely hypnotic waves through her brain, making her jaw snap shut and her eyes snap open. Though, she is no longer present. In her place is someone else.. some*thing* else... and she is no longer in control.

This parasite is... The parasite is in control. and who does the parasite work for? Who controls the parasite?

Golfball.

So theoretically, Golfball is in complete control of Puffball...

She's gone too far.

And now... she seems unstoppable..!

But nobody should ever underestimate what adrenaline and rage can do.

Everyone is loud, yelling, running, stamping their feet... they are all thinking the same thing, feeling the same thing... worry, and fear...

They are distracting. Annoying.

Golfball stamps her foot, causing many to jump. She yells, "SHUT UP," and everyone stops and looks at her. She chuckles, "NOW THAT I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, I HAVE ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT!"

Another? Liy groans. Just what she wanted, another announcement from this tyrant. She's been doing a great job at blending into the background, actually.

Under normal circumstances, she would be the one who was to lead or at least attempt that feat. Yet now, with all this death- which is against her beliefs, mind you- she is trying to keep quiet.

Golfball is making her despise tyranny, as she should. Though, Liy is growing to dislike forms of government as a whole. All of it could lead to tyranny in the wrong hands, and no one will know tyranny until it's too late.

Four? Too late. Golfball? Too late.

Speaking of Golfball, she waits a few seconds to gather everyone's attention before she continues her little.. speech. She has a plan.

"ALL OF YOU. I DO NOT CARE HOW WEAK OR STRONG YOU ARE. JUST- GATHER THE BASKETS FOR ME FROM THE COMPETITION." Golfball smirks.

The baskets are near the stairs. And the stairs are where Taco died. And Taco died near the area where the competition began. And who is currently there?

Puffball.

Puffball ***must*** *be brainwashed by now*, Golfball thinks, *I* ***need*** *my little followers to find her and... and join me forever... it'll be perfect!*

Some call Golfball a tyrant. Some call Golfball insane. Some may call Golfball a power hungry perfectionist.

They should've seen this coming.

Golfball, in the past, would merely spout statistics, but she was smart. She was like Rocky, she spouted statistics like he used to spout vomit... well, before he died. Golfball chuckles. She's slowly building her perfect little world she always dreamt of.

She used to agonize about every small detail. And those small details became more and more... abnormal. She would agonize about the darkness in the TLC. She would agonize about not having Dream Island, of course. Even after the BFDI and BFDIA, she would agonize about how others acted- how could they all have lived without a government? It was absolute chaos!

And even in IDFB- no, what happened there was unexplainable, unforgivable, and should never be mentioned again. Announcer really learned his lesson, didn't he?

Announcer... whatever happened to them anyhow? Oh well, there's more important things to worry about now...

Anyway, back on track, those things Golfball obsessed about became more and more abnormal. From those previously mentioned to, now that Four's competition is over and they are left to die, Golfball now obsessed over power... And Tennisball's organs.

Golfball watches as the crowd disperses and leaves towards the staircase. She smiles wide, knowing her little followers will soon discover their new and improved Puffball.

Golfball looks back to where the group used to stand before given orders. And there, still behind, are three. Two expected and one... new.

Of course Blocky was still behind, his rebellious nature causing him to leave his friends as they followed Golfball's orders. It seemed as if Blocky hated anything and everything that had to do with the way Golfball ruled.

And of course Liy was there. Golfball still caught her, even if she was stealthy. Liy seemed to hate government styles as a whole. What was she? An anarchist? Golfball thinks that's probably even worse than what she is, while Liy thinks the other way around.

And, unexpectedly not with the others, is none other than Pin. Pin seemed like a leader type, but she didn't seem like one to not follow rules either.

Thoughts cloud the minds of the rebellious; Liy, Blocky, and Pin.

Liy wants to be government-free.

Blocky wants to have freedom, and elections, and be non tyrannical.

He would like something that, unknown to him, people have adopted elsewhere.

Pin... Pin wants to be the leader. She will take that spot from Golfball by force if she has to. Pin? Pin's true intentions are hidden, hidden behind a thick layer of anger. But Pin seems to just want freedom from this hell.. to become the new leader, and institute fair rules for once. Like.. not a tyrant, but like royalty. She, and everyone else, shall share the same things and power. Everyone shall be treated the same, have the same beliefs, but good ones.. unlike Golfball's bad ones. Or, at least, this is what it appears that Pin wants.

Pin clenches her teeth in frustration, seeing Golfball so smug just angers her on an intense level that she could never imagine. Sure, her time in BFDI was devoted to becoming a leader. She lead the Squishy Cherries to victory.. until her elimination. She lead the W.O.A.H. Bunch, though not as well. She was tough enough to survive the tragedies of IDFB. She survived this competition, when it was one, and so she knows she can survive and defeat these tyrannical conditions that Golfball has set.

Pin snaps her gaze to Blocky, who seemed the same amount, if not more, angry than she was. His eyes were locked on that wicked ball, his fists clenched.

He can help Pin.

"Blocky! I. Need. Your. Help." Pin motions to him and he cautiously walks towards her.

She hates him, but what must be done must be done.

She whispers a few things to him, and he nods, then whispering the same to Liy.

They, now, had a plan.

A wonderful plan.

A full-proof plan!

But Golfball had one too.

She watches the three little *imbeciles* scuttle around, thinking they will overthrow her. She gets stronger by the minute. Puffball should be here soon. The others shall come with her.

And speaking of the others...

Back with the others, they walked quickly to the spot they were ordered to go, some even ran, to avoid Golfball's punishment.

Fries realizes where they are heading, but the crowd of frightened people won't listen to his pleas. Golfball did something to Puffball, he's sure of it.

Fries knows that- and he had seen an uncanny smirk on Golfball's face when she claimed, ordered, and sent her little followers on the undecided pathway to the original area. The smirk was directed towards him. And thus, he knows that Golfball knows Puffball's whereabouts... so perhaps she did something to her?

A fluff of pink flashes behind the trees. Puffball, perhaps?

Fries tears away from the group and heads towards that ball of pink fluff. He hasn't seen her for.. a while, save for when he delivers her leftover meat. He misses her still. He cries silent tears of joy.

Puffball is here and alive.. all is alright.

Fries' tearsrained eyes make it hard for him to identify his surroundings, but after a few 'misplaced tree' incidents, he locates the pink ball of fluff and joy.

He hugs onto her, his tears getting soaked by her fluff. Soon, he pulls away, happy as the day he met her. The fluff was soft, her smile would be sweet, and her melodic voice- though irritating to others- comforted him. She was always kind to him. And he is happy.

But to his surprise, she was not happy.

"Puffball?" He asked her, to gain no response.

Puffball did not respond to any of Fries begs and pleas.. she had a dead look behind the eyes, giving off the impression that she was not fully there.. but was she?

Fries had seen her just a few moments ago... perhaps a few hours earlier. What had changed? Was this perhaps Golfball's doing?

Speaking of Golfball, Golfball grinned. She was happy, her insides bursting with happiness. Her muscles were tense with anticipation. Her eyes wide with pleasure. She looked insane.

And she was.

She didn't even realize the barely-living Tennisball and the anxious Two both standing behind her.

Golfball went through a plan in her head as she stared at Pin's angry face. Golfball was lucky that she knew Pin, even if the two didn't like eachother, because Golfball knows some of Pin's weak points.

Golfball went through a plan. A plan to **kill** Pin before she could plan a revolution against the tyrant who stood before her. That tyrant, again, is Golfball.

Golfball will use something.. special. Some poisonous, *hallucinogenic plants* should do the trick!

It will be easy to sneak that into a part of one of the corpses they all use as their food... easy, easy, easy...

"TWO," Golfball turns to the integer and gives an order, "GET ME SOME OF THOSE FLOWERS FROM THE WOODS."

Two nods quickly and sprints away, nervous. None of them knew who Two was to find in that forest... someone who they hadn't seen for a while.

Golfball watches as Two dashes away, following her orders perfectly... Golfball chuckles a little, feeling proud of how strong she has become...!

This has become so, so much more than a battle for hunger... a fight for blood... a taste of a beating heart... a break from the starvation...

This has become so.. so.. SO much more...

This has become revolution, tyranny, and history.

And as history says...

All tyrants are overthrown eventually, all bad guys never win... but... Is that the case for Golfball and her wisdom, albeit with a side of insanity?

1967 words
17 February 2023

17- Pin's "perfect" plan

WARNINGS: cannibalism, blood, violence, hallucinogenic plants, mental disorders, tyranny, gore, sharp objects, mentions of death

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Teardrop rests her head against the tree behind her, watching Needle pace back and forth.

"I just don't get it!" Needle exclaims, "How could she be so cruel?"

Teardrop shrugs, grabbing a sharp rock and tossing it up into the air, then proceeding to catch it.

"TD.. Golfball is a menace! She's a tyrant! We need to do something!" Needle kicks a pebble in frustration, "It's not fair!"

Teardrop continues to toss the rock up and down. Her immediate thought is this rock could be a weapon. Perhaps she could crack this over Golfball's head.

"TD.. come on! Are you even listening? She called me Needy! I don't like that! So I slapped her and then she kicked me out! What gives?!" She shouts, disturbing the silence.

"Shut up..." Barf Bag mumbles, looking at the sky—searching for whatever cloud, that refused to partake in precipitation or moving, her deceased leader was frolicking inside.

Barf Bag moves her wrist slightly. The wrist that Leafy had once bit. Barf Bag's wrist was open to infection, and is now hot to the touch. Probably infected. *Curse that time she bit my hand,* Barf Bag thinks, *I* *shouldn't have even tried to help her in the first place.*

"Stop acting so edgy! Come on! You were only allowed to come with us since you weren't a drag! Come on, don't be one!" Needle commands, folding her arms.

"Well gee, don't go all Golfball on me," Barf Bag rolls her eyes.

Needle gasps, "Do not compare me to that tyrant!"

"Would you like a good insult and crying session?" Yellow Face snickers, "Call Barf Bag to help! The most depressing object in our-"

"SHUT UP!" Barf Bag yells, disgusted at their nonsense. She left her old team and the food for time to mourn the loss of Donut, not be insulted.

Teardrop tries to drown out the noise. She tosses the rock up and down, up and down. An attempt to pass the time.

Lollipop skips after the integer, "Oh, kind sir! What'll we do today?"

"I am going to find my friend, you delusional freak," The blue number grumbles, gritting their teeth.

"Oh I am no delusional freak, I am the princess of Königreich, which means kingdom! And you're my wonderful savior..! My hero!" Lollipop grins, "You saved me from that hideous dragon...!"

"Fine. You're not a delusional freak. You're a schizophrenic," The integer rolls his eyes, "If only you were helpful... then I could actually get somewhere..."

The integer looks at the horizon, sighing to themselves when they see no landmarks. Well, except for-

"Yooo! Dude..!!" A voice rings out from over a hill, "Check out this trick..!"

"It's dumb! You've got no style!" Another rings out, more demanding than the other.

For the first time in a while, the integer, Four, has found something. Something with powers like him. Something- no.. some *people* that will live forever.

Some friends. Some people who can help, unlike Lollipop.

Four, and Lollipop even if she doesn't know it yet, found a source of hope...

The Equation Playground.

This next integer yelps, startled at the loud noises, jumping at the blood, stumbling over the bad, bad plants. It's a miracle they're still even alive.

X had been wandering for a while, only finding corpses and landmarks left untouched. Now, he's lost.

They look left and right, up and down, in front and in back—and still he cannot find a single sign of life except himself and those hallucinogenic plants growing out of the grass.

Those plants sure are interesting. X remembers how, when him and Four were little, they would pretend to eat them. Once Four accidentally ate one and X had to save him with a juice box. It was quite the adventure! That was so long ago, back when Two hung out at the Equation Playground. Too bad Ten had to banish them.

X sighs, bending down towards the plants. *Where is Four? Where could he be?*

A rustle in the bushes.

X quickly turns around to notice a bush shaking a little, as if someone was hiding in it.

The yellowish color of the bush was parted at points to reveal an odd, fern green color. Green... could this be Leafy or Gelatin or another green contestant?

X takes a few steps closer and pulls apart the yellow leaves and branches of the bush, finding an eye—luckily attached to a being unlike the corpses he previously saw.

The eye's sclera is white, the iris and pupil are both a dark black. X pulls back the yellow bush a little more, finding another eye and a pearly white, nervous smile. The green body contrasting with these two features reminds X of a specific someone. No, this *is* that specific someone! X hasn't seen them since both of them were kids at the Equation Playground!

"Two?" X asks, already getting excited to see this face again after so many years.

"Oh, hey X.." Two awkwardly smiles, walking out of the bush and into the meadow of plants. They turn to look back at X. Two continues, his nervous smile fading to a frown, "I was just.. waiting, hoping you wouldn't try and hurt me."

"Why would I hurt you, Two?" X asks, his squeaky voice rising with interest and guilt.

Two replies, "You're from the Equation Playground, they all hate me there. So... I thought you'd tell me to go away."

At this, X's heart melts. The pity for Two is just too much to hold inside. "I won't tell you to go away!" X smiles, reaching out his hand to the green integer.

Two takes it, "Thanks, X. I appreciate it," Two glances behind X, "I need some of those plants by the way."

X's joy now fades, leaving him disappointed as he pulls his hand away. They really thought that Two and them would be good friends again, but maybe not. "Sure," X replies, his voice less cheerful.

X rips out some of the hallucinogenic plants that Two asked for and hands it to them. Two thanks X before Two quickly hurries away, leaving X alone. In a moment of jealousy and curiosity, X follows him.

Unfortunately, curiosity doesn't end well for most.

Golfball sits against a tree, having finished her speech and display. She waits for Two to arrive so she can begin the plan with the four of them- no, three of them.

Robot Basketball's corpse-like body had begun rotting so she had a malfunction. Neither her living, nor robot, soul is with them all anymore. She died.

Golfball chuckles, remembering the gruesome sight she saw of Robot BB's body rotting away... if only Tennisball had let her continue her feast on his head, then she wouldn't be sitting here starving with an urge and craving for blood.

Golfball glances over to where Tennisball is. He is currently working on the record of who died and how they did so since it's essential. Golfball stands and walks over to him, "OH TB~!"

"What," He asks, his voice blunt and stern, causing Golfball to frown. How rude of him, to disrespect a highly leader such as her!

"HOW IS THE RECORD COMING ALONG?" Golfball asks, smirking and sitting down next to him, adrenaline or.. something.. still rushing through her as it had for the past.. how long was it, again?

"Fine," Tennisball mumbles, writing more and more.

"HOW LONG WERE WE HERE, MY WONDERFUL TB~?"

"Two months in the competition, a month with four leaders, six months of your leadership—Nine months in total," Tennisball counts, tapping on the piece of parchment he was writing on.

Golfball frowns, "TIME FLIES ALL TOO FAST. I DONT WANT TO LEARN ABOUT TIME PASSING ANYMORE. I'M GLAD CLOCK IS DEAD SO I DON'T HAVE TO HEAR THE TICKING OF A CLOCK REMINDING ME THAT MY LIFE IS TICKING DOWN TOO."

Tennisball nods slowly nods, scribbling down notes and rules in a daze. The old rules sheet is trash and is obviously tampered with, so Golfball is having Tennisball make a new one as well!

Golfball doesn't even realize her head was resting in Tennisball's lap until he said, "is she.. finally dead..?"

Golfball jumps up and glares at her prized companion, "HOW DARE YOU! OF COURSE I AM ALIVE, AND I ALWAYS WILL BE! SHUT UP!"

Tennisball sighs, "I dunno, GB. The way things are going between you, me, Two, and everyone here.. nothing matters, GB. Just give up, I already have, and that's the only reason I'm here. GB, just give up. They'll kill you if you don't. You and I both have no motives, so maybe we can finally have a time at peace together. You rid yourself of these tactics and I force a smile to my face-"

"TB," Golfball grimaces, "I DO HAVE MOTIVES AND YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THEM! AND IF THAT, YOU WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND ME! I WANT AND NEED THE ATTENTION I DESERVE AND I *NEED* TO BE *IN* CONTROL OR ELSE I *WILL* DIE! IS THAT NOT WHAT YOU WANT TOO?! DONT YOU UNDERSTAND?!"

"Golfball..." Tennisball's voice is stern, "Go and... look at everything. Look at what you've done. Go and be useful for once and-"

"HA! IS YOUR BRAIN SCRAMBLED LIKE MATCH'S?! I AM THE LEADER AND YOU ARE MY ASSISTANT! I DONT TAKE COMMANDS FROM YOU! NOW SHUT UP AND FINISH THAT RECORD, YOU DELICIOUS PEICE OF MEAT~!" Golfball snickers, looking forward to her next meal. She's getting hungry already!

She glances around, then remembering the piles of corpses that they all used as meals. Golfball stands fully up and walks on her own to the food, deciding to stretch a bit, not wanting to be seen as a lazy leader like Tennisball basically called her. But why should she care what others think?! *She* has authority!

Golfball walks for what seems like hours, only really being minutes, and finally reaches the food, kneeling down and ripping off a chunk of flesh from the rotting corpse of Clock. Not as delicious as Tennisball, but it will do.

Voices.

Golfball drops the chunk of flesh, then sneaks behind a bush. This reminds her of hide and seek, but this isn't hide and seek. This is dangerous. She knows she has people who are against her, so she wants to be cautious.

Golfball hides behind the bush, peeking through a part in the bush. Through it, she can clearly see three figures, although they cannot see her.

Golfball's obsession with leading combined with her decreasing sanity has come with an increase in paranoia. Now, she is fearful these people will try and overthrow her- a common fear of a tyrant.

The people on the other side of the bush, coincidentally, are once's who recently opposed her: Liy, Blocky, and Pin- all with their different ideas on how a government should function, all agreeing to oppose Golfball's obsessions and tyranny.

"Oh. My. Tack! She. Is. Insane!" Pin exclaims, gesturing out into the forest, "Golfball. did. something. to. her!"

Does she mean Puffball? When did they see Puffball? Golfball is sure she never saw those three leave.

"Pssh- naw man, jelly boy is nuts- did you see how he was acting?" Blocky chuckles, "If I didn't know better, I'd think he was taking after that obsessive tyrant!"

Does he mean Gelatin? What happened to Gelatin? Oh boy, did he get brainwashed? Golfball wonders, a smile creeping onto her face at the possibility.

"Blocky, Pin, let's be real here- Remote is the real problem! She got literally two inches next to Puffball and started malfunctioning! We don't have anyone who can fix her!" Liy exclaims, "BB has passed and the only others who can fix Remote are..."

"I got your point, lightswitch," Blocky grumbles, "Even though I hate you- you anarchist."

"Anarchist?! I'm just continuing what y'all did in BFDI up until now! Shut up, capitalist!" Liy chuckles and lightly shoves Blocky, half-jokingly.

"You two! We. need. to. work. together! We. are. in. this. together. and. I'll. be. your. guide!" Pin exclaims, reaching her hand out towards the two others.

"What's in it for me?" Blocky asks, folding his arms and glaring at Liy.

"You. will. get. your.." Pin thinks for a moment, "Dream. job! Not. quite. dream. island. but. a. dream. job. instead! Everyone. will. get. their. dream. job! We. can. all. share. our. things. so. no. one. gets.

upset!"

Golfball watches this interaction with disgust. The other two seem to like it, but Golfball knows what's really going on- TYRANNY! Pin is trying to overthrow her! What a tyrant!

All those years of competing in the BFDI competitions and inventing led up to Golfball's leadership now. The deadly competition Four made and the starvation that came with it scarred, according to Golfball, 99% of the contestants in one way or another. Though, most notice, that Grassy and 8-Ball seem just fine.

Golfball is angry at these traitors, taking away her leadership, her spotlight- her fame! All for the sake of their dumb.. little..

Freedom?
Freedom.

Pin wants freedom. Golfball wanted freedom. The only difference is Golfball got it, the freedom from the competition, and then made a dictatorship in return.

Pin and Golfball? They're similar, or even the same, or at least that's what Golfball realizes.

And if Pin and the other two are threatening Golfball's leadership position...

Then Golfball must hurry, and either kill Pin with the plants when Two returns, or gather everyone and everything to her side—so she can defend the power that belongs to her.

The power that belongs to *her*, and her alone. Golfball will defend and hold her power.

No matter what it takes.

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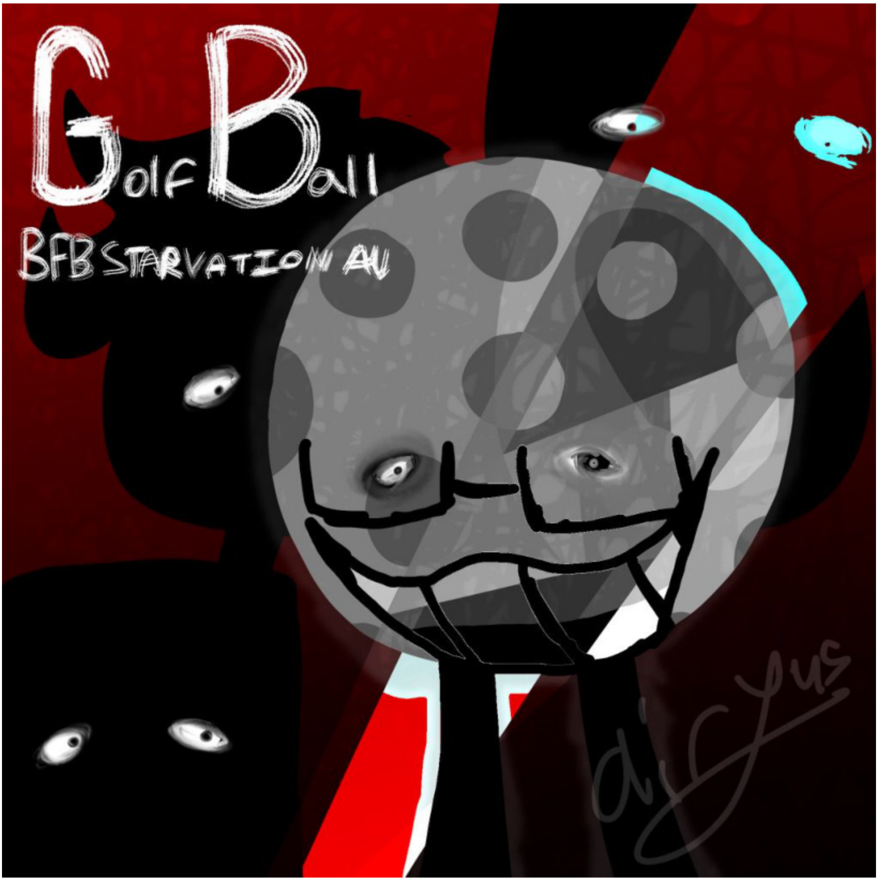
a/n: this drawing is kinda bad but i still kinda like it so.. okay now have golfball. boo. jumpscare.


GolfBall
BFB STARVATION AU

2329 words
12 March 2023

18- Snowball's suggestions of stealth

a/n: tpot 4 was mostly just everyone going 'oh no! the funny plant!' hmmmm? funny plant..? that gives me an idea.. *cue fake evil laughter* anyway. this chapter is weird and is not only longer than i thought but also took longer than i thought. um.. hope you enjoy, i guess?

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warnings: blood, violence, cursing/offensive language, mentions of death, gun/bullet, cannibalism, starvation, mentions of brainwashing, mentions of su!c!de, mentions of murder

---

"Fries?"

"Where'd he go?"

Eraser squints, trying to find where the red fast food container went, "Yeah dude, can't find him either."

Pen nods silently to himself, the tall, soft grass not enough to hide the scratches on his legs from times trying to escape from the tyranny of someone he once knew.

"Where's Blocky?" Eraser asks again, glaring at Grassy who is holding tight onto his leg.

"I.. don't know.." Pen looks into the trees, thinking he saw a flash of pink and red and gold... but nothing is even-

"I'm Grassy!" Grassy reaches his arms up to Pen, who then smiles.

"Oh, Grassy, I can see why Blocky and BB love you like their own kin," Pen rubs Grassy's head and picks up the small one, "heh.. never thought I'd use that word."

Eraser looks towards the never setting sun, wondering and wondering and- "Where's Robot Basketball?"

"I dunno-"

"She.. isn't with us anymore.." Lightning interjects, "Golfball said her brain rotted-"

"YOU CANNOT LISTEN TO THAT MEANIE!" Snowball yells, disturbing the peaceful atmosphere yet putting them all less on edge, "SHE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT SHE IS TALKING ABOUT!"

"I HATE GOLFBALL AND I HATE YOU! I **HATE** THIS DICTATORSHIP! I HATE GOVERNMENT!" Fanny screams, "I HATE-"

"Like.. shut.. up.." Match groans, holding her head. Her condition is worsening. Her head wound is getting infected due to lack of proper treatment. Her brain is getting cold and is beginning to dry out and- those two words she said was all she could get out before her consciousness slipped out of her grasp again. This was happening more and more frequently.

Ruby awkwardly helps the unconscious Match sit up, in fear that her brain might slip or more blood will spill. Leafy giggles and claps her hands at the sight of this struggle.

"Guys? Where's Gelatin?" Book remarks, gesturing around at the whole group. They had all swore to stick together, due to Golfball's order, but Fries already disappeared and so did Gelatin and...

"I don't know, but I can't find Remote either," Tree responds, clutching his side where he got cut all those months ago. The cut is infected, and his gang of death preventers don't have the right materials and tools to aid him, so he'll likely die of an infection if it gets worse.

"GUYS!" Robot Flower interjects, "I FOUND A MACHINE!"

"A machine..?" Book asks, rushing over towards it, "Wow! This is so interesting! I don't think I even have this information inside me, and I'm a dictionary! This must be new!"

"Da da da da da da!" Dora pushes Book away from the machine, "Da da da da!"

"Dora! Stop it! I need to see it!" Book grumbles, pushing Dora out of the way.

"-.. --- .-. .- / .. ... / .-. .. --. .... - ..--. / - .... . / -- .- -.-. .... .. -. . / .. ... / -.. .- -. --. . .-. --- ..- ... ..--." Roboty exclaims, hoping someone would hear him.

"Shut up, Roboty! Everyone hates you!" Snowball kicks the robot and Fanny nods in agreement. Snowball continues, "Let Book see that *harmless* machine!"

Book rolls her eyes and walks over towards the machine, "What does this button do?"

"Maybe it'll bring us food, I'm starving, I never got my lunch from Pin before the competition you know," Tree laughs, trying to lighten the mood.

"Tree, I ask you this very kindly," Eraser takes a deep breath in and out, "Shut the hell up."

"OH. MY. CIRRUZ." Cloudy gasps, "E- Erazer curzed!" Pen covers Grassy's ears.

"Eraser! Not infront of the child!" Pen gasps, rocky Grassy back and forth.

"He's not a child, just an adult like us who's late to mature," Eraser sighs, "like Rocky."

"Wah wah wah wah!" Woody yells, covering his head. He witnessed Rocky killing Balloony all that time ago and it wasn't pretty.. it scarred Woody very badly.

"Yeah, Eraser," Tree grimaces, "Show some respect for the dead that we couldn't prevent-"

"Da da da da da da!" Dora tries to warn everyone, but who even speaks Dora nowadays? Who even listens to a "human" like her? She's just a reminder that the "amazing David" is dead, and everyone liked him way more than anyone would ever like her. She's just...

"Annoying baby! Eraser's an annoying baby!" Snowball laughs at the eraser, who in turn kicks his knee. Snowball, in return, punches Eraser's arm. There was a small snap.

Meanwhile, nobody is paying attention to Book, as she nears the machine and presses the button.

"Guys?" Ice Cube tries to get their attention, but her voice is muffled by Bracelety's arms which are hugging her tight. Book cannot get to that machine... it's bad, Ice Cube can just feel it...

"I HATE THIS!" Fanny continues her yelling, "I HATE FOUR! I HATE GOLFBALL! I HATE MATCH FOR KILLING BUBBLE! I HATE THE OLD COMPETITION! I HATE THIS GOVERNMENT-"

"FANNY! SHUT UP!" Snowball yells back, diverting his attention from Eraser and towards his next target.

"I HATE YOU! I HATE EVERYTHING!" Fanny snaps back.

"EVERYTHING?! EVEN YOURSELF?!" Snowball laughs and-

"YES!" Fanny yells, "I HATE THIS PLACE! I WOULD HAVE RATHER GOTTEN SUCKED UP BY BLACK HOLE THAN HAVE COME HERE! I HATE IT! I WANT TO DIE SO I CAN SEE BUBBLE AGAIN! I HATE THIS!"

"Fanny..." Lightning hesitates, "Are you sure you want to... uh... Bubble went mad... are you sure you want to do that to yourself just to see-"

A shot rings throughout the wood.

Something small, a bullet perhaps, shoots out of the machine and into

Book's 'head.' She stumbles backward, a trickle of blood traveling down a small hole near her eye.

"BOOK!" Gaty exclaims, rushing to the Book's side as do many others, even if they hated her. This... is not what Book or any of them thought the machine would do. Why did Golfball have them come here anyway?

Book is limp in the arms of Ruby, who is checking her breath, something she learned to perfect during the many times she needed to make sure Match didn't die. Speaking of Match, she is still unconscious and resting against a tree. "She's breathing," Ruby informs the others, gaining some smiles and sighs of relief from the others.

"But she's bleeding and she... doesn't look too well..." Black Hole seems saddened by this injury, but is glad she is still alive.

"SHUT UP!" Snowball yells.

"SB... That was uncalled for..." Gaty frowns, "That's really rude, you know."

"I DON'T LIKE DEATH OR BLOOD ANYMORE!" Snowball stamps his foot. Is he really throwing a temper tantrum like a toddler?

"Get used to it, SB. There's gonna be a whole lot more," Gaty rolls her eyes, then helping Ruby attend to Book's wounds.

"MY STOMACH HURTS! I'M HUNGRY! I WANT TO GO HOME!" Snowball yells, "WHAT ABOUT *SAW* HUH?"

Gaty quiets. Saw's death was tragic, but all of them have gotten so numb to death that Saw's heart attack didn't affect them as much at the time... but now... "Znowball, that waz rude of you!" Cloudy sticks his tongue out, "Zhow zome rezpect! I even lozt my collection!"

"NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOUR COLLECTION," Robot Flower scoffs, "IM SAD.. IM NOT A REAL PLANT LIKE THIS ONE." Robot Flower gestures to a plant beside her, which distracts the others plenty. It's a beutiful plant! A wonderful plant!

A wonderful distraction for Book. Book slowly slips away, grinning to herself. What a good act she just preformed! Now, she must hurry.

Time to visit Puffball. Time to get the plan into action...

"GUYS!" Snowball yells, "BOOK IS GONE!"

"Wow... so attentive..." Black Hole remarks sarcastically and mockingly.

"Was that sarcasm? I forgot," Nickel shuffles, looking down at the ground in embarrassment.

"SHUT UP! I'M TALKING!" Snowball punches a nearby tree and Tree flinches, glad that wasn't him. Snowball continues, "I BET GOLFBALL HAS EXTRA FOOD! LET'S STEAL IT FROM HER! I'M HUNGRY!"

"Snowball..." Lightning sighs, "Very good suggestions for stealthy stuff... but it's not gonna work-"

"IT WILL!" Snowball yells, stomping down on the grass. Grassy hugs Pen tightly.

"He'z right, Lightning, let'z go collect some food," Cloudy chuckles, excited to collect something again.

"Yeah! Let's go! I REALLY wanna steal Golfball's stuff..." Eraser smirks, rubbing his hands together, excited for this mischievous task.

"Alright," Black Hole agrees, half-jokingly, "Let's go and forget about Book who got an injury and disappeared and-"

"Grassy wants to steal food!" Grassy exclaims, bouncing up and down in Pen's arms. Pen smiles at him.

Pen smiles, patting Grassy's head, "Lead the way, *little one*.."

Tennisball sits with the list of deaths and rules infront of him. Now that Golfball is gone... he can do whatever the hell he wants!

He rips up the list, standing up and taking a deep breath. He dashes over to the rules list, tearing that apart. Revolting is wonderful! Rebellion is freedom!

Voices. Two?

Tennisball turns to see Two walking towards him. Two waves, "Heyo, TB! I've got the plants Golfball wanted! Where is she?"

"Food," Tennisball mumbles, looking down at the ground. That burst of happiness didn't last long, and it never does.

"What did you do...?" Two takes a step backward, cringing at the mess Tennisball made of the old rules sheet, "It looks like Firey Jr. got to it."

"Sorry..." Tennisball mumbles, looking down at the ground, "I was... feeling angry yet happy, I guess."

"You..." Two looks around for a minute before taking a few steps closer to Tennisball. They whisper, "*You tired of Golfball's tyranny and dictatorships too, right*?" Well, even Two, who carries out Golfball's every command, is tired of her sh-

"Yeah," Tennisball remarks. chuckling to himself about this unexpected manner - one friend being tired of the other, while the other obsesses over the first one. This is indeed something that Tennisball didn't expect for Golfball and his relationship.

"Thought so... Anyway, I thought the others would be rebelling by now... It's been such a long time she's been ruling," Two glances behind him, "X. Stop following me."

"Awh, Two..." A familiar yellow variable walks up next to Two, their expression one of embarrassment.

Tennisball's eyes widen, "X? Where were you? The... competition ended and Four left to go find you..."

X laughs nervously, twiddling his thumbs, "Heheh.. I got lost.. Sorry.."

"Well, while you were gone, I'm happy into inform you that GOLFBALL IS A TYRANT AND FOUR LEFT AND ITS ALL YOUR FAULT!" Tennisball lashes out at X, all this anger for Golfball built up and now exploding like a dam holding too much water than it was built for. "Oh... I'm so sorry, X," Tennisball looks away from those two, feeling embarrassed about how he lashed out.

"Um... What happened to your head?"

"Golfball."

"Oh..." X looks down, pity overtaking their emotions like a human taking the reins of a horse.

Tennisball senses X's pity, and in turn looks away, not wanting X to waste their emotions on a guy like him. Tennisball looks up at the sky, thinking of all he and the others lost... and how little his ex-partner and ex-friend seemed to care.

Sure, Golfball was ever his partner, but it was obvious that the two loved eachother. Now, that love is coming from Golfball to Tennisball, and in return, Tennisball gives only hatred to that dictator.

Two, awkwardly, clears their throat, "So, erm, about Golfball... she asked for these funny plants-"

"I heard her plan. She's gonna use them to her advantage," Tennisball explains. He had previously heard Golfball saying she'd sneak the hallucinogenic plants into Pin's and other's food, that being the corpses, and cause them to never wish to disobey her again.

Golfball doesn't seem to care about anyone else- she's so self absorbed! It's as if she was left inside a room of mirrors for a long time, therefore only talking and thinking about herself when she comes out. She never came out of that metaphorical mirror room, did she?

She should.

And just by looking around, Tennisball knows that everyone wants her out of that metaphorical mirror room. Out of this dictator position. Out of their lives.

And just by looking around, Tennisball knows what will need to be done.

Revolution.

Everyone wants it! Everyone will agree...

"Two," Tennisball takes a step forward, looking up into the number's eyes, "We need to revolt against her."

"But... she's so powerful!" X exclaims, "Two said so!"

Two looks down at the plants they are holding, and they smirk, "Not if we're against her... not if we have these... not if we have everyone on our side- which we do." Two chuckles, letting the hallucinogenic plants fall to the grassy floor.

"Yes.. yes! We'll be free! Let's do this!" Tennisball cheers, a contagious smile spreading across his face. Two smiles too, soon followed by X.

But their celebrations are cut short by a familiar voice.

It's Golfball. Did she hear all that? She laughs, "OH? TB? REVOLUTION ALREADY? I THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER THAN TO DISOBEY ME, AND YOU TOO, TWO.. WELL, I WISH IT DIDNT HAVE TO COME TO THIS.."

A shot rings throughout the plain.

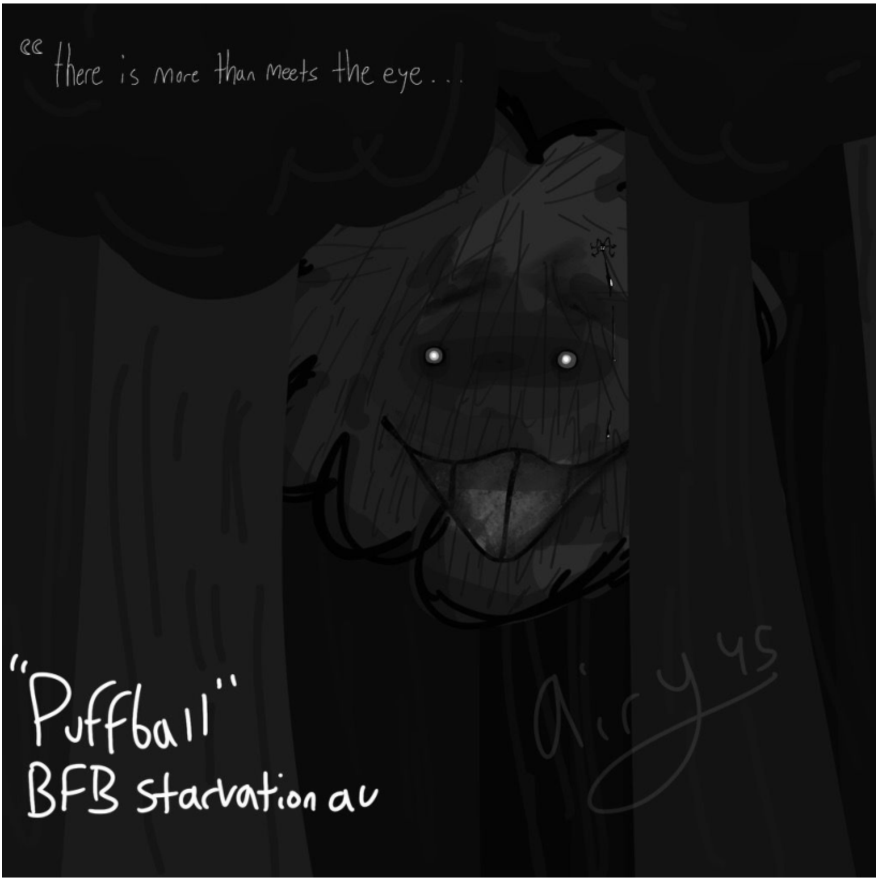
X screams. Tennisball watches in horror as Two's eyes widen.

And within seconds, Two's eyes slip closed and they collapse, their breathing irregular, a bullet hole in their hand.. and some familiar object, standing next to Golfball, holding a gun.

2290 words
7 April 2023

19- blood, guts, and algebraliens

a/n: ayo. i've got some spooky and just weird art for y'all. boo. also i obviously meant to post this a while ago but yeahhhh sorry this took so long to write :(i was makin an object show so yeah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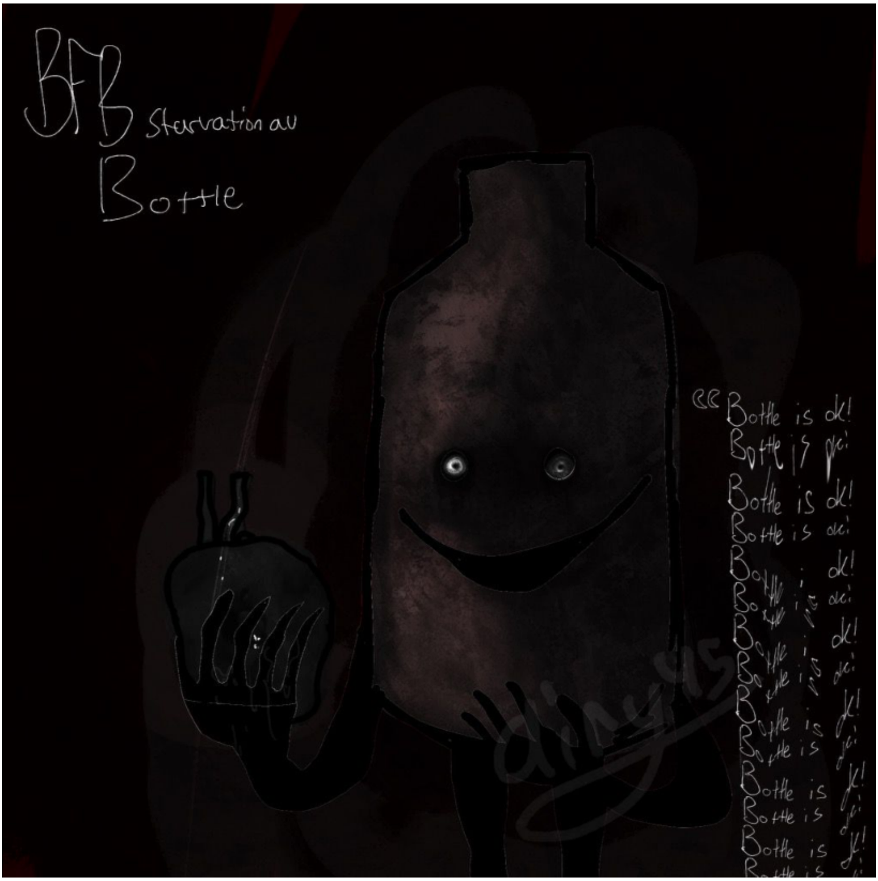
"Puffball"
BFB starvation au
airy45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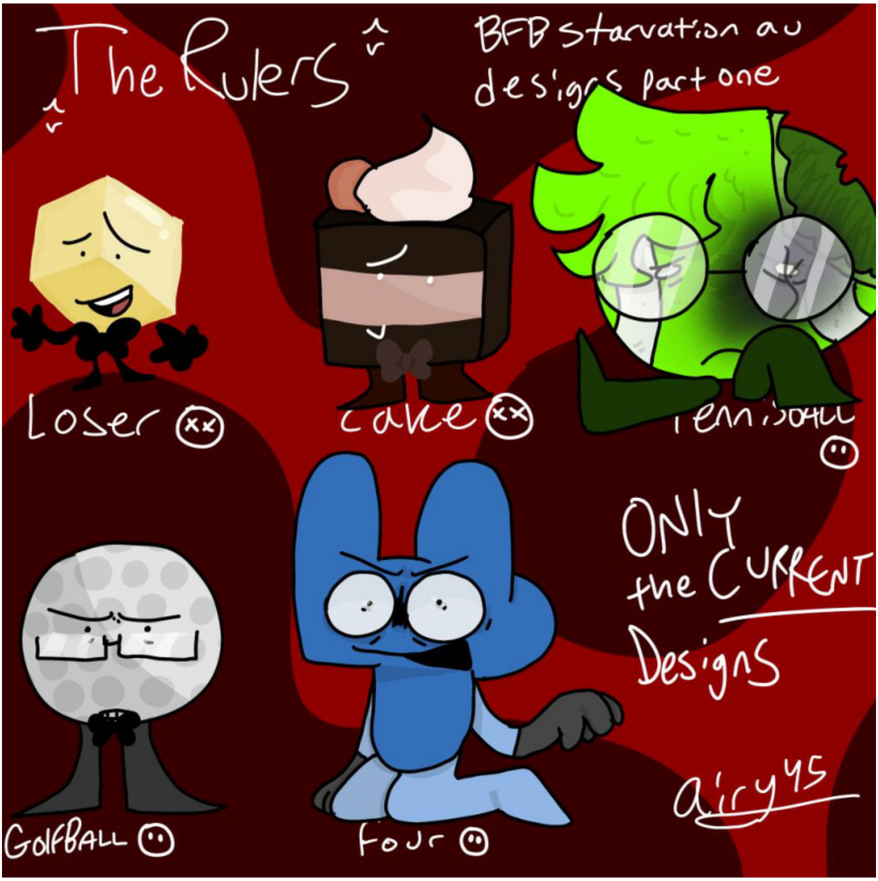
jumpscare. okay yeah this art is from a while ago but i really wanted to post it here so yeah.. hope you like it! :)

also here's **some** art of the CURRENT poses/designs suggested by someone. if you want more characters' designs in the next chapter then please let me know which one(s) you want next! 6 is the max per picture.


The Rulers
BFB starvation au
designs part one
Loser
Cake
Tennisball
ONLY the CURRENT Designs
GolfBALL
Four
airy45

oh and uh thanks for 10k reads?! what?! that's so awesome. thanks, y'all! :)

WARNING: blood, gore, violence, offensive language, cannibalism, starvation, guns, characters being "electrocuted"

"Blocky. Pass. me. the. thing."

"Yeah! Come on, Blocky!"

"What THING?!"

"The. THING! It. says. THING. on. it!"

"Oh. I see it," Blocky picks up The Thing and tosses it to Pin, who then grabs it and begins scribbling down things onto a piece of parchment.

"So, guys. I'm guessing we're *not* going for Ruby's shards anymore?" Liy asks, her hands on her 'hips.'

"Obviously not," Blocky folds his arms, frowning at Pin as she scribbles down things onto the parchment. He sighs, "I can't believe how young we were then. We literally all had dates because we wanted to feel f##king included but- Ugh. Sh#t. We were just being idiots."

"I'm glad you can admit to that, Blocky," Liy smirks, chuckling to herself.

Blocky gasps and clenches his teeth, "I said we WERE idiots. Not now, of course. We all realized how f##king silly we were being, wanting to have a date always."

"..." Liy sighs, staring past Blocky and at the horizon. Why didn't anyone like *her*? Everyone else had a date back then before they realized it was silly. Lightning and Snowball, Lollipop and Taco, Lollipop and Bubble, Lollipop and Flower, Flower and Ruby, all of them... and nobody liked Liy. Nobody ever did. How tragic. Liy shakes her head, not wanting to be the only one besides Golfball to be desperate for love. Golfball is a jerk, and Liy wants nothing to do with her. Or her weird government styles.

Pin looks up, noticing Liy's distressed expression. Her focused expression softens, "Don't. worry.. Liy. Take. what. we. all. said. back. then. and. what. Golfball. says. now. about. relationships. with. a.

grain. of. salt! Even. if. it. has. been. only. almost. a. year. since. we. got here.. we. were. young. and. foolish. then. and. we. thought. we. all. needed. someone. to. love! but. we. do. not. all. need. that.. at. least. not. just. yet."

Liy sighs, "I guess so..."

"And. look!" Pin holds up the parchment, "Some. ideas. for. later!" Pin shows the ideas to the group and explains, "We. have. plans. for. everyone. to. have. a. good. job. until. we. can. get. them. their. dream. job! Also. we. can. build. an. asylum. for. anyone. like. Lollipop. or. Leafy. who. need. help!"

"And... when will we do all this? This totally seems like one of the plans you never stick to, Pin," Blocky scoffs.

"Right. after. we. defeat. Golfball!" Pin grins at the other two, "And. we. will. succeed. and. defeat. the. tyrant!" The three of them cheer, unaware of any dangers around them.

"Oh my sweet knight in shining armor, won't you please be my

Schutz?" Lollipop skips after Four, smiling at him as she wrongly recalls him saving her from a mighty dragon, wanting him to be her protector.

"..." Four stares intently at the horizon, voices of his old pals ringing throughout the plains. Could this be? "Leave me alone, psycho," Four offensively remarks, "I need to chase my hope."

"Well, sometimes even hope is drained, my knight!" Lollipop gazes around, gasping upon seeing a figure in the distance, "My my! That thing over there looks just like you, but... another color! And shape! and-"

Four tunes her out as they realize who that is... It's Ten! The Equation Playground! Hope! Four remembers hearing voices from over the hill that sounded like Nine and Six arguing, as usual.

"Wow! You won't believe this! It's Four, everyone! Four!" Ten shouts to the others and everyone runs towards ten.

9 algebraliens step forward, allowing Four to see them and gasp. Zero, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, and Ten! They're all here! All of them!

"Woah! Dude!" Nine skateboards towards and around Four, "What happened, bro? Where is X? Did you do that competition you told us about?"

"Hey, Nine, why don't you shut it and let Four speak," Six half-jokingly glares at Nine, folding their arms. Four smirks at that.

Four smirks at them all. Hope is within their grasp. "Guys. My competition failed... I had to run. But," Four smirks, pointing at the other numbers, "My contestants are being *rowdy* and I'll need your help to *calm them down*!"

"Sounds rad, bro!" Nine chuckles, doing a handstand on his skateboard, before their smile then drops, "But dude... how are *we* supposed to do *that*?"

"It's obvious," Seven grins, "We've just gotta use Nine as bait! Get it...? Seven using Nine as bait... Seven Eight Nine... get it..?"

Eight rolls their eyes, "You're confusing them, Seven, and making them dislike you too."

"What?! Why?!" Seven whines, "Who?"

"Viewers," Eight mentions nonchalantly.

"Wha-"

Four sighs, "What *I* meant was that we should kill some off or injure them and show how better we are than them! Really, does anyone around here know to revive people?! That was my whole purpose for trying to find this place, you ignorant- UGH!"

Five frowns at the blue integer infront of them, "Come on, Four. You *know* none of us can revive anyone. And we can't kill them ourselves. Remember what happened to that *green* one? What a loser."

"Guys, come on, calm down..." Ten smiles confidently, not having the thought occur to them that the situation is already calm. They don't need Ten's help all the time, obviously.

"Yeah, I know," Four clenches his teeth, ignoring Ten, "I *know* what happened to Two and I *know* what happens when we use violence. X reminds me of that every five seconds! Up until that one day he disappeared... Have you seen them?"

"Not at all," Eight shakes their head.

"Don't change the topic. How could you forget something as simple as the rule that we should NEVER use our powers for evil?" Five frowns angrily, "That's not right, Four. Remember what happened to One and my pal Three?"

"Yeah yeah, we remember it. You don't need to remind us, Mr I-Can't-Play-Catch," Six snickers, pointing at the purple-ish number.

"Yeah, their *un*lucky number status is hitting them hard!" Seven chuckles at the significance of a one and a three having bad luck, those two together making thirteen. *Yeah, says the one who's a lucky number...*

"Off topic. *Again*," Five frowns, "And Four? You're using your powers for evil."

"They kicked me out, Five!" Four complains, rubbing their head, "They forced me to quit! I know there is something fishy going on! I know they need to be shown their place!"

"Four. You make no sense," Eight remarks, folding their arms, looking behind them at the Zeros for confirmation. They don't say much, and mostly nothing at all.

Five glares at Four, "Name *one* good reason that we shouldn't kick you out and restrict your powers like we did to Two."

"I..." Four steps back, astonished at Five's anger. What should they say? They're not sure! They don't know what to do. They don't want to be left out...

Lollipop walks towards them, grinning and throwing her hand high, "Attention all! As your superior, I must inform you that my savior is in the right, as those others back in the meadow are cannibals fighting with one another to cope with their starvation!"

Five's eyes widen. They sigh, "Okay. We can help you. Cannibalism is something I hate with a burning passion."

"Most do, Five. Most do," Eight remarks, stating the obvious just as Five did.

Four grins, "I'm glad you all are gonna help... I used to want to help those contestants, before they became CANNIBALISTIC MONSTERS..! Aha.. ugh. I hate everything. I h.." Four stops himself quickly, realizing his mistake of almost sounding like a contestant he tried to hurt before, and reminding him of how he hurt another.

"Yeah, dudes! Let's get at 'em!" Nine smiles and skates around, "Let's do some cool stuff with our powers!"

"Not too dangerous, though. Can't have you hurting any of us on accident like Two did to One and Three," Eight folds their arms, "Hmph. Maybe that's why they almost completely stopped using their powers."

Lollipop tilts her 'head', watching the scenario infront of her play out. As '*royalty*', she must have the attention, shouldn't she? But how shall she regain said attention? A speech? A request? A plea?

No no no, she must do more! She must do something so grand and wonderful that none shall reject her '*royalness*', such as her '*knight*' previously did, again!

She steps forward, her thoughts swirling, her hands shaking, her eyes darting around to try and ground herself in the moment.

Four glances from Lollipop to Ten. "Hey Ten," Four frowns, "You know a lot. Do you know what's up with her? She's gone stupid."

Ten sighs, "I dunno, Four. I'm sorry. She seems normal to me. But she does seem a bit weird..." Ten's eyes soften with concern.

"I think she's broken like most of the things Two tries to make," Four snickers, "Maybe it was the other, cannibalistic contestants who hurt her. Like *Taco, Bubble, Flower, a...*"

Four hears his own voice speaking, but Lollipop hears ringing.

Taco. The name is familiar. Too familiar. But who could it be? One of her '*butlers*' or '*maids*' or '*knights*'? No. She wasn't royalty. But she was... no. She felt like so much more.

Bubble. That one is familiar too. But she is blocked from Lollipop's memory. Lollipop doesn't know who she is. Not at all. All Lollipop knows is that whoever that was is.. gone. In two ways.

Flower. Lollipop remembers the princess Flower. But that isn't really who this Flower is.

But, Lollipop notices, *is the knight perhaps putting them down? Calling them bad? Calling us all stupid? How dare they!*

Lollipop takes another step forward and approaches Four. He spoke badly about people that she can't remember, but cares for.

And it hurts.

So he will feel the same hurt he is causing her.

Lollipop bites down into Four's arm. "I- OW! What the h.." Four tries to move their arm away but fails at this, causing Lollipop to sink her teeth further into his arm. They yelp as pain shoots through their arm. There is only one thing left to do.

Four raises his other hand and presses it against Lollipop's head, giving her a large shock as a jolt of electricity shoots from Four's hand and to Lollipop's head. Before the electricity can cycle back to Four, he steps away, allowing Lollipop to freely twitch and shake from the electricity in her body.

She falls to the grass, her body twitching and her eyes wide. "Four," Five looks at them, "I'm not sure if I should kick you out for hurting someone or help you since you got attacked..."

Four clenches their teeth, "Just do *something*! I can't take this anymore!" They lash out, "This sucks!"

Eight glances back and forth from Four to Five and then shrugs before looking over at nothing in particular, "Hm. I wonder how the rulers are doing..."

"OH WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAVE TO BE ME.." Golfball sighs, her back against the tree behind her. She blinks back her tears, looking up at Book, "I JUST WANT PEOPLE TO RESPECT ME FOR ONCE. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?"

"It isn't, Miss Golfball," Book speaks flatly, holding her hands behind her back. In one hand is the gun she used to shoot Two's hand. And the gun is a portable version of the machine that Golfball had Puffball build. Now that Book is under Golfball's control, Golfball finally feels a bit more at rest than previously.

She can't rest until everything is in perfect order, just the way she likes it.

Sure, she may sound like a obsessive perfectionist, and she is, but that's not the point.

Golfball glances next to her at Tennisball, who is blankly staring down at Two, his eyes wide with one being bruised from earlier. Two is laying down on the grass, a bullet hole in their hand. X was there before too, but they ran away after the first gunshots were fired.

Golfball just wants respect and control. Is that too much to ask for? Did she have to go through all this hell to get there? Did she have to eat her best friends to do it?

She obviously had to, because if she didn't, she would be dead. And nobody can rule over anything when they're dead. They're useless when they're dead, unless used for food. And Golfball doesn't want to be useless. Golfball just wants people to love her back.

Golfball just wants Tennisball and the others to love her.

One simple gesture could have saved the many lives lost.

One simple gesture could have stalled Golfball's mental decline.

Lollipop could be okay.

Clock could be alive.

Everyone could be happy.

But all of it is shattered because of the absence of love and care for those who need it. And Golfball knows that. And nobody else does.

Golfball is lonely. Golfball is under-appreciated. Golfball is tired. Golfball is upset.

Golfball looks over at Tennisball again, wondering if she even wants his organs in her mouth anymore. Is it worth it? Was any of this worth it?

Of course it was. She has people to rule over now. She has control, just like she wanted.

"BOOK," Golfball turns back to her companion, who's mind currently belongs to her, "WHY DOES EVERYONE HATE ME?"

Book shrugs, "I don't know. But.. Golfball, nobody hates you. We all love you but show it in different ways. You keep us all together and safe and in order. Why would they hate you for that?"

Golfball smiles slightly, "HEH. YOU'RE RIGHT. THANKS, BOOK."

Book smiles back, "Anytime, GB. I'm always here for you. I don't plan on dying anytime soon, so we'll stay together for a while, okay?"

This gets Golfball smiling, a natural smile, "THANK YOU, BOOK. AND WHEN YOU DO DIE, I'LL PLAN A PRETTY FUNERAL."

Book smiles back, a natural smile, even if her mind is guided by Golfball's control. She laughs, "That sounds great. And I'll make sure you-"

Book yells as she's thrown to the ground.

Another object steps on her with her foot. That object smiles widely as she grinds Book's face into the ground, her foot on her back. "Heh, take that, Golfball and her comrades," She smirks.

Golfball looks up at her, her eyes widening with disbelief at the object who just knocked her friend unconscious. Who even is this brave object?

The object turns around, "Pin! Blocky! Come here! I've gotta show ya what I've found!"

Liy.

2566 words
29 july 2023

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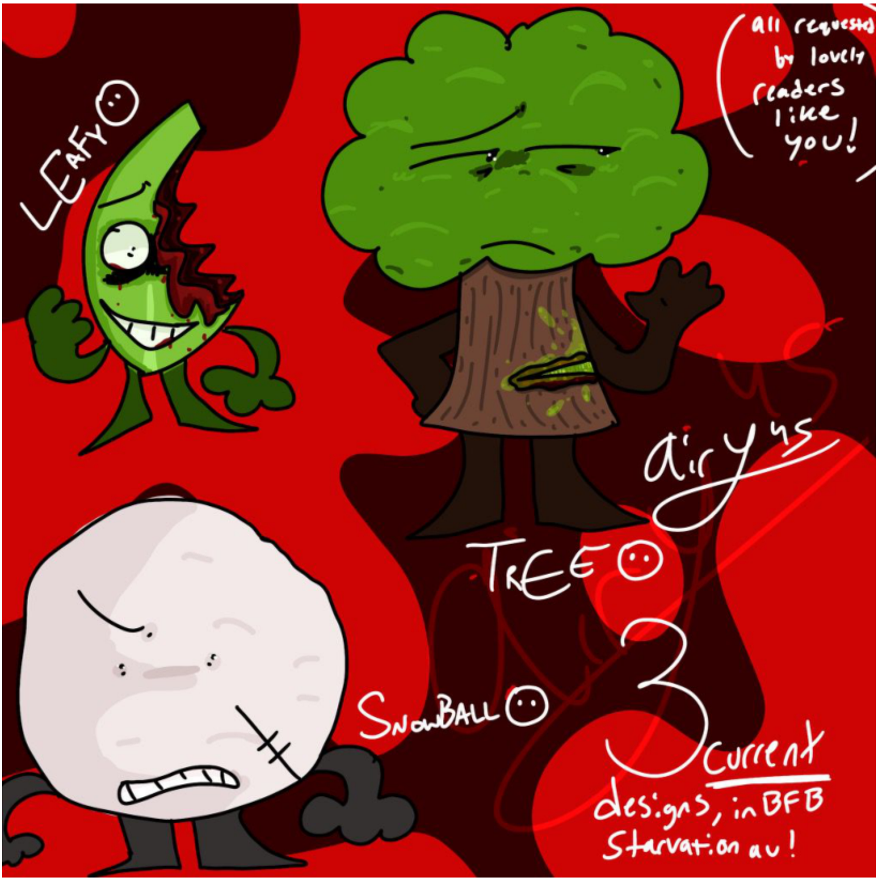

LEAFY
all requested by lovely readers like you!
airy us
TREE
SNOWBALL
3 current designs, in BFB Starvation au!

here is the designs of leafy, snowball, and tree!! thanks for the suggestions! who's designs in this au do y'all wanna see next?

WARNING: blood, gore, cannibalism, guts, violence, guns, weapons, cursing/offensive language, **character death**, and disturbing themes (wow.. always a warm welcome when a new bfb starvation au chapter comes.. /sarcastic .. okay but seriously, i love writing this story so much)

"I nailed it!"

"Naily..."

"What? I really did!" Naily giggles, her pointy side stuck in a nearby tree. Bomby rolls his eyes at her carelessness.

"Hey Firey," Coiny snickers, "I think it's starting to rain!"

"WhAt?!" Firey flinches, "Where?!"

Coiny bursts out laughing, "Just kidding! Haha.. ha-" Firey slaps him. "Ow! Firey.. I thought we made a truce!"

"We did..?" Firey tilts his head to the side a bit, confused.

"Yes you did," 8-ball chimes in, chuckling dryly a bit at the flame's statement.

And just as Firey tries to say something else, Bomby speaks, "Guys! I see something coming from over there!"

"Let's kill it," Pillow suggests, a faint smile on her face.

"No! Don't! It might be injured!" Bomby exclaims to which Foldy nods along.

"I agree, we should see who it is first," Foldy remarks to which Pillow frowns a bit and mumbles a quiet '*fine...*'

After seeing the thing walk closer, it seems there are two. "What?! Two of them?!" Firey Jr exclaims, "Oh my- Pillow! Kill it!"

"No, wait!" Marker interjects, "It's THEM.."

"Who- Oh hey! It's Pin and Blocky!" Bell exclaims, though tiredly, still weak from the electrocution months and months ago.. and her hunger.

Pin and Blocky walk up to them, Blocky folding his arms and looking away, Pin waving to them. "Hello. all!" Pin smiles and waves, "I. have. a. suggestion!"

"What?" Stapy asks, a bit annoyed.

"Well, we. had. a. plan. to. get. rid. of. Golfball, so. can. you. help. us. make. the. weapons?" Pin asks, a bit confused about even her own words.

Coiny rolls his eyes and Spongy speaks annoyedly, "Uh, yeah. What did you think we're doing?"

"Wait," Pin gasps, "Oh. thank. you! You're. doing. it. already!" Pin smiles, delighted that these people are already making weapons for her- *for them all*... right. Whatever.

"Yeah! We already have wooden swords!" Coiny smirks and brandishes a wooden sword that is... barely put together.

Blocky frowns, "Yeah, that's not gonna work." He shakes his head.

"Here! How. about. we. all. split. up. and. take. certain. roles. to. gather. certain. things!" Pin exclaims, "Everyone. will. have. an. equally. important. role!"

Blocky rolls his eyes, "Let's just take a vote, Pin. Don't turn into a Golfball on us. I'll lead the vote."

"No! No. leading!" Pin scolds Blocky.

"Let's just kill Golfball," Pillow says blandly, a slight smile forming.

"Pillow is right! For once.." Bomby notes, "We should just go against her! She doesn't have anyone, and we have everyone!"

Coiny chuckles, "Wow! Bomby *finally* said something useful! Come on everyone! Let's go!"

And just as they say that, a yell echoes across the plains, "Pin! Blocky! Come here! I've gotta show ya what I've found!"

Now who could that be?

Book gasps and struggles under Liy's grip. "LET HER GO!" Golfball screams, Book's heart clenching, her eyes tearing up. Golfball kicks Liy's leg, "LET HER GO, MONSTER!"

"Oh Golfball, you must be talking to a mirror.." Liy smirks and flicks Golfball away. Book's hands thrash around, trying to get Liy to leave.

Golfball, in a panic, turns to Tennisball, "TB! GET TWO UP AND HELP ME!"

Tennisball glances between Two and Golfball for a minute before he sighs, "He's asleep.. and as for me, I.. I can't.."

"YOU *CANT*?!" Golfball screams, "WHATEVER HAPPENED TO US BEING FRIENDS?! PARTNERS?! IS THIS OVER?! WHY IS EVERYONE LEAVING ME?!" Golfball feels tears spring to her eyes, "I TRY SO HARD TO BE ACCEPTED AND APPRECIATED AND THIS IS WHAT I GET?!"

"Golfball, it *is* over," Liy grabs the gun that Book dropped and twirls it in her hand. She steps off of Book and kicks her to the side, aiming the gun at Book's head. "B#tch."

And in the blink of an eye, Liy loses the upper hand.

From the shadows, a familiar face which hasn't been seen since forever pounces on top of Liy and snatches the gun. Her thin fingers wrap around the trigger, her gaze blank as if she was staring past Liy's eyes and deep into her nervous system.

Golfball smirks to herself. Her plan is working.

Book shakily stands and dusts herself off, her expression now one of anger, "Liy! I thought-"

Liy shakes her head, "You're not yourself, Book." She turns to the one who snatched the gun from her, "And neither are you, **Remote**. I trusted you! What the hell happened?" Liy asks, taking a step back.

"*I* HAPPENED, THATS WHAT," Golfball laughs, "I'M GONNA BEAT YOU FOR SURE! IT'S THREE AGAINST ONE! TENNISBALL WOULD NEVER HURT ME."

Liy takes another step back, her expression one of fear. Remote stares blankly at her and shoots a bullet into the air. A warning. Liy's eyes fill with tears, "Remote.. Please.." Her voice desperate, she sinks to her knees. All this hard work..

Tennisball steps back, seeing how quickly Golfball made others loyal to her, and how quickly she gained the upper hand. Unsure of what she's capable of, he pushes Two out of the way, trying to get himself and his unconscious friend to safety before Golfball notices. He doesn't know how powerful the brainwashing bullets Golfball has will be on him, especially on the tender part of his head where Golfball bit him.

Liy wipes her tears, "Please, don't shoot me.. I'll do anything, please!" Her desperate voice echoes through the quiet plains.

Book looks at her angrily and slowly creeps towards her, "You took my gun, you hurt me, no no.. I should do something much more worse to you.."

A sudden shout echoes throughout the plains and an arrow pierces the tree right behind Book. She whips her head around to see Firey holding a makeshift bow and arrow pointed at her. He shoots another warning shot, yelling fiercely, "This is for turning me to stone with some needle thing!"

Coiny sighs, "Firey, if I recall, it was a needle with Freeze Juice to turn you to ice. Are you getting dumber or something?"

Firey sighs, "It doesn't matter! What matters is that I'm getting revenge! That reminds me of.." Firey shakes his head, "Oh whatever!" He shoots directly at Book's leg and it pierces it, but Book doesn't even flinch.

Book lunges at Firey and snatches the bow and arrow, pushing it into Firey and igniting the wooden weapon. She tosses it at Bomby who begins to panic.

"No no! Don't let it touch me!" He scrambles away just in time. The flaming weapon lands on the grass, just a few feet away from Bomby. "That was close.."

While they're all distracted, Remote raises the gun and points it at the back of Pillow's head.

And ever so slowly..

Remote pulls the trigger.

Naily tackles Remote to the ground, "WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!" When Remote doesn't answer, she bites her wrist, leaving Remote to flinch and the gun to drop from her hand.

In a swift move, Marker picks it up and playfully aims it at Stapy. "Look Stapy! Pew pew!"

"Marker, no.." Stapy backs up, hiding behind Foldy.

"I'll take that," Firey Jr adds and snatches it from Marker.

"No, I will, you're just a kid," Coiny frowns and takes the gun and hides it behind his back.

Blocky rushes over to Liy and helps her stand, "You good?"

Liy nods and chuckles, "Yeah, that was a fake cry so I could get y'all to move faster."

"B#tch.." Blocky rolls his eyes and curses jokingly, then glancing over at Golfball, then Remote, then Book, "Yeah, we're gonna have to do something about those."

"Well, it looks like Naily has Remote busy, and Book is busy tormenting Firey and Bomby.." Liy glances at Pillow, "Pillow..? Are you alright? You got shot.."

Pillow slowly turns around and plucks the bullet out of her stuffing, "Oh look, a bullet, " She speaks nonchalantly, tossing the bullet behind her.

"How are you not.. turned?" Blocky cringes, finding that Pillow leaving her stuffing to poke out of her body is completely disgusting.

"I just don't die," Pillow smiles, her eyes blank, and goes towards Naily's and Remote's struggle. *She just doesn't die? But how?*

Golfball watches, wide-eyed as she loses the upper hand yet again. How could this be happening to her? Golfball feels tears spring to her eyes. No! Not now!

And just as she thought all hope was lost, the one she was waiting for returned.

He is perfect, not ever showing signs that she controls him until it's too late.

Perfect. Golfball grins, feeling the wonderful feeling of power being restored into her weak heart.

Bell swings over to Book and tangles her in her string, Firey crawling closer to burn Book's legs. Bomby notices Tennisball dragging Two away and runs to them. "Where are you going?" He asks.

"Away from.. *her*.." Tennisball shudders, his face stained with tears. Bomby sees his weak state, and in a moment of impulse, Bomby offers to help bring Tennisball and Two to safety.

Meanwhile, Naily is holding remote down onto the ground, and Pillow is messing with Remote's batteries.

Liy glances around, "Where's Pin? She should be here by now with 8-Ball and Spongy."

"Well, Spongy's slow and smelly, so.." Blocky folds his arms.

"No, Blocky, it's probably that-" Liy gasps as she's cut off by Coiny's scream. She turns to face him and sees something she.. didn't expect.

Coiny is on the ground, tackled by Gelatin. Gelatin holds the gun that Coiny took, laughing as he tosses it around.

"Gelatin!" Blocky runs to Gelatin, his voice sounding irritated, "Give that back! It's not yours and it's not funny!"

"Aw come on, Blockster! Let me play with it!" Gelatin whines and frowns, but something is off... And Blocky isn't sure what. "Blocky.. It's not that bad! No bullets!" He pulls the trigger, and nothing comes out.

He, seemingly jokingly, pulls it again, this time pointing at Blocky.

A bullet flies out and misses Blocky by a centimeter. "You said it was empty! If i didn't know better, I'd think you were working with Golfball," Blocky sighs and walks away, keeping an eye on Gelatin.

And as Blocky walks away, he is tackled by none other than Golfball, "ARE YOU THE LEADER OF THIS REBELLION OR IS IT LIY?!"

Blocky tries to escape from her grasp, but his hands are held down by her stepping on them. He can't move. "You b#tch! Get off of me!" He screams, "Gelatin! Shoot her!"

Gelatin shrugs, "Sorry Blockster, I can't." He looks away, continuing to play with the gun as if it was a toy.

"I WILL ASK AGAIN, WHO LEADS THIS REBELLION?!" Golfball screams in Blocky's face, her gaze angry and intimidating.

His breathing is deep, and his eyes widen in fear. He's used to being the strong one, and this situation is completely alien to him. He doesn't want to reveal any information, and unsure of why Gelatin won't fire the gun, he closes his eyes and prepares for the end...

That's when a miracle occurs.

A shot rang across the plains.

Golfball sits, still holding down Blocky, but now her eyes wide and mouth agape. The only signs that something of a miracle had occurred were the sound of a gunshot, ringing in the air.. The way Pin held a makeshift gun.. And the way that blood and brain matter began to clot around a hole on the side of Golfball's head..

And finally, after months and months, a moment of silence falls upon them all.

The tyrant is dead.

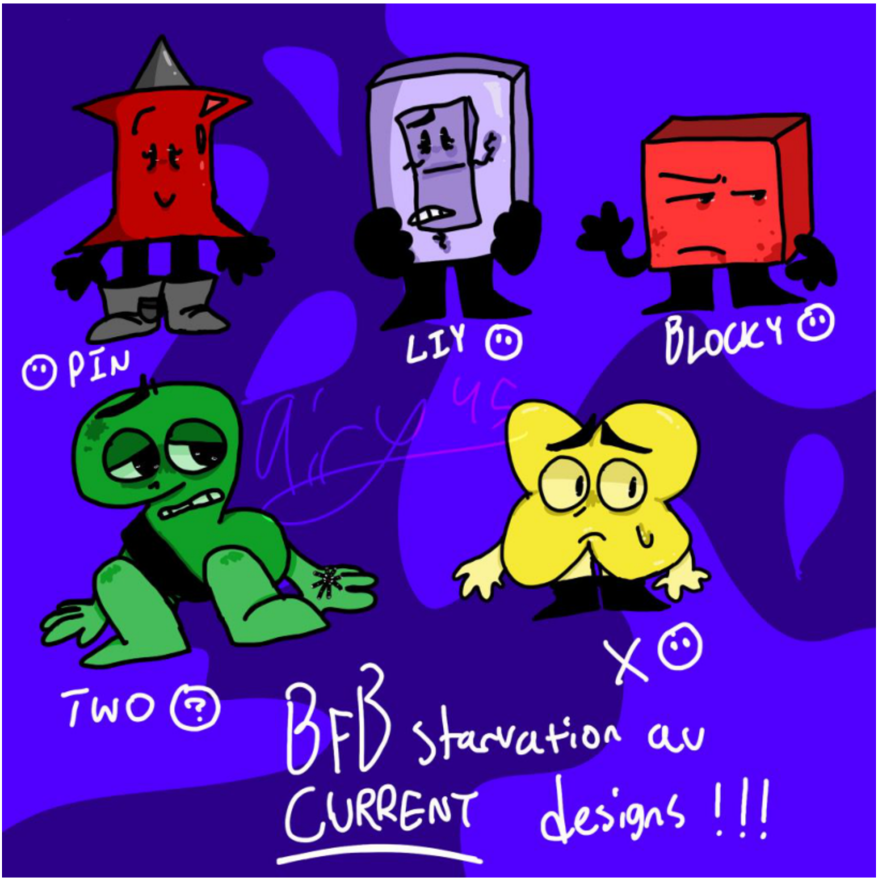
---

this isn't over..

10 september 2023
1998 words

21 - the. peace. and. the. plans. and. the. brainwashed.

hey hey. here's more designs B)


PIN
LIY
BLOCKY
TWO
X
BFB starvation au
CURRENT designs !!!

they're a little tiny but i had to do that so i could fit them in here so.. :T hope y'all like 'em!

WARNING: mentions of death, violence, burning, cannibalism, and cursing/offensive language

The tyrant is dead.

And after a long silence, they cheer. Cheers and shouts ring throughout the plains, likely even managing to have everyone else in this planet hear it.

Speaking of which...

Fries gasps and takes a frightened step backward, "Puffball... What's wrong with you?! That smile... it's..."

Puffball smiles widely, staring at Fries for approximately four seconds before lunging at him, biting into his arm.

"OW!" Fries screams, stumbling away. He looks down at his arm, a fresh bite mark forming. He feels his eyes fill with tears, turning his body all soggy. "Puffball," He cries, "What happened to you?!"

Puffball smiles, and in her innocent, melodic voice, she speaks, "Golfball did. She happened. Now I'm better, and you can be too!"

Freies staggers backward, connecting the dots. Puffball... isn't herself anymore. And Golfball did that to her. Oh, he could just bash Golfball's head in! How dare she take his best friend away?!

Before she can try anything else, Fries runs away from her in tears, to tell his group about his findings.

Further away, tucked further in the forest, is a group of objects who had only just seen Book slip away to do.. something..

"Where'd Book go?" Lightning asks Tree to which he shrugs.

"I dunno, beats me," Tree comments.

Fries runs back to his group, gaining no more than a "Hey-" from Pen before the sound of a gunshot rings throughout the air.

The sound rings in Fries' ears, making him cry more and clutch the sides of his head.

"Fries!" Black Hole gasps, "Are you alright?" He hovers a few inches closer, "You're crying..."

"Puffball," Fries sniffs, "She... she isn't herself anymore!" He bursts into tears again, sinking to his knees. He weeps into his hands, "I lost a friend..."

Tree pats Fries' shoulder, "We all have, Fries. We all have lost our loved to Golfball and the other horrible monsters here," Tree sighs, "Oh Pie... I miss her... And Bottle..."

Tree sniffs back tears, "I can't believe it's only been... What? A few months? Feels like way longer..."

"Wait, guys," Lightning questions, "Wasn't Remote here? And Gelatin? and along those lines... WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?!"

Eraser laughs, "It was a gunshot, duh..."

"No," Pen covers Grassy's ears, "Not infront of the kid!"

"Whatever," Eraser shrugs and folds his arms, "But anyway, yeah, that's what it was. Wonder who fired it?"

"That's not our priority right now, it's finding out that's up with Fries!" Robot Flower yells.

"Oh! I have a good idea! Let's see why fries is upset!" Bracelety exclaims to which Ice Cube nods. Bracelety squeals, "OMG! ICY JUST

NODDED! She approved it my suggestion! I could die!" Braceletty squeaks, and effectively steals credit of Robot Flower's idea.

"Guys...That's what i-" Robot flower starts to speak before she is cut off again.

"Yeah. Fries... what happened? like... how is puffball 'not the same'?" Ruby asks, glimmering in the sunlight, making those hungry want to rather her as their meal.

They begin to cheer, "The tyrant is dead! She's gone! Gone!"

Pin smiles sweetly and proudly, putting the gun into a secret pocket on her boot, and pushing Golfball off of Blocky.

He stands and shakes Pin's hand, "You're a f#cking bad#ss, Pin."

Pin chuckles, "Thanks, Blocky! Words like those are why you're my second in command!"

She glances Liy, "And why she's also my second."

She grins, "And why I'm also my second! We're equals!"

Pin wraps the two into a group hug and she smiles widely, happy tears springing to her eyes.

At last...

At last they are free...

"Hey, I'd hate to cut this celebration short," Coiny yells from under Gelatin, "But I'm still stuck! And Remote and Book are still here!"

"Shut up, Coiny!" Firey snaps.

"We had a truce! A bonding over the hatred for Leafy! Don't you- ugh..." Coiny sighs. "I literally just told you that."

Firey shakes his head, "I- you didn't. Where's everyone else? Leafy? Leafy?"

"She's with the other group," Foldy explains, helping Gelatin off of Coiny so he can stand, "Are you sure you're okay, Firey?"

"Yeah, duh! I burned Book's legs!" Firey gestures to Book who is writhing in the ground, her legs with burn marks and peeling skin.

"Yeah, good job or whatever," Blocky sighs, "And Pin, stop hugging me. It's f#cking gross."

"Sorry, sorry," Pin laughs, "Anyways, it's. time. to. begin. to. implement. fresh. rules! Firstly... Book! Remote! leave. and. don't. come. back!"

"Pillow?" Liy asks, "Can you.. um.."

"Kill Remote and Book?" Pillow asks, "Now?"

"No!" Liy shouts, "I mean... at least take them far far away-"

"To hell?" Pillow asks, "Okay! Come on, you two!" Pillow takes the hands of the two. She leads them away, taking them into the forest.

She returns only a few minutes later, her usually blank stare now with a hint of joy.

"I put them in that old cell that goldball made! Without food! Except for eachother," Pillow smiles.

"Pillow! That's not nice!" Marker exclaims, shaking his head.

"Alright. everyone!" Pin cheers, "We. need. yo. find. the. others! the. group. that. went. where. Golfball. said. to. and. Lollipop. and. the. group. of. Tennisball, Two, and. Bomby! and. whoever. else. there. is!"

"Pin... don't turn into a Golfball on us..." Spongy cries out.

Pin chuckles, "Of. course. not! I. only. want. to. help. you. all. stay. focused! And. i. want. to. help!"

Pin explains, "I. want. you. all. to. be. equal! Sure, me, Liy, and. Blocky. may. make. some. rules, but. mostly, you're. all. equal!"

"Oh no no, we're not making another government system right now! We just ended HER tyranny!" Liy shouts, feeling betrayed.

"Liy..." Pin frowns, "Do. you. want. to. join. the. outsiders. that. badly?"

"The outsiders?" Liy asks, mildly frightened.

"Teardrop. Barf Bag. Yellowface. Needle - Book. Remote... they. all. did. wrong, and. are. unfortunately. not. allowed. in. here," Pin explains, "Even. if. banned. in. Golfball's. rule, they. did. wrong. so. are. not. allowed. I, you, and. Blocky. can. all. observe, but. the. rest. of. you. are. equal, and. all. of. us. will. share. the. same. property!"

"So, Liy, we. will. have. rules. to. prevent. chaos, but. otherwise, we. are. all. one!" Pin smiles sweetly, "Do. you. all. agree?"

Liy reluctantly nods, and so do the others.

"Alright! We. are. going. to. ask. all. the. others. this! The, we. all. get. jobs. so. we. can. settle. in. finally!" Pin smiles, "Let's. go!"

And then, the group sets off, preparing to share their idea of peace with the others...

Is it really peace?

Or something else, hidden beneath that facade?

---

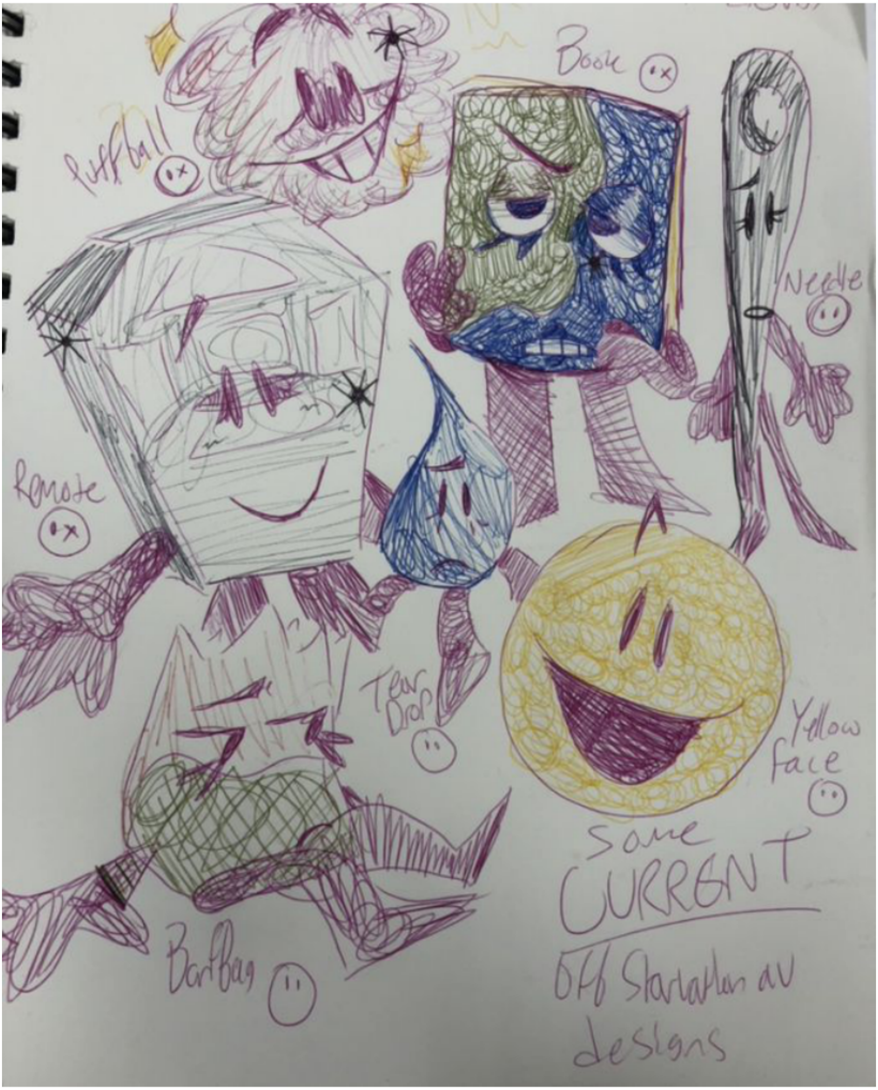
well that one came out quickly..

1154 words
20 september 2023

22 - "This will be perfect..."

wowie another chapter. this one is uhhh again really soon so yeah

oh, and the designs for this one are a bit different. they're really bad and on paper instead. epic? maybe. idk.


Puffball
Book
Needle
Remote
Tear Drop
Yellow face
Barf Bag
Some CURRENT
BFB Starlatlen AU designs

hope y'all enjoy! :) and thanks for 13k reads!!

WARNINGS: violence, brainwashing, cults, cannibalism, mentions of death, cursing/offensive language, weapons, guns, blood

"No..." Match mumbles and clutches her head, "Ruby... did... did Golfball... to you... Puffball..."

Ruby rubs Match's hand, "No, I'm not controlled by Golfball like Fries- like- said Puffball was. I'm safe, you're safe, it's okay."

Ruby covers Match's head with a large leaf she found, "It's okay."

Match nods slowly and whispers a quiet, "Thank you..."

"GUYS! THEY'RE HERE!" Bracelety exclaims, "The- Them! It's the others!"

Pin walks up to them, "Hello. all! I. am. pleased. to. inform. you. that. the. tyrant. is. gone!"

It is all silent for a minute until Leafy begins to laugh happily and uncontrollably, and then all the others begin to scream and cheer with joy. They cry and hug and rejoice for they are free.

And then, Pin shares her ideas with the others.

Puffball hovers where Fries had left her, then hearing the sound of a gunshot ringing throughout the air.

"Golfball..." She whispers and flies away, above the trees, searching for the source.

But before she can find it, she sees Book and Remote, both sitting in the old jail cell. But why?

She flies down to them, "Why are you here?"

"Puffball... We've been waiting for you, Golfball told us all about you," Book smiles, "We've been changed by Golfball too."

Puffball smiles, happy to meet someone like her and then makes a decision, "Here, I'll let you out, okay?"

Remote makes a small, genuine smile, "Sounds perfect."

Lollipop shrieks in pain once the electric currents stop cycling through her body, "NOOOO! No..." She whimpers, clutching her chest, "O my heart..."

Five looks over at Four, "You did what's right. I'm proud."

They smile a bit to which Four smiles too, "Heh, it's what I do-"

They are cut off by the sound of a gunshot firing.

It rings in Lollipop's ears and she screams, holding her head in her hands, "Taco, noooo..." She cries, her delusions pausing and fleeing from her, scared of what another shock could bring.

Four's eyes widen and he looks in the direction that the sound came from. "The contestants... are destroying themselves..." Four chuckles, "So what?"

Lollipop slowly and shakily stands, but falls back down, her legs and arms weak from the shock. She takes deep breaths and eventually manages to move her arms, and begins to crawl towards the sound, "Ruby..? Anyone..?"

Puffball floats down to the ground, allowing the newly-escaped Book and Remote to climb atop her.

They had recently only just told her, a few minutes ago, about the gunshot. That it was the death of their savior, their leader, Golfball.

Puffball hadn't cried. Puffball hadn't screamed. Puffball just smiled and said that they all could revive her.

They just need the body.

That's where Book tells about the member who hasn't been found out yet - Gelatin.

They plan.

They can, soon, find a way to get to Gelatin without alerting the others. They can have him discretely bring them the body and weapon from Pin.

It will be perfect!

She will only need to get the weapon from Pin's boot, and such. He already has the brainwashing bullets. It'll be easy, right?

Currently, Puffball is flying Book, Remote, and herself over to the outsiders to try and recruit them... but without those brainwashing, "cure" bullets that Golfball used on the three of them. And Gelatin.

The group lands in a bush right behind the outsiders. They peek above the leaves, seeing Teardrop tossing a rock back and forth with Needle, and Yellowface talking nonstop to Barf Bag to distract her from her grieving.

The group of those four had been exhiled by Golfball before the three of them "came to their senses". So? So they have no idea about their side.

The outsiders may have one opinion on Golfball, but Puffball swears she will convince them that Golfball banned them only in an attempt to save them.

This will be perfect...

Another corpse, this one Golfball's, is added to the pile of decomposing bodies for everyone to eat.

Yes, they are ashamed. Yes, they think it's gross, but they need to eat.

Robot Flower, after agreeing to Pin's idea, is tasked with rounding up all of the bodies for preservation. It's only a temporary job, and even so, Robot Flower is proud to be useful and thought of as more than a reminder of what they all lost.

She then sighs, and takes another drink of some electricity still left in the wires of TV. It's how she gains her energy - electricity.

Unlike the other objects, mechanical minds collect and process nutrients differently. Ever since they were all brought here, she and TV had both starved, but now she has food, and she hates to know that she only is just barely functioning because TV had died.

She then thinks of the others. They had to do the same. They are only alive because the others are dead. It's okay. She's not completely at fault.

But what about Firey? Or Tree? She doesn't remember either of them eating corpses and they're still alive. Maybe they did it without her seeing, or maybe they just didn't, and that's why Firey was having trouble showing them all how to build a spear after Pin's speech. And maybe that's why Tree is so tired. Or maybe it's because of his infection. *No*, Robot Flower shakes her head, *Don't lose focus.*

She continues work for a minute before looking out towards the horizon, wondering what jobs Pin might be planning to assign everyone next week...

Tennisball takes deep breaths in and out, "Finally, we got Two to a safe spot."

"Yeah..." Bomby sighs, glad to be away from all of the chaos.

A gunshot rings throughout the air.

"W- What was that?!" Bomby exclaims.

The sound had woken Two up. They rub their eyes, "What's going on?"

"Two!" Tennisball exclaims, "Are you okay?!"

"Tennisball told me that you got shot with one of Golfball's brainwashing bullets... are you.. um.." Bomby asks, scared to question if Two is turned or not.

He glanced at Two's hand, a small hole in it with weird black wriggly things coming out. "I'm fine... my hand just stings. Maybe it didn't do much since it wasn't in my head?" Two questions, and shrugs, "Where are we?"

"I helped Tennisball drag you away so you wouldn't get hurt more," Bomby explains.

X creeps out from behind a bush, "Two..? Are you.. okay..?"

"X?!" Bomb exclaims, scared.

"I'm fine, X.. and did you follow me here again?" Two asks, clutching his hand.

"Yeah..." X sighs, and as he is about to say another word, the sound of a gunshot rings throughout the air.

Tennisball's eyes widen, "Golfball... She- She didn't hurt anyone else... right?"

"It... probably wasn't..." Two comments.

"But she's the only one with a gun!" Tennisball exclaims, tears springing to his eyes.

Then, Two had an idea, "Is everyone alright to go back?" When everyone nods, Two continues, "Then let's go see what the sound was!"

And so, the four of them venture out to find the source of the noise...

Puffball, after explaining her idea to Book and Remote, flies ahead to go tell the outsiders about it. She lands next to Barf Bag. Yellowface looks over at Puffball, "Wow! It's Puffball!"

"Puffball? Why are you here?" Barf Bag asks, not knowing about what had happened to her and the two others.

"I have an idea... Just give me a minute and I'll explain," Puffball smiles widely.

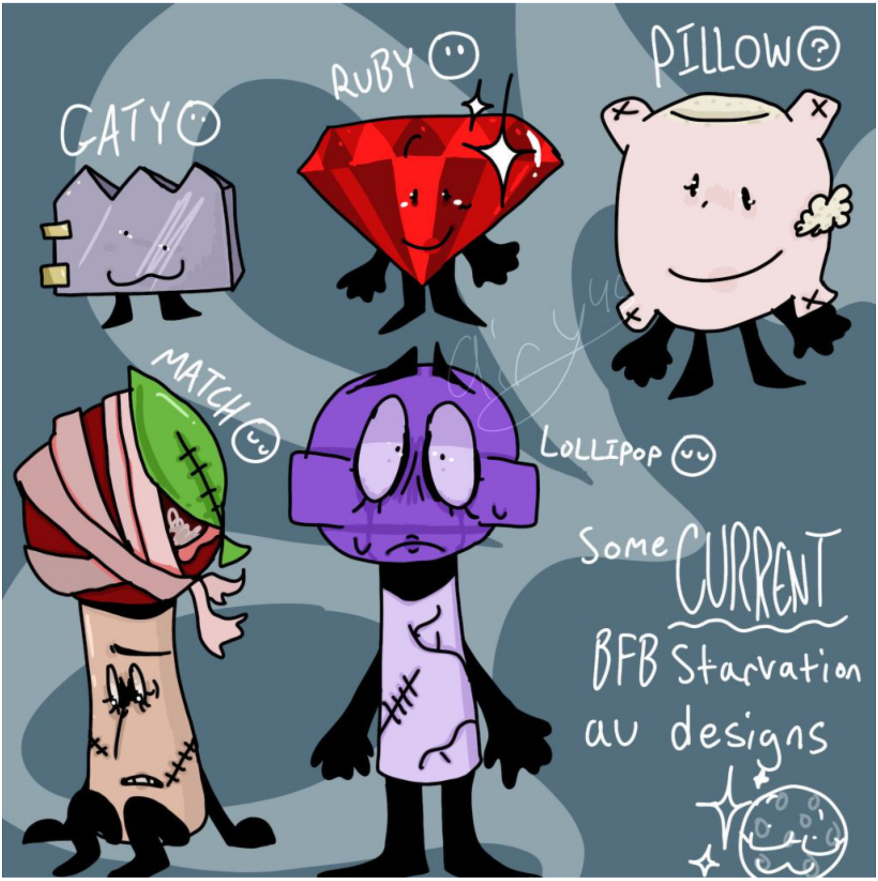
This is going perfectly...

1314 words
27 september 2023

23 - Pin's idea of utopia | pt. 1

wow another chapter on another wednesday woahhhh

oh yeah. more designs. yay?


GATY
RUBY
PILLOW
MATCH
LOLLIPOP
Some CURRENT
BFB Starvation
au designs

anyways, hope y'all like this chapter..

WARNING: cannibalism, mentions of death, blood, violence, mentions o weapons, corpses, insanity, hunting, gore

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Lollipop crawls along the grass, soon feeling weak. She reaches a tree and lifts herself up, then catching her breath and shakily standing.

She wipes the sweat from her brow and continues walking forward, feeling as if she was melting in this absurd heat.

She is tired and starved, only now coming to terms with reality and therefore finding that she hadn't eaten, slept or drank anything in a while, having been so wrapped up in her delusions. Her eyes constantly flutter open and closed, her legs like jello.

She begins to feel hungry again when a drop of her own candy head drops into her mouth. "I- How did Ice Cube even.. survive out here?" She questions aloud.

MAYBE SHE'S A WITCH... Lollipop shakes her head, "That's... That's crazy!" Lollipop chuckles a bit to calm herself, "You're alright."

"Who is?" A squeaky voice asks. *WHO IS THAT? A MONSTER. A TRAITOR. A-*

"Lollipop? Is that you?" That voice... X?!

Lollipop turns to him, "I... haven't seen you in a while..."

"Neither have we!" X exclaims.

"We?" Lollipop asks, confused.

Tennisball, Two, and Bomby walk up behind X. "Lollipop... Um..." Tennisball takes a step back.

"It's fine, I'm not..." Lollipop trails off. *HE'S GOING TO HURT YOU. GOING TO HURT YOU. HE'S GONNA KIDNAP YOU AND TAKE YOU TO THE ENEMY KINGDOM, PRINCESS BUTTON.* "No... No no..." Lollipop clutches her head, "You aren't gonna hurt me, are you, Tennisball?"

"N- No!" He exclaims, "I'm not Golfball.. Why would I do such a thing?!"

"I- I don't know! I jus thought," Lollipop sighs, "This is silly... Guess I just-" *HE IS LYING... GO BACK TO FOUR. HAVE HIM PUNISH YOU AGAIN. YOUR "SAVIOR" DID NOT SAVE UOU FROM A DRAGON, BUT YOURSELF.* She shakes her head, "This can't be right... It can't be..."

"What is?" Bomby asks.

"Oh... Nothing..." Lollipop replies shakily, rubbing her arm.

"Well, if it's nothing, then can you come with us to see what the sound was?" Two asks, "It's very important to me. I just want everyone at their best."

Lollipop sighs, "I... guess so..."

Pin clears her throat, "Okay! Now. that. some. of. you. have. temporary. jobs. I. will. tell. you. what. jobs. you. all. will. get. in. a. few. days!" Pin smiles.

"But I thought it was a week?" Liy asks, suspicious of Pin's morals and ideas.

Pin shakes her head, "No."

She then continues, "But. anyway, I. will. tell. you. the. jobs. you. will. all. start. doing. tomorrow!"

Pin clears her throat and then starts listing them, "Farmers. will. be. Cloudy, Dora, Bell, Bomby. when. he. returns, Robot. Flower. when. she. comes. back. from. the. other. task. i. gave. her, 8-Ball, Grassy, Tree, Spongy, Naily, Stapy, Marker, Foldy, Firey Jr.. Hunters. will. be. Snowball, Eraser, Pen, Coiny, Firey.. Explorers. will. be. Black. Hole, Nickel, Ice. Cube, Bracelety, Lightning, Fanny.. Asylum. workers.

will. be. Gaty, Ruby, Pillow.. When. Lollipop. returns, she. and. Leafy. will. go. there.. People. to. work. at. hospital. will. be. Gaty, Ruby, Gelatin.. When. Tennisball. gets. back, he. and. Match. will. go. there.. Blocky. will. be. a. treasurer.. Roboty. will. record. our. history.. Liy. will. work. as. a. judge.. and. will. help. lead. us, even. if. we. all. are. equal!"

"And. that's. about. it!" She smiles, "If. none. of. you. like. it, I. can. change. it!"

"Pin..." Blocky sighs, "Tomorrow? Jobs? You PROMISED me that we would be equal. We would be fair. THIS is not fair! I mean, Pillow? That f#cker as a doctor? Really? All she knows how to do is kill people!"

"Did someone say kill?" Pillow asks.

"N- no... oh my gosh.." Blocky sighs and facepalms, then turning to Pin, "And Pin... Are you or are you not lying to us?"

"I..." Pin laughs nervously and twirls her thumbs, "I'm. not. lying, I. swear! And. yes. you. all. are. still. equal! We. just. need. people. to. get. is. there! The. people. getting. is. there. will. be. me, Liy, and you... Let's. go. start. our. jobs!" She exclaims, "And. I. promise, I. will. lear. you. all. to. paradise. and. utopia!" She then sends everyone out to begin their jobs and tasks.

Lollipop, Two, Bomby, X, and Tennisball venture towards the sound, coming out of the forest and into the fields. They soon arrive at a tree, and notice Robot Flower standing nearby.

"Robot Flower?" Bomby calls to her.

"Yeah?" She asks, turning around to face them, "What's up? Oh! Hey X, Bomby, and Lollipop. Tennisball. Two."

X happily waves, while Lollipop stares at her, the reminder of what she's once lost. Flower. Why was she so sad anyway? She had all her friends, unlike Lollipop right now. Why did she have to leave?

"We wanted to see what that sound was," Two remarks, "Did Golfball hurt anyone else?"

Robot Flower is silent for a minute before sighing, "Have a look for yourself. I promise, it's good news." She gestures to the "body pile" they all have to eat from.

Tennisball and Two creep towards it, only for Two to start to cry happy tears at the sight and for Tennisball to fall silent.

"Oh she's gone! The monster is gone! Oh Tennisball this is- it's amazing, right!" Two exclaims and turns to Bomby and X, "Golfball is gone!"

Tennisball's eyes fill with tears, yet nobody notices as they are too absorbed in their own excitement. X seems confused, having missed most of Golfball's reign.

Bomby turns to X and explains it to him, and during this, Robot Flower shares the start of Pin's rule with Two and Tennisball. This makes Tennisball cry more. Two pats Tennisball's back, "What's wrong?"

"She's gone! Gone!" Tennisball cries, "My only friend is dead..."

Two smiles softly at Tennisball, "I'm your friend. Don't worry, you still have me." He chuckles sadly, "And she was a bad person. She may have left over three times, but I'm never leaving."

With that, Two gives Tennisball something that he needed for a long time. Something Golfball would never given Tennisball.

A hug.

Snowball, Eraser, Pen, Coiny, and Firey head out in search for other life forms that can be eaten... that aren't their friends.

"I hate that I had to leave Grassy all behind for the job Pin gave us," Pen sighs, disappointed and worried for the kid he was helping to care for.

"Yeah," Eraser sighs.

"OH MY SNOW. WHO HAS TIME TOR THIS!? WE NEED TO FIND THINGS TO HUNT!" Snowball exclaims, "I CANNOT STAND ANOTHER BITE OF THE LIMBS OF PIE! SHE IS LIKE- ROTTING!" He yells.

"Ugh, Snowball... That's so loud," Firey mumbles and then shouts, "WHY CAN'T YOU JUST SHUT UP?!"

Coiny looks at Firey, "You okay, dude?" He's a bit concerned, given Firey's recent behavior.

"I'm f.. I'm f- I'M FINE!" Firey slaps Coiny across the face, hard, allowing Coiny's mouth to begin to bleed.

"F... Firey... WHAT WAS THAT?!" He yells, clutching his mouth, "YOU HAVEN'T DONE THAT SINCE SEASON ONCE! Why are you acting so... weird..."

Firey seems confused about what Coiny had said, and takes a minute to form his response, "I'm.. I'm NOT acting weird, Coiny," Firey sighs and folds his arms, "I'm just tired, that's all."

Coiny wipes the blood from his mouth and gently touches his bruised eye. He doesn't believe Firey. Not at all. Something else has to be wrong with him. Maybe he could ask the people that Pin assigned to he doctors about Firey. Maybe they can figure out what's wrong with him.

"Come on, Coiny! Firey!" Pen yells for them.

"I'm following- I mean- what's the word.. uh.. Coming!" Firey exclaims and follows them, with Coiny close behind.

While trying to catch up to them all, Coiny finds something small shining in the grass. Upon brushing the tall grass away, he finds a small jar with no lid. And inside is...

"GUYS!" Coiny screams, "I FOUND IT!"

"What?!" Eraser screams and grabs it from Coiny, "Oh my gosh.. A- A fish?! A- and... wah.. w.."

"WATER!!" Pen screams and snatched it from Eraser, grabbing the fish and throwing it at Coiny, then guzzling down the water, his eyes closed with a satisfied aura radiating from him.

"That.. PEN! THAT WAS ALL OUR WATER! WHAT THE HELL?!" Eraser screams at him.

Coiny sighs and takes the fish off of himself, "There will... probably be more, Eraser... plus! We found a fish!" He smiles a bit, his mouth still bleeding a little, "Let's show it to Pin! Maybe we'll get a reward!"

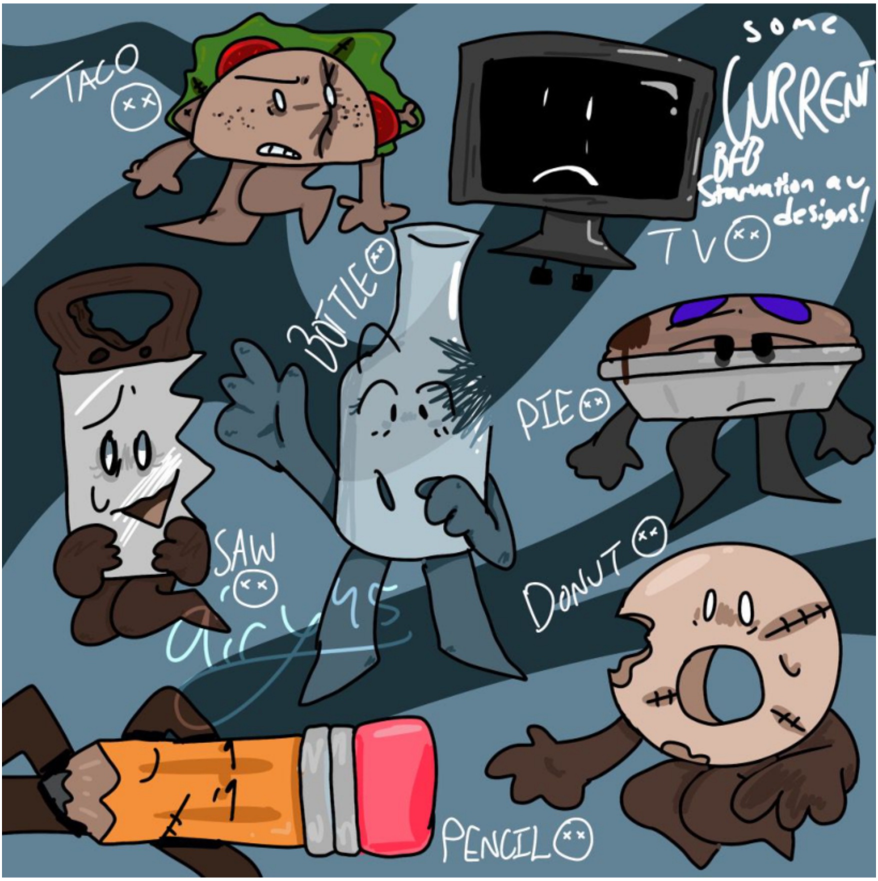
And so, Coiny, Firey, Eraser, Snowball, and Pen head back the way they came. They go there to show Pin their wonderful find...

Their miracle.

1484 words
4 october 2023

24 - Pin's idea of utopia | pt. 2

wow yet another chapter on another Wednesday.. i wonder if this is going to become a pattern for a while..


some
CURRENT
BFB
Starvation au
designs!
TACO
TV
BOTTLE
PIE
SAW
DONUT
PENCIL

wwowooww more designs.. and (SPOILERS) obviously this is of how they looked kinda just before they died.. and yes, i KNOW i probably messed up on taco and now she looks like the inanimate insanity one. but i tried. anyways, hope y'all enjoy this chapter! :)

WARNING: cannibalism, infections, mentions of murder, tyranny, cursing/offensive language, blood

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Before he had left to begin working on the job tasked to him by Pin, Cloudy had collected one of Fries's fries, thinking it would greatly help them in their farming efforts.

Cloudy brings the fry donne to the ground, and Bell picks it up from there. "Don't eat it!" Cloudy reminds everyone, "It's gonna turn into a whole collection when we plant it... Maybe."

Tree then takes it from Bell. He brushes the salt off of it before handing it to Marker and Stapy, who rip it open and search for nutrients inside. "Bomby and Robot Flower are still not here..." Foldy sighs, "Don't we need them?"

"I don't think so..?" Cloudy responds, unsure. The fry then passes to Grassy and Firey Jr. once the nutrients are found, and the two smash the parts that aren't nutrients into a mushy lump.

That then goes to 8-Ball and Dors who then store the mush in a container that Spongy made out of wood. The nutrients then go back to Bell and Foldy; who ou it into a small hole that Naily dug. Then, Cloudy rests on where the hole was.

The moisture, the water droplets inside the cloud, would be not enough to drink, but just enough to help a crop grow. Maybe they can eat it when it grows! Maybe they can be the first to show Pin their find! Will they get a reward?

While Cloudy gets it ready, the others decide to work on another task Pin assigned them to do. That is.. to get some wood for weapons, contsiners, and most importantly... houses... None of them could stand the sun on their back all the time for much longer!

And so, they get to work.

Two finishes giving Tennisball a hug and takes a step back, "Are you... all okay?"

Tennisball nods, "Y- yeah..." He sniffs, "I just... Miss her... Even if she did this to my head and... stuff... I- I dunno..." He takes a deep breath in and out.

Calm down... Calm down... Calm down... Don't miss her... Don't... Font be friends with her... don't be. Don't be.

He exhaled the breath he was holding, feeling a bit better, but still with a sour feeling inside.

X looks at Tennisball. Feeling like he can help, they speak to him, "You know, you can still feel guilty and also still feel... um... you can feel bad for her and... that she's bad... at the same time," X smiles anxiously, "It's natural!"

Tennisball smiles back, "Thanks."

"Alright... Let's go find Pin! We have to get our jobs!" Robot Flower exclaims, "Hang on..!" Lollipop, X, Two, Bomby, and Tennisball all grab onto Robot Flower's hand and dash over, at the speed of light, to Pin. She's sitting down next to Roboty, making something gibt on some parchment.

The six come to a halt right in front of them. "What are you doing?" Robot Flower asks, letting go of them. Lollipop rubs her eyes and watches Robot Flower walk away. NO, she thinks to herself, I CANNOT KEEP CONNECTING ROBOT FLOWER WITH FLOWER IN MY MIND.

She walks up to Pin and looks down at what she's writing. Is she... trying to understand Roboty? And trying to write what he's saying?

"That's cool," Lollipop instinctively comments.

Pin looks up, "Huh? Oh. thanks.. And, Lollipop- You. are. gonna. go. to. leafy."

"Ew," Lollipop sticks out her tongue, "I'm not working with her... She's so like erratic... eugh.." She shakes her head, "So delulu.."

Pin looks up at Lollipop, confused, "Lollipop. I... Have. you. seen. yourself? You're. not. working... You're. going. to. go. with. Leafy. in. the. new. asylum... It's. not. build. yet, obviously, but. still..." Pin stares at Lollipop for a minute before going back to writing with Roboty.

Lollipop glances to the side, seeing Leafy sitting and watching Ruby explain sketching to her just a few meters away. Lollipop shakes her head, "But I'm not insane anymore!" She turns back to Pin, "I swear I'm not crazy anymore!"

"But... When's the next time you will be?" Tennisball nervsouly asks, "It's better for everyone's, and your, safety if you... get help... please, Lollipop, please..."

Lollipop's eyes full with tears. No! She doesn't want to be labeled as insane! She wants to be free like she just was afoot a precious two hours! Why can't she just get a break? "No... I-"

"They just wanna help you, Lollipop," X mentions and Bomby nods his head.

"Yeah. And you'll get better. Plus, Ruby is there! It'll be fun," Bomby smiles anxiously, "It'll be fine.."

Lollipop wipes a tear from her eye, "You sure?"

"We're positive," Two smiles, "Want someone to take you there?"

Lollipop gazed at Leafy, who is... happy... playing, and laughing as Ruby shows her things. Pillow is there too, inventing games for them all to enjoy. Lollipop takes a deep breath in... and out...

"No," She takes a step towards Leafy, Ruby and Pillow, "I'll do it myself."

Cloudy then gets up from the ground after sitting on it for about an hour. Bored, he finally floats up to see something green poking out of the dirt.

He flies closer and, upon first inspection, finds it to be a small sapling. He, to continue to give it nutrients, sits back down in it to continue allowing the moisture to let the plant grow.

He hides is excitement, not only wanting to not disappoint the others if it ends up not working, but also wanting to keep the start if his new collection to himself.

Back with the others in that group, they are harvesting wood. Tree, being uncomfortable with this, and also with his side hurting, sits out.

Spongy grabs a nearby tool and begins to work on sawing the tree. He pushes it forward, and on the other side of the tree, Stapy pulls it back.

They continue this on many trees while Marker and Foldy also work on that too. When the tree falls, the rest of them cut it into planks. Except for Grassy and Firey Jr.. They take the seeds that fall from the trees and plant them back in the ground.

Why are they all doing this? It's more fair than Golfball's reign. They get to use these houses they'll make too. Pin had told them about this, abet hey we're all thrilled. Getting out of the heat will be wonderful.

As they are all doing this, Robot Flower walks up to them all, "HEY GUYS!" Behind her is Bomby, who is struggling a bit to keep up. "What can we do?" Robot Flower asks.

"Sorry we weren't here..." Bomby explains anxiously.

"It's alright!" Bell exclaims.

"Can you two go check on Cloudy?" Spongy asks, "He's trying to o grow a potato while we get wood..."

"Sure!" Bomby exclaims and walks in the direction that Marker points then in, to which Robot Flower follows.

The two of them make it to Cloudy, who is sitting on the ground, "What are you doing?"

"Spongy told us you were trying to grow potatoes. Why are you just sitting there?" Robot Flower asks.

"I AM growing it... the water vapor inside me is going into it," Cloudy explains.

"Can we see?" Bomby asks.

"NO! I mean... it's my collection, so..." Cloudy mumbled and then speaks, "But when it's done, we'll have more and then you all can have some- I'm not sure if it'll even work though, so... uh..." Cloudy awkwardly looks away, not wanting to engage in conversation.

He then continues to sit in that slot. Not knowing if he'd ever answer them again or just continue to be stubborn, Bomby and Robot Flower leave to go back to the others and help them cut trees.

Pin scribbles down more things and shows it to Roboty, "And. the. dot... that's. how. you'd. say. E? The. singular. beep?"

Roboty beeps a short, "-.-- . ..."

"That's. yes! We. got. it! Now. let's. record. history!" Pin exclaims and jumps up and down, "Now. come. on, let's. get. to. documenting!"

As they do this, a few meters away, Blocky and Liy are working together to form a set of rules to ensure equality. How would they reward everyone for completing jobs? How would they treat the people who have done wrong? Or those injured or ill? Mentally and physically?

"This is do hard..." Blocky sighs, "How are we supposed to make rules like this when our "leader" wasn't even chosen for us fairly? That motherf#cking..."

"We shouldn't have ruled at all! All this sh#t happened because of rules and leaders! We shouldn't have any more of that," Liy looks over at Pin, sitting far away, "This isn't really fair. We should take her down."

"But it seems like X and Two are pin her side," ablockt mentions, "And those two are powerful. I'd know. Two saved me and Leafy from Golfball's old jail cell once."

"So what are we even gonna do?" Liy asks, confused and worried.

Blocky sighs, "Let's just let it play out. We have at least minor positions of power in this "equal government", we can build trust. She can trust us. And then we f#cking take her down," He looks directly at Liy, "I know our views differ, but will you at least try? And let's play dumb, let's prank and sh#t that's crazy like that."

Liy sighs, "Sure," And reaches out her hand. The two shake hands and agree, the heading back to "work".

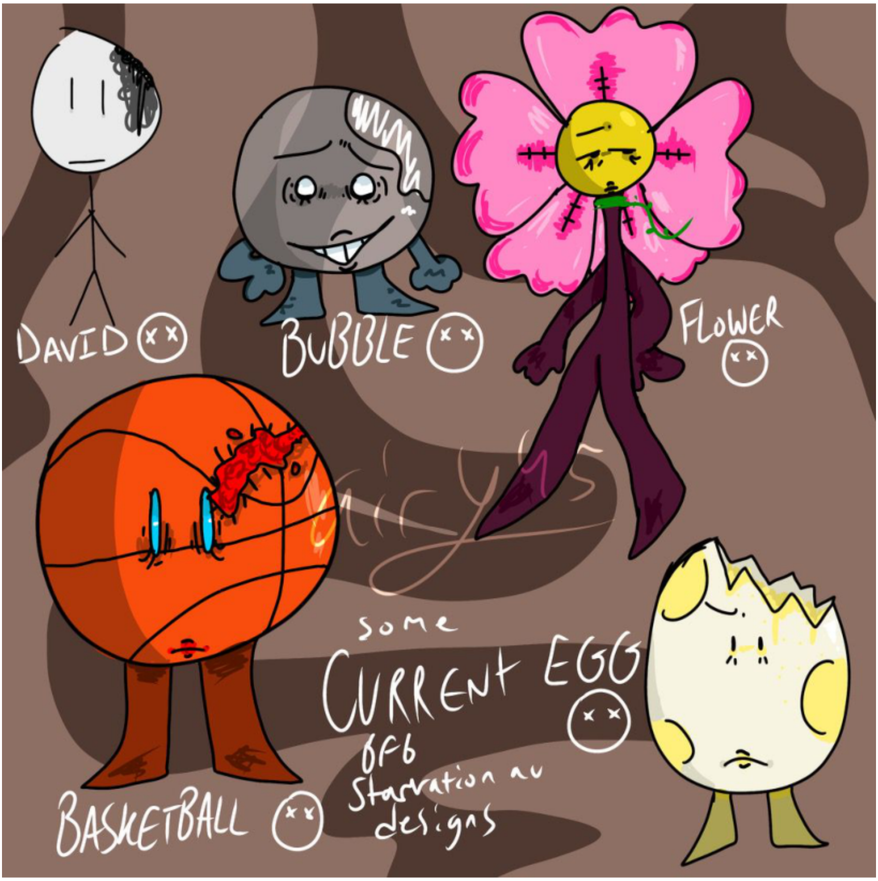
Little do they know, their conversation was overheard by one object.

One green, childish object with a secret.

1682 words
11 october 2023

25 - Pin's idea of utopia | pt. 3

OH GOSH I FORGOT TO POST THIS EARLIER AAAAA- but yeah. the wednesdays are a pattern. yep. called it.


DAVID
BUBBLE
FLOWER
BASKETBALL
some
CURRENT
bfb
Starvation au
designs
EGG

hope y'all like this one!! :)

WARNING: mentions of death, mentions of memory loss, cannibalism, blood, starvation, gore

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Coiny, Firey, Snowball, Eraser, and Pen run back to Pin, Coiny holding the fish. They all run over to Pin, almost trampling over her parchment. "Watch. it!" She yelps.

"FISH! WE FOUND A FISH!" Firey exclaims and points to Coiny, "She found it."

"She?" Coiny asks, confused. Why did Firey suddenly think he was a girl? They knew eachother for 10 years... "A- Anyway, we found a fish and water in a jar, but PEN drank it ALL..."

"I was THIRSTY, OKAY?!" Pen yells, mildly offended by Coiny's tone.

"That's. okay!" Pin smiles, "Let's. all. go. back. to. where. you. found. it! We. can. try. to. find. it! Let's. go!"

"Wait!" Coiny yells out, "Firey's been acting weird and I want him to see a doctor."

"Oh!" Pin points to the side, "You. can. let. him. go. over. there. with. Tennisball. and. Match! Gaty. can. have. a. look. at. Firey. for. you!"

Coiny hesitates before sighing, "Alright. Come on, Firey!"

Firey turns and walks towards Gaty. Halfway there, his legs buckle.

"Firey! Are. you. okay?!" Pin gasps and rushes to his side.

"Yeah... I'm fine..." Firey rubs his 'head'.

Pin helps him stand, "Do. you. want. me. to. help. you. over. to. Gaty?"

"Who's that?" Firey asks, walking alongside Pin.

"You. know. her... She. and. you. have. both. known. eachother - not. like. you. both. we're friends. or. anything, but, for. the. past. year-ish, you. two. had. at. least. known. e-" Pin is cut off by Firey.

"Just take me to her if she's gonna help me get better," He mumbled and yanks his arm free from Pin. Pin points to Gaty and Firey heads that way.

As he walks closer, Gaty turns around, "Oh hey, Firey! What's up?"

Firey sighs, "Nothing much. They say I need your help though."

Tennisball nods, "I saw you fall on your way over to us..."

"It wasn't fun," Firey mentions, stating the obvious.

"I know. Can I have a look?" Gaty asks.

Hesitantly, Firey responds, "Sure."

She looks at Firey's legs and likes at it with her leg, "Does that hurt?" Gaty asks.

"Not at all," Firey responds and sits down.

"Now," Gaty continues, "I think I was told that memory is an issue for you too?"

"Um... Yeah, I guess," Firey nods and folds his arms, "I AM- well.. I THINK I'm fine though."

Gaty sighs, "I'm gonna ask a few questions," She begins, "Firey... Whats my name?"

"Gaty," He responds matter-of-factly, "Pin just told me!"

"But do you KNOW me?" She questions.

"Not really," Firey shrugs, "Am I supposed to?"

"Y-"

"Do those... trees looks blurry... to you?" Firey asks, his voice hesitant and slow.

"No. Firey..." Gaty shakes her head, "You're not okay. And actually, you might belong more with Ruby and Leafy-"

"Who's Ruby? And... Leafy? That monster who stole my island?" Firey puts his head in his hands, "I regret not letting her into my island. Now the only season I've ever competed in... it's all for nothing..."

"Oh Firey," Tennisball speaks up, "It's not for no- Wait... You've been in more seasons than that..."

"Firey, you're concerning me," Gaty mentions anxiously. She takes a deep breath in and out, "Firey... We have some more diagnosing to do..."

Pin returns to Coiny, Snowball, Eraser, and Pen to go to the spot they found the fish at. Upon arrival, they find that another group has beat them to it.

"Black Hole! This is OUR searching spot!" Snowball yells angrily, "Grr!!"

"I thought you were hunters, not explorers, and were you looking for these?" He asks, nodding towards a jar filled with water.

"WE found it and YOU didn't, so there!" Fanny screams at them.

Snowball draws his first back, but Pin grabs his arm before he can punch, "It's. not. worth. it," Pin explains cautiously, "It's. - the. water. - it's. all. going. to. the. same. people... Just. because. you. didn't. discover. it, doesn't. mean. you're. less. important..."

Pin let's go of Snowball's arm and he grumbles, "FINE..."

"Thanks for not punching us!" Ice Cube exclaims.

"Yeah!" Braceletty yells, "Thanks!"

"Ugh... You're welcome, I guess," Snowball folds his arms and scowls.

"Did you find just water or also a fish?" Coiny asks, "We found a fish. Well, I FOUND a fish but whatever."

"At least we have more water," Lighting mentions optimistically.

"Right!" Nickel exclaims.

"Well, I'll. stay. right. here. and. the. rest. of. you. can. continue. searching... But, first, hunters, you. can. all. help. yourself. to. a. small. bite. of. the. fish. now, as. a. reward! To. make. sure. it's. fair, I'll. be. watching!" Pin exclaims and hands the fish back to Coiny.

He takes a small bite and passes it to Pen, who does the same and passes it to Eraser, who does the same and passes it to Snowball. He takes one bite and tries to take another before Pin takes it away.

"Now. back. to. work? Please?" She asks.

Eraser sticks his tongue out, "Bleh! Fine!"

"I'm. helping. you. here, you. know," Pin explains anxiously. She watches the hunters leave and then she sighs and turns to the explorers, "Alright! Now. show. me. the. things. you. found!" Pin smiles, "Please?"

Puffball finished explaining the plan to the outsiders and they...

They love it...

Sure, Puffball may have told a FEW white lies, but they still agreed. And that's what matters.

Now to find Gelatin.

"So, B' Bag, you're not much of a threat, so you can go get Gelatin and get him to bring the body," Book explains, "And be careful- Pin is evil!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll be fine, Book," Barf Bag reassured her and stand. She points in the direction Puffball came, "That way?"

"Yep!" Puffball grins and watches Barf Bag leave.

This is perfect.

Barf Bag wanders for what feels like forever before hearing some chatter. She peeks around a tree to see Blocky and Liy chatting, plotting something, she's sure, but isn't in close enough earshot to know for sure.

She then sees Gelatin standing nearby, seemingly listening into Blocky and Liy's conversation. He seems to not even blink, strangely, which mildly creeps Barf Bag out.

She winces and looks down at her, still sore, wrist. She touches it. Warm to the touch. She hopes it's not infected.

When Gelatin start to walk away, she walks up to him and grabs his hand, "Gelatin?"

"What do you want, Barf Brain?" He chuckles jokingly and waves to her.

Barf Bag sighs, "Gelatin, I- We- Puffball..." She takes a deep breath in and out, "We need your help. It's about... Golfball. You in?"

And with less then thirty seconds for him to think...

He nods.

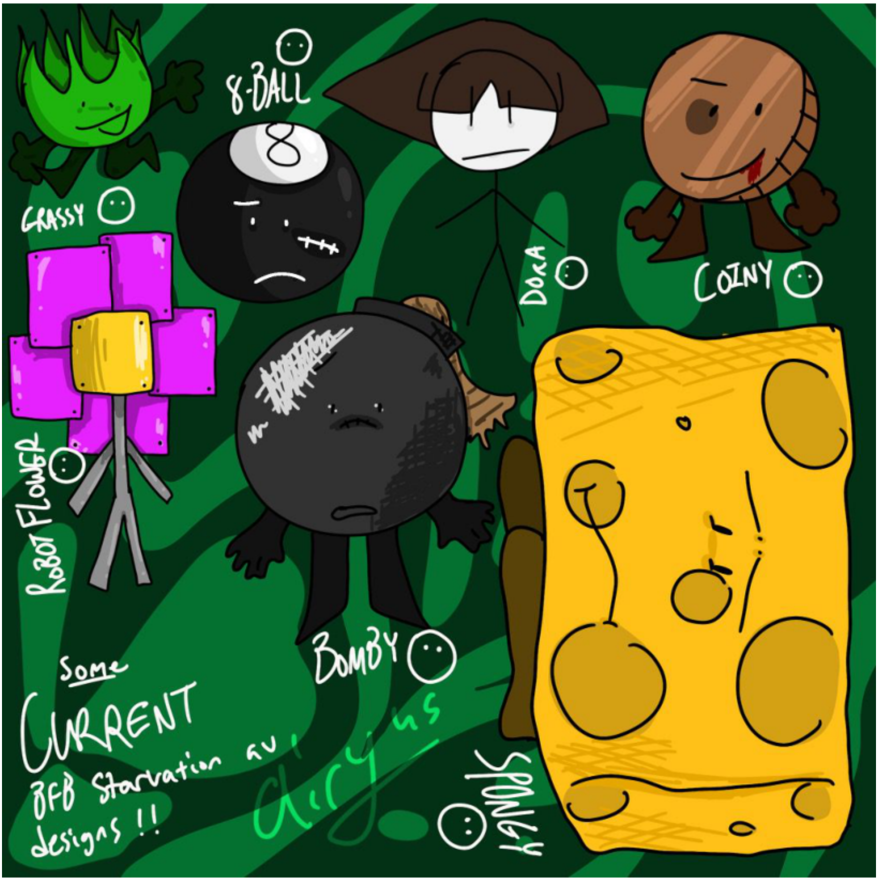
This is going perfectly...

1156 words
18 october 2023

26 - like a burning memory...

wetness day pattern- i mean wednesdsy adams pattern- I MEAN ANOTHER WEDNESDAY WET- oh forget it, i like tuesdays better anyway >:T

yes the title is a refrence


GRASSY
8-BALL
DORA
COINY
ROBOT FLOWER
BOMBY
SPONGY
Some
CURRENT
BFB Starvation au
designs !!

anyways, hope yall like this! :)

WARNING: mentions of dementia, death, arson, burning, blood, gore, cannibalism, tyranny, mentions of memory loss, su!c!de, mentions of murder, insanity

Lollipop sits down next to Leafy, "Hi."

Leafy looks up at her and smiles widely. She grabs onto Lollipop's hand. "What are you doing?" Lollipop asks worriedly.

Leafy frowns and bites her lip, deep in thought. "What's she doing, shatter sound?" Lollipop questions Ruby urgently, shifting in her seat.

"We're working on her communication! I think her struggle to communicate her needs is what's making her seem bad - I know how it feels to not be heard..." Ruby sighs and takes Leafy's hands in hers, "And I'm working on myself too. Improving my trust of others. When I found out that everyone wanted a piece of me when I fell apart, I became like- super paranoid! But now I'm working on trusting people again! And I..."

She sighs, "Enough about me. Like, Pillow? And what are you trying to do to improve yourself?"

"Kill more people!" Pillow exclaims to which Lollipop and Leafy burst into laughter while Ruby facepalms.

Ruby sighs, "Thats like- not what I meant, ugh..."

Leafy tugs on Lollipop's arm and points to Lollipop, wanting to hear how she wants to improve herself. "Oh Leafy, I..." She sighs, "I wanna get back to being how I was, a cool girl, not a nut.."

Leafy starts to laugh. "What? What's so funny?" Lollipop asks, extremely confused.

"I taught Leafy some dirty jokes!" Pillow smiles.

"And I like- regret even letting her open her mouth," Ruby rubs her head tiredly, "Anyway, that's a great goal, Lollipop! I... Also heard about your delusions, and I'd like for us to work on that too," She suggests.

Lollipop folds her arms, "Alright..." And then looks up at the sky, wondering how she ever got into this mess in the first place.

"Firey... You remind me a lot of someone I used to know," Gaty sighs.

"Saw... She was nice...but her being so forgetful... It was hard to keep up with," Gaty looks up at Firey, "But you... You're getting worse. And the difference is that she got better with time. Do you get where I'm going with this?"

"Yeah..." Firey bites at his nails, worry coursing through him, "So one day, I won't know anything? Not even... Not even myself?"

"Maybe," Gaty shrugs, "But we still aren't even sure... Did you hit your head recently?"

"No, I don't think so," Firey mumbles.

"Any other symptoms?" Tennisball asks, but when Gaty gazes confused at him, he nervously responds, "Hey! I just wanna help too! Even if I'm a bit injured in many ways..."

"I uh... have been having a hard time with lots of tasks recently... Like, even when I burned Book's legs. I was having such a hard time! It's so hard to just..." He sighs, "It's just so hard to know what to say or do and do it right... I never used to be like this!" He exclaims, "I just don't know what to do!"

"Calm... please..." Match gasps and rubs her head, "Please... it makes my head hurt..."

"I'm surprised it's Firey with the memory problem and not you, Match, who can barely move because of the damage to her brain," Gaty points out, "It's almost like Firey's condition could only be..."

"Genetic!" Tennisball exclaims and then gets a bit embarrassed when he realizes he cut off Gaty, "Sorry..."

"It's... fine... and that IS what i was gonna say. But, again, it's fine," Gaty looks at Firey, "Do you have any relatives who might be forgetful like this?"

"Well," Firey thinks aloud, "I know that one of my cousins was pretty forgetful. I suddenly stopped hearing from him one day though... Um..."

"Do you know anything else about him?" Gaty asks.

"No..." Firey mumbles, uncomfortable, "Sorry..."

"It's fine," Gaty smiles sadly, "And I think I have a guess as to what you have.."

"What do you think it is?" Firey asks her, to which she would reply.

"Firey, do you know what dementia is?" She asks him. She isn't even sure if that's what he has, but that's what all the symptoms point to, so...

"No... Wait... Isn't that what old people get? Yuck," Firey sticks out his tongue, "I don't have that."

"Firey... You can get it at any age, and it presents differently in different age groups!" Tennisball explains nervously. He continues, "I researched this when I was still in school- Like... For kids, they may show signs first with blurry vision, same with young adults, while for older people, it's more about movement... But in the end, it all comes down to memory..." He sighs, "And Firey... Yours doesn't seem so good..."

Firey stares blankly past them all, eyes wide, mouth agape, a tear spilling out and hissing upon contact with his body of fire.

He whimpers, "I don't wanna forget everything..! I don't wanna!

Please! Not now!" He yells, burying his face in his hands, then shaking a bit, obviously crying.

Match pulls herself over to Firey and pats his arm gently, "Firey..." She whispers, "It'll be okay... You... Still get to see Leafy... just like how... I'll finally get to see... Pencil again and... get away from this... ow... pain..."

"Match. No," Gaty tries to pull her back, "You have to stay, please!" Gaty screams, her voice desperate.

"Gaty... sorry... I'm in... so much... pain... please... let me go..." Match tries to pull herself away, "Just... like a hurting pet in... so... so much pain... Let. Me. Go," She demands, her voice and body shaking, a tear rolling down her face.

And just like that, Gaty remembers what happened to Saw. Exactly. Vividly. The pain she suffered because she couldn't stop it.

So, with tears in her eyes, Gaty lets Match go.

She falls, flames engulfing her and then traveling down from her head to her body and then to her legs. "MATCH! NO!" Firey screams, "NO... I'm not... I'm not..."

"It was... her time..." Gaty sighs, "You're not a murderer..."

"This is horrible...!" Firey fries out, "Match is gone and it's all my fault and i can barely remember anything-"

"Do you want to talk to Leafy?" Gaty asks.

Firey sniffs, "Sure..."

It's nighttime now, well, not really. The sun still shines, but not as brightly.

Leafy sleeps peacefully for once, laying next to her new best friends - Lollipop and Ruby and Pillow. The four girls lay in the soft grass, ready to comfort eachother when they need it.

Leafy, sound asleep, is shaken awake at night by a pair of cold hands, "Leafy! Leafy! I have bad news!"

Leafy yawns and rubs her eye, looking up at the object illuminating the night. "I have bad news, Leafy," Firey whispers, "Match is... gone.. and I'm partly responsible.." He sniffs back tears so he won't extinguish his flame, but Leafy shrugs and lays back down, barely caring for that rude object who an ex-friend claimed was gone.

"And I have one more bad news..." Firey sighs "Gaty says I probably have dementia. Leafy... I don't wanna forget you!" He cries out and gasps lightly onto Leafy's hand. Her eye widens and she pats his arm with her free hand, trying to calm him, but getting herself upset.

Even if they aren't the best of friends anymore, she doesn't want him to forget her. In the end, they are great friends, and were, and always will be.

Even if Firey can't utter her name anymore, hold her hand, or recognize her face... It'll be okay. It'll be okay. You're okay. "Leafy..." Firey whispers, seeing her upset, "I'm sorry... but it's not my fault..."

He wipes some dry blood off of her face, "Oh Leafy... don't worry... I'll never forget you..."

She looks up at him and smiles- but not an insane one like usual- this time it's a genuine, soft smile. He smiles back, and under the clouds, the two stare into each others' eyes during the probable last time that the two would sit together with a look of recognition shared between them.

Soon, Leafy falls back asleep, and Firey sits down against a rock to rest. He looks at Leafy and, for the last time, would have a fresh memory of her in his mind...

Barf Bag explains the plan in detail to Gelatin, even going into some background knowledge he may not know of. The sky darkens as Barf Bag walks back to her group and Gelatin works out his own plan.

Distract the leader. Create diversion. Take the body. bring it back. Revive the hero. Distract the leader. Take the body. Revive the hero.

Distract the leader. Revive the hero.
Revive the hero.
Revive the hero
Revenge the hero

And unlike some others here, the memory of Golfball will not burn to a crisp, like Firey's memories or Match's life...

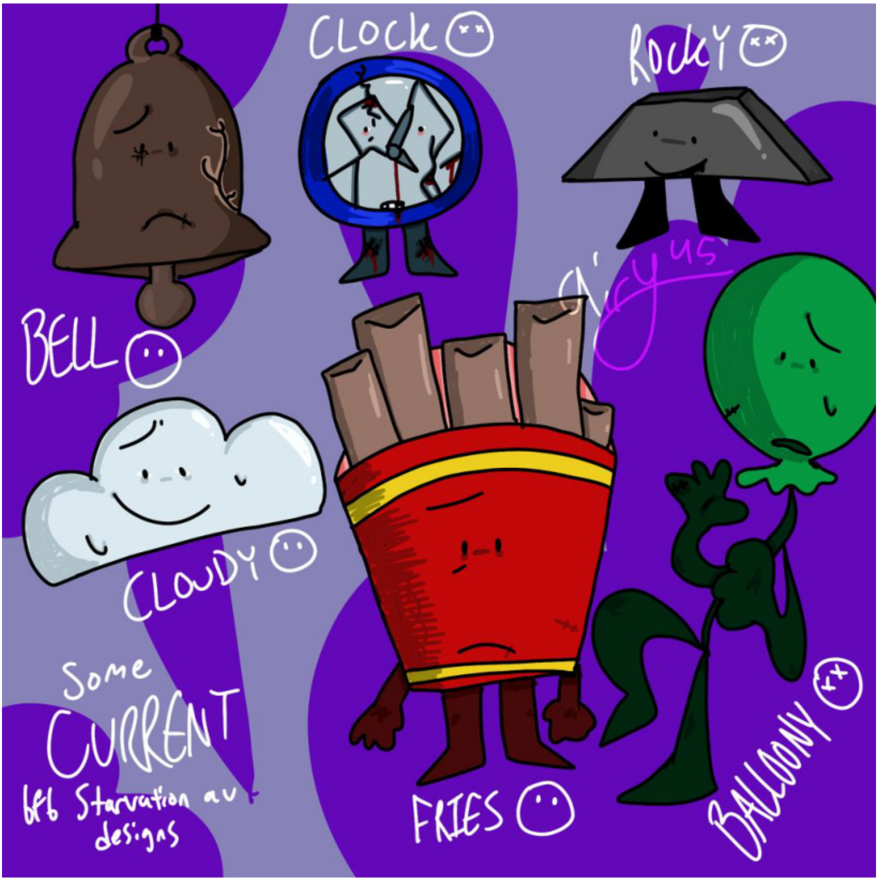
The memory of Golfball will live on...
UNTIL HER SOUL RETURNS TO THIS PLANET...

oh hey.. this book has almost been out for a whole year.. huh.

1542 words
24 october 2023

27 - "I wish you luck, happiness, and therefore, freedom from HER"

okay I'm doing tuesdays instead of wednesdays now- wait. no. it's a thursday. oops. oh well, thursdays are my favorite! that's a win for me ^^


CLOCK
ROCKY
BELL
CLOUDY
Some CURRENT bfb Starvation au designs
FRIES
BALLOONY

hope y'all like this!!! >:)

WARNING: blood, gore, mentions of dementia/memory loss, mentions of brainwashing, violence, weapons, tyranny, murder

Pin, after sending the explorers off to their tasks, returns to Roboty. "I. can't. believe. how. long. that. took! It's. dark. now!" She exclaims.

"-.-- . .- ...." Roboty agrees.

Pin's eyes dart around, "Is. anyone. else. here?"

".. - / .. ... / .--- ..- ... - / ..- ... .-.-.- / .-- .... -.-- ..--.." Roboty asks, confused.

"Just. in. case..." Pin sits down and writes down something on the paper.

".-- .... .- - / - .... . / .... . .-.. .-.. ..--.. -.-.-- / -.-- --- ..- / -.-. .- -. -. --- - / -.. --- / - .... .- - -.-.--" Roboty beeps loudly.

"Shhh... I. don't. want. anyone. to. know..." Pin whispers, "And. you. wouldn't. wanna. say. it. anyway- and. you. couldn't!"

Pin chuckles, "I've. always. wanted. to. be. a. leader. forever... and. for. things. to. be. FAIR... This. is. perfect! It. is. utopia!" She cheers and grabs onto Roboty's side.

".--. .. -. ..--.. -.-.-- ..--.. -.-.--" Roboty exclaims, scared for his life. Pin then glances around before slightly bending his antennae.

She knows that what she's doing is right. She's helping her people.

So why does she feel so bad?

Four sighs and slumps down next to Nine, "I miss X... I can't believe he left me for that traitor!"

"It's cool, bro!" Nine laughs, "I'd probably rather be with them than you too-"

"STOP!" Four screeches and Nine flinches.

"Chill out," Nine laughs nervously, "I was only HALF joking!"

"HALF joking! That's the issue!" Four yells, "You're also half-TRUTHING!" He screams at Nine, feeling mistreated.

"Uh, it would be half-true, not half-truthing," Eight mentions, slightly smug.

"I- whatever... I just miss X soooo much..." Four grumbles and covers his face. They then push themselves up and walk towards the seesaw.

"What are you doing?" Five asks.

"I'm going to find X..." Four stands up on the seesaw and flies up into the air, ready to head to X, find him, and bring him home.

Blocky stands and brushes himself off, "Phew... faking comfort is super hard..."

"Blocky!" Liy exclaims, "You shouldn't be saying that so loud!"

"That was a joke everyone!" Blocky yells out and then laughs, "See? Nobody responded. Nobody can hear us! We're fine."

"Hey Blockster!"

"AAAAH!" Blocky screams and falls back, "OH... Hey..." He laughs nervously, "Nice jumpscare, Gelatin..."

"Thanks!" Gelatin exclaims, "Oh, and so i don't start eating myself, can you tell me where the body pile is?"

"You already know this, jelly," Liy sighs, "We've BEEN there."

"Oh, but you know me!" Gelatin laughs, pointing to his head, "I have such a jello brain! Haha!"

Blocky sighs, "Fine. Let's go. Liy? Can you do it?"

"Ew, no, you know him better," Liy cringes and steps back.

"Fine, i'll get someone else to take him," Blocky turns around, "FIREY?!" He yells for the flame, startling him from his sleep and causing him to fall down.

"W- What?!" He yells.

"Take Gelatin to the bodies," Blocky instructs, annoyed and frustrated.

"Bodies?" Firey asks, "What are you talking about? And Gelatin? Who is-"

"The body pile," Liy clarifies.

"Oh! Yeah!" Firey nods, "But whos Gelatin?"

"You know me!" Gelatin laughs, "But yeah! I need help to go to the body piles! I'm starved!" He chuckles.

"Uh, umm... sure..." Firey walks up to gelatin and then leads him towards the area.

Along the way, the two talk together. "So, Gelatin, right? You're familiar," Firey remarks, rubbing his hand on his head.

"That's because we're friends!" Gelatin smiles, and, behind his hand, concealing the evidence that he was on Golfball's side. The spider-ish wiggly shape in his head from the bullet is now concealed under his hand, making Firey completely unaware of Gelatin's truth... or unaware of anything about Gelatin anyway.

Gelatin knows why Firey doesn't know him, and he's gonna use it and use it until FIREY is the one who appears as a villain instead of him. The two of them soon make it to the pile and they stop when they reach it.

"You needed food, right?" Firey asks and Gelatin nods.

"Yep!" He smiles, "I need to bring it to some buddies of mine. Is that okay?" He asks, knowing the answer will be yes.

"Of course!" Firey smiles on, "Go ahead! I'm gonna go back to my bed-i mean rock- now. Bye!" Firey waves and then starts to leave but Gelatin grabs his arm.

"Firey, listen, I wish you luck, happiness, and therefore, freedom from HER," Gelatin whispers, hoping that Firey does not notice his overdramatic tone used to persuade Firey, "So... don't trust Pin, the red thumbtack, okay?"

Firey nods, "Okay. Thanks! Bye!" Then, Firey walks away, leaving Gelatin alone to complete his part of the lab.

This is perfect...

Cloudy flies up from the ground after hours to which he sees... something odd...

The little sprout is now something else - growing potatoes. Small and non-edible, so Cloudy assumes he will need to rest there for a while longer. Though, despite that, he is excited. His collection is growing!

He looks into the distance as he sits, seeing he others build. He wonders to himself what they could be making. They seem to be smoothing wood and making planks...

"Okay! Robot Flower! Hand me the last plank!" Bell smiles and takes the plank from Robot Flower. She smiles widely and laughs, so happy, finally getting over her weakness from electrocutions so long ago, yet still so strong. She drops the plank down next to the others.

Finally, the floor is made, and they just have to stick it together. "How are we supposed to stick this?" Foldy asks and looks around for answers.

"Hmm..." Naily thinks and then gasps, gaining an idea, "That's it! I nailed it! Literally! You can use little MEs!"

"What?" Tree asks, confused.

"We can make little nails! We just need one hard thing to shape them and something to make them with!" Naily explains excitedly.

"I've got it!" Bomby cheers, "If it's okay with you guys, we can use Rocky's body as a hammer I think, and parts of Saw's body to make nails!"

"Wow, we're so resourceful!" Stapy laughs, "And before you ask, my staples barely even hold paper together, so we can't use them for this."

"Wow, thanks. We REALLY needed that, Stapy," Spongy rolls his eyes.

"Stinky sponge!" Marker sticks out his tongue.

"That literally contributes nothing," Firey Jr. states, trying to not laugh.

"Dadadadada!" Dora agrees with him, and so does Fries and Woody.

"Grassy wants to make nails!" Grassy cheers, running around the group.

"Grassy is right," 8-Ball nods, "Let's go. Now. And make those nails. So we can finish building this house for all of us."

And so, the group walks away, Cloudy watching from afar. He sighs and looks back down at the potatoes growing underneath him.

It would be way better to have ACTUAL water to help them grow. Rain too. How could it have not rained at all in a while?

Cloudy gets up, takes nutrients out of those potatoes, and spreads them out, putting them each in their own hole with dirt atop it. He decides to switch between them to ensure that more grow.

His collection is expanding!

It had been almost two years since Black Hole sucked up everything, only for Four to save them all, bring them to his show, and starve them.

It has been a little over a year since Golfball began her reign, hurting them all until her demise.

It had been a little over a month since Pin began her rule. No. A little over two months. Time flies during this rule, it's fair, and everyone seems to like it.

But that is not true. Everyone besides Pin with a leadership position sees through her "equal" and "kind" facade. She is just like Golfball. All she wants is control and eternal utopia.

However, this "eternal utopia" only has one thing it can end in —— Hell.

Gelatin drags Golfball's body through the forest and back to the outsiders.

They see the body and automatically cheer.

Their hero is almost home..!

And, with that done, Gelatin returns to where he thinks Pin is, ready to take the weapon that murdered Golfball.

He will take it, replace it with the brainwashing bullets gun, and bring it back.

This is perfect.

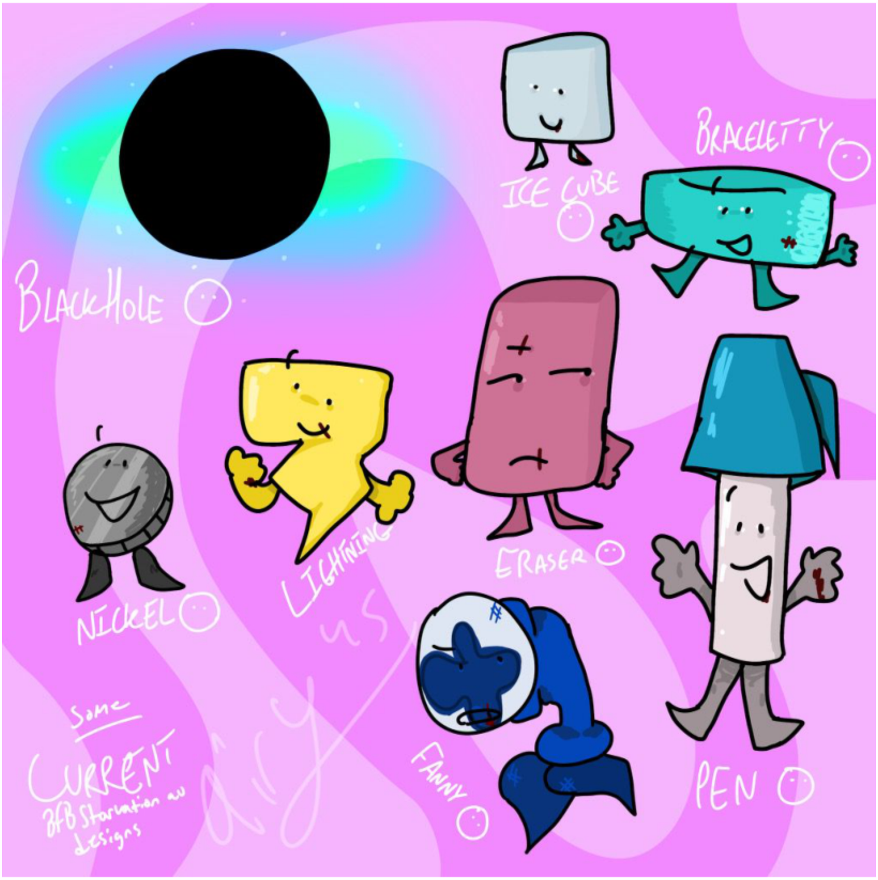
This is perfect.

And nothing can go wrong at all...

1397 words
2 november 2023

28 - "Doesn't count if she's still alive!"

twosday. oh shoot. I mean Thursday. AND I HAD SUCH A GOOD TUESDAY JOKE TOO- T^T /j


BLACK HOLE
ICE CUBE
BRACELETTY
LIGHTNING
ERASER
NICKEL
FANNY
PEN
Some CURRENT BFB Starvation au designs

hope y'all like this one!!

WARNING: tyranny, blood, cannibalism, gore, weapons, violence, abuse, insanity, memory loss, cursing/offensive language, starvation

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"Teardrop! Teardrop! This is amazing! I'm so happy!" Needle cheers, "We're gonna get to see everyone again! Oh my gosh, oh my gosh!!"

"No need to freak out," Barf Bag told her eyes and sighs, "There isn't much to live for anymore - here or there. And plus, seeing how fast they all died back then," She takes a deep breath in, and out, "We don't have much time left. And we haven't eaten in a long time, so say whatever meaningful sh#t you need to say to eachother before you die-"

"Oh I love you, TD!" Needle hugs Teardrop, "Wanna go out with me?" Teardrop nods frantically and Book shakes her head.

"I think Barf Bag meant in the next few months... not right now," She chuckles and so does Puffball.

"Yeah! But I would be careful if I were you, Teardrop!" Puffball smiles, "You could evaporate! Or worse, that evil Pin could use you as a water source to hydrate her!"

"Oh no..." Needle holds Teardrop close, "I won't let her get near TD..." She plants a quick kiss on Teardrop's cheek and her face flushes pink.

Yellowface laughs, "You want a wedding set up faster than ever? Then buy-"

Teardrop shakes her head quickly. "She's right, it's too soon," Needle nods and holds her close, a tear slipping from her eye. "How could this happen?" Needle bursts into tears, holding Teardrop closely.

"It looks like you two obviously haven't come to terms with reality like I have," Barf Bag looks up at the sky, "We need to get rid of that Pin person. Now. awe can't have her hurting everyone like G- like Four hurt us."

She stands up, talking as she does so, "Gelatin is out getting the weapon that murdered our t- our HERO... I guess... So we can revive her. But we need to do more to prepare for when she comes back to save us. Book? Remote? Puffball? What else do we need?"

"Well," Remote begins, "We will need, in addition to the body and weapon, some blood of the one whom she loves, some ice, and some salt."

"Tennisball!" Book snaps her fingers, "That's it! That's who she loves! We need some of his blood! But... How would we get that?"

It's silent for a minute before Yellowface yells out excitedly, "Need a way to get blood from a wound from a friend? Try this new spy tool kit for only-"

"Thanks, we'll take it!" Needle grabs it from him, drying her tears with the back of her hand, "How come we never used these ad powers of yours to get food?"

"It's not edible," Book explains, "Yellowface hasn't seen or eaten real food in forever, and stuff, so the food won't even be edible! Don't ask how I know this..."

"But then how would we get ice? And salt?" Needle questions, "I guess we could-"

"ICE CUBE AND FRIES!" Puffball yells, grinning mischievously, "I could get some salt from one of Fries's fries! And-"

"Ah ice chunk from Ice Cube," Remote nods.

"Th-" Puffball scowls, "That's what I was gonna say-"

"So, now that we know what we need, let's get it!" Needle smiles and so does Teardrop. They help eachother stand and Teardrop gives Needle a hug. She smiles and then takes a step back and makes a motion with her hands, as if brandishing a sword. "That's right! It one of us is gonna get the chunk of Ice from Icy, we're gonna need a sword or something!" Needle realizes this and then scratches her head, deep in thought, "Yellowface, do you have a sword product?"

"Nope, there is none, Needy!" Yellowface laughs and Needle slaps him across the face.

"Don't call me Needy!" She screams at him and then Teardrop pulls her back and shakes her head. "Right, sorry Yellowface," Needle frowns, "We should stick together!"

"Exactly right!" Puffball smiles, "I get I can still trick Fries into giving me some salt on a fry of his- even if he DOES know my true intentions..."

"Ice Cube!" Yellowface yells out excitedly.

"And I guess TD and I will get Tennisball's blood," Needle smiles and Teardrop gives a thumbs up.

"But then what will Book, Remote, and I do?" Barf Bag asks, confused.

"We should clear the area so we have room for the summoning," Remote explains calmly and excitedly. She smiles and gestures out to the trail that leads to the rest of the objects, "Go on, Yellowface, Puffball, Teardrop, Needle... We'll be waiting."

And thus, the group parts ways, ready to begin what will soon be a world like the one they once knew...

Four glides across the sky, searching for his beloved friend...

He flies over many many groups of his last contestants. But he is mainly looking for X... Maybe they can help them find him?

He lands infront of Cloudy, who flinches. "WHERE IS X?!" Four demands.

Cloudy trembles, "I- I don't know..!"

"TELL ME!" Four screams and punches Cloudy, causing... nothing to really happen. He's a cloud, what do you expect?

Four grows and Cloudy whimpers, "I- I may have seen him in the main area with Pin and Two-"

"Okay," Four takes a deep breath in and out and then flies away again. Cloudy shudders, remembering how sadistic Four was, likely still is, and what he could do to him. He checks each of the potato plants - All still sprouts... Ugh.

Four lands down in front of X, "X! You're coming back with me!"

"N- Four?" X asks, stepping back, "But I like it here..."

"It's Four AND X, not just Four... I need you!" Four cries out, "I'm a monster without you... I need balance! You're the yin to my yang, bab- X! Please? X... Please...?!" He grabs onto his friend's hand, glaring at Pin and Two who were staring, "X... Please-"

"I LIKE IT HERE!" X yells, tears in his eyes, "I saw that everyone here was suffering and some were dead and... And I really thought Flower would win, but she's..." He cries, "SHE'S DEAD! Nooo... Everyone is gonna die! It's like losing a pet..."

"Are. we. objects. just. pets. to. you?" Pin asks, her voice sounding offended and angry with a hint of malice.

"No! Not at all!" Two laughs and nudges X, "Right, X?" They laugh nervously and so does X.

"Yeah! Yeah!" He looks away, "You're really scary sometimes, Miss

Pin..."

"Thank. you. X!" Pin smiles.

"Back to me and you, why won't you come with me?!" Four yells at him and grabs their arm tightly.

"Let me go! You're mean!" X cries out.

"I just want to be loved again, X!" Four screams at him and grips their arm righting, making X whimper.

"F- Four... please..." He sobs, "Let me go... I-" Their face turns to anger, "You're mean and I- I- I HATE YOU!"

Four's eyes widen and his grip tightens, "What did you say..?" His grip tightens even more, "I'll kill all of these objects and Two if it means you'll be with me!"

"I... Don't kill then all! I'll do anything!" X cries, "I'll be with you forever..." He sniffs, "Please, I... I promise I'll do it.. Just don't hurt them.."

Four leans forward and cups X's face in his hands, "Oh X..." They grin, "This is amazing..."

And then, as they hug, Four suddenly feels a pain course through his backs and something warm trickling down it... An arrow in his back.

Lollipop shudders and looks up at he sky, "Why is it suddenly so cold?" She whispers.

"It's not cold got me..." Ruby shrugs, "I don't know what that could be!"

Pillow comes walking back to them, "Bell told me it's time to kill Pin!"

"W- What?" Ruby asks, slightly scared. Leafy looks around and then starts shaking Lollipop.

"What's wrong?" Lollipop asked, Leafy glances around frantically, tying to figure out how to communicate. She gets an idea and grabs a nearby stick. She streaks it in the ground, drawing something. "What's that? Uh..." Lollipop scratches her head, confused.

"Is that... Bubble?" Ruby asks, then looking at Lollipop and ignoring when Leafy shakes her head, "Oh, sorry, are you still crushing on her even if-" Ruby sighs, "I'm... Sorry. Don't wanna, like, upset you."

"I'm fine," Lollipop sighs, trying not to cry.

"And do you not want me to mention Flower either? Or Taco? Or Tear-"

"It doesn't count if she's still alive!" Lollipop tries to laugh and cheer herself up, but when seeing Pillow frown, is confused, "What? What did I say?"

"Bottle," Pillow looks away, a bit of a regretful expression on her face, "Is it bad to miss someone who's gone?"

Ruby's face softens and she wraps an arm around Pillow, "Not at all..."

"It's time, Blocky," Liy walks up to him, "I just convinced the hunters and explorers to join us."

"Same here with the farmers," Blocky rubs his arm, "Some of them art gonna talk to the hospital and asylum patients and workers, and some with the outsiders."

Liy nods but then stops, noticing Blocky's nervous behavior, "What's wrong?" She questions.

"What if your revolt against her fails? What if our fake-trust with her wasn't strong enough?" He asks, "She's JUST like Golfball... She must have minions too. We can't let her become like that tyrant! Why is she even fit to rule anyway?"

"I don't know, and that's why new need to revolt! We need to think more about what we're gonna do... Not just dive into tyranny or communism," Liy glanced behind her? feeling as if she was being watched. She then turns back to Blocky, "So... Did you agree on a time with them?"

"Oh yeah, in year 2763," Blocky puts a hand on his hip.

"2763?! We won't even live that long! We-"

"It was something called a JOKE, okay Liy?" Blocky rolls his eyes, "We agreed on doing it around sundown!"

"Same!" Liy smiles, "Alright..! Let's get moving!"

So, they head towards Pin.

"It's almost sundown..." Liy whispers, "Do you think we're gonna time the ambush right?"

"Probably," Blocky shrugs, "I dunno." They keep walking.

"Look, Blocky!" Liy yells, "We're almost there!"

"Shh..." Blocky puts a finger to his mouth as the two step behind Pin's back. Other groups walk up behind the trees and aim their weapons.

The challenge is over.
Time to truly be free.
This is our miracle.

Get rid of her, she's just like Golfball.

Sundown is almost here.

Begin the revolt in three...

Two...

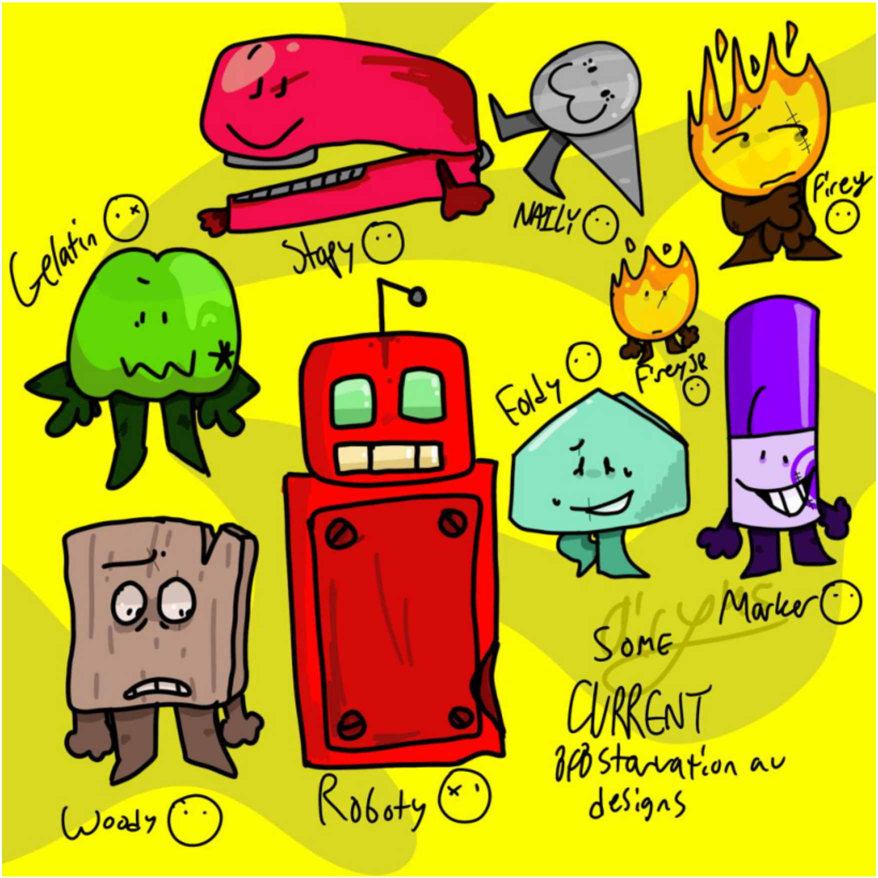
One...

NOW.

1805 words
9 november 2023

29 - "we LOVE you"

THURSDAY YEHEHEAHH! finally got it right lol


Gelatin
Stapy
NAILY
Firey
FireyJR
Foldy
Marker
Woody
Roboty
SOME CURRENT BFB Starvation au designs

hope y'all like this.. > >:D

WARNING: blood, cannibalism, violence, tyranny, cursing/offensive language, death, insanity, gore

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An arrow pierces Four's back and he stumbles over, knocking X over and landing the two of them sprawled out on the ground. Then, an arrow flies in at Two's leg and it causes them to wobble and fall, whining it man pain.

Pin cringes and steps back, her eyes wide, seeing her two companions and one of equivalent power all down at her feet.

Just then, an arrow whizzes by her, followed by a quiet, "Oh sh#t..."

She raises an eyebrow and slowly turns around, finding Pen standing behind a tree. "Oops..." He whispers and start to run away, his eyes wide and sweat dripping down his face, fearing the worst. Please don't let Pin get them up... Please don't murder me... Please...

Pin glances around suspiciously before bending down and plucking the arrow out of Four's leg. She takes a deep breath in and out and, with a serious expression, reaches out her hand to them.

Four stares at her for a moment, bewildered, surprised, suspicious, and confused. After all he has done, why would she bell a sadistic monster like him?

But he takes her hand anyway and she helps him up, "Are. you. hungry?" She asks, her voice dry, yet kind, and even her hinting that the words she is saying aren't even what she truly means, but a metaphor. Bloodlust?

Four chuckles and cracks his knuckles, "Oh those idiots..." He smirks, "Yeah, I'm feeling awfully hungry..." He thrusts his hand toward and w large laser shoots out of it, obliterating the tree ahead of him, "Time to make those losers pay for ruining my dream!"

"Good," Pin smiles sweetly and plucks the arrow out of Two's leg too, "Two! You. and. X. should. help. to... I'm. sure. you. all. have. at. least. one. object. here. that. you. despise!"

Four turns to X and smiles, holding it their hand, and trying to sound serious, "Will you... be my Dream Island?"

X stares blankly at Four for a moment before taking his hand, "No. But I'll be X. Not YOUR Co-host. Not YOUR Dream Island."

Four smiles widely and genuinely, "That's fine with me..."

"Enough of this," Two pushed themself in between the two of them, "We have to round them up! They could get hurt!"

Pin nods, "Right... Let's. get. a. move. on!"

Pen runs and runs before bumping into Eraser. Eraser looks up and down, confused, "Wha-"

"I missed! They're after us! They're after our group!" He tried to run more but his legs give out, "Gah! My ankle..." He hisses in pain and Eraser looks down at it.

"Eugh... Looks busted," He hoists Pen up onto his back, "Oh damn, you're heavy!"

"Sorry sorry," Pen bits his lip anxiously, "Probably the water I drank-"

A beam of light narrowly missed the two of them.

"RUN!" Pen yells and Eraser's eyes widen. He runs as quick as his legs can carry him. Far behind them, voices ring out.

"You almost hurt them, Four! We don't wanna hurt them, just round them up!"

"Ugh... Fine..."

Pen and Eraser run and run, Pen being carried by Eraser. "Eraser, I have to go!" Pen squirms, and he carefully jumps off of Eraser and then Eraser skids to a halt.

"Go where?!" Eraser yells at him, confused and angry, "We need to keep running! Where will you even get with your broken ankle?"

"The lavatory! I have to go!" Pen rushed behind a tree to... do what he needs to do.

"Pen, they're gonna catch up to us! What the hell are you doing?" Eraser yells, "You shouldn't have frank a lot of water, you idiot!"

"I-"

"Wait. Shhh," Eraser looks behind him, an eyebrow raised. The same voices ring out, this time talking about maybe stopping, but then screams soon ring out... The other groups got to them.

This will be perfect...

"Are you done, Pen?" Eraser asks impatiently, very annoyed, "We need to go help in the fight!"

"Just a minute!" Pen laughs nervously, quickly scrambling back to Eraser, "Okie dokie! Let's get a over on!" Pen rushes, careful not to hurt his ankle again, back from where he came and so does Eraser.

The two weave and rush through the trees, trying to find he rest of the groups. Pen rushes behind Eraser but almost falls over him when he abruptly stops. "What?!" Pen runs his ankle, "Why'd you stop? I almost fell!"

Eraser puts a finger to his lips and Pen peeks around Eraser. Pin is stepping on Liy, Liy's face filled with fear and Pin's filled with malice.

Two stands behind some other groups, watching to make sure they don't do anything tricky. Eraser stumbles forward when Pen wobbles, and the two of them are caught mid-fall by one of Four's lasers that holds them in place.

He drags them over to Two, who pushes them into the group of objects infront of them. Two stares out at Pin and Liy, unsure if they are doing the right thing.

Is this what they really want?

"Liy, are. you. the. leader. of. this. offensive. joke?" Pin demands, stepping harder and almost crushing Liy's ribs.

"Ow ow owwww!" Liy cries out screaming and clutching her side. She tries to take deep breath but her breath hitches in her throat when Pin kicks her.

"Answer. me!" Pin screams at her, "I. don't. want. to. hurt. you, but. it's. a. fair. punishment. for. putting. everyone. else. in. danger!"

"I'm..." Liy winces, "I'm sorry... I'm- ack!- sorry... Pin... And yes, I- *cough*- did this..." She bites her lip in pain, her lungs struggling to get oxygen.

She groans, rubbing her side. Pin lifts her up and gently rubs her head, "Shh... It's. ok, Liy... We. all. love. and. adore. you, as. we. do. all. of. us. objects... You. don't. run. from. your. own. mama... You. all. are. loved. here, and. are. safe... Do. you. realize. your. mistake, Liy?"

Liy sniffs back tears, her eyes fluttering open and closed, her feelings oddly relaxed by Pin's calming voice and her rubbing Liy's head, "Y... Yeah... I guess I- *cough* was wrong... This isn't a government... This is a family.. Right?" Liy asks and Pin smiles softly, and yet with a hint of malign.

"Liy, no..." Blocky whispers and cowers behind Woody, who flinches and covers his eyes.

Pin strokes Liy's head gently and motherly, "Oh. my, Liy, your. chest. is. all. hurt... I'll. have. Gaty. fix. you. up. right. away..." Pin gently kisses the top of her head, "How. would. you. like. being. my. judge again. and. making. sure. everything. is. fair. and. equal?"

Liy closes her eyes and nods slowly, "Mhmm... Thanks- *cough*- Pin..."

"Alright, Two! Send. everyone. back. to. there. groups! But. one. of. you must. supervise. them! Okay?" Pin asks Two, X, and Four to which they all nod.

The rise of another hell is beginning to surface.

Cloudy looks up at the sky, wondering how Balloony is doing now. They were good friends and now Balloony is gone and he was trying to ignore it but...

He sighs, flying up and switching to another plant to nurture. He hears voices in the distance. Is that... X...?

Cloudy was right. Their group, accompanied by X, is walking towards him.

"Hi, Cloudy!" X smiles and waves, "I'm here to watch you for Pin!"

"Oh uh... nice...?" Cloudy looks away, unsure as to X's true intentions. As he looks away he notices that one of his plants is wilting, "Oh no! My potatoes!"

"Lemme have a look.." X walks over and kneels infront of the sapling, checking it, "Hmm... Last time I was growing plants in my Aloe Vera garden, and it was wilting, Four froze it or heated it more... But I think all this plant needs is a bit more attention than the others! Heheh! Just like someone who's upset!"

Cloudy smiles, maybe he'll trust X. They're helpful and kind and knowledgeable.. What could go wrong?

"Thanks, X," Cloudy chuckles a bit, "Now my collection can grow!"

"You're welcome!" X grins and then turns to the others, "Okie DokieN Show me what you're working on! I wanna help!"

The others lead X away, and Cloudy returns to working on the plants. With the others in that groups they fearfully show X what they were doing.

"We just need Rocky to use as a hammer and parts of Saw to use as nails," Foldy explains.

"Alright... um..." X thinks aloud, "Maybe... You, Stapy, and Marker could get it? I know you are friends-" X pauses, "Right?"

Stapy nods, "Yep! C'mon Marker! Foldy! Let's go get the stuff!"

Market and Foldy both rush to Stapy and the three begin to walk way. Once they are out of earshot, Marker asks, "Wait. So do we like or... not like Pin now?"

"Cool!" Marker smiles, "Maybe she can lay toss the dirt with me sometime?"

Stapy chuckles, "Heheh, Maybe!"

"Look guys! We made it to the pile!" Foldy gestures excitedly to it, "Now let's get the stuff! I'm so excited to get w. house so we can get out of this heat-" She shivers, "-Or cold? Since when was it so cold?"

Market shrugs and Stapy looks up at the sky, "Yeah, clouds are dark too. We should get back with the materials before it gets windy and you blow away, Foldy."

"Haha... Yeah..." Foldy looks down, "Let's go." She ties Rocky to her leg so she can drag hm along while she walks. Marker picks up Saw, and then the three of them traverse back to their group.

When they return, X and the others are waiting, ready with more wood. "Hey you three!" X waves, "We decided to build a prison- new and improved- first... Along with a hospital room... Is that okay with you?" They ask, a bit nervous, "Safety over comfort... right?"

Marker smiles, "I don't understand a word you said but okay! Here's Saw," He drops the body on the ground and Foldy unties Rocky from herself.

"It's good for me too," Stapy nods and so does Foldy.

"Yay!" X smiles, "Let's get building!"

Four squints his eyes and glares are the hunters and explorers, "Now I don't want any complaining, you hear?"

The rest nod, bored and defeated.

Unlike the opinions of the farmers, the hunters and explorers find this new system to be a new hell.

Two sits next to the workers and patients of both the asylum and the hospital.

"I'm sorry about Pin," They sigh, tending to the wounds of Liy, "She means we'll she just... doesn't know how to show and explain it."

"Ugh, tell me about it," Lollipop rolls her eyes, "She was giving me flashbacks to Match and my girlie. Whatever happened to that b#tch anyway?"

"She's dead," A dry voice behind her says.

She turns around to face them, "Firey? Aren't you supposed to be with the hunters?" Her eyes widen, "Are you.. ditching?"

"No, no..." He bites his lip, "And uh... I don't even now what you're... speaki- talking about."

"He went to help Gelatin find the body like earlier..." Gaty looks up at Lollipop, "I guess he only just got back now... with dementia taking its toll on him," She hen looks over to Firey, "Firey... did you have your talk with Leafy?"

"Who's- Oh yeah, the girl who won the first challenge to make the teams with Pin? Yeah... I haven't talked to her in a while," He looks up at the sky, "I don't even know this place... And it's so cold! Brrr..." He shivers, rubbing his arms.

Very looks sadly at Lollipop, thinking of how she was gonna explain the situation to Firey, but seeing as how he doesn't remember much anymore, the time must be coming soon... VERY soon...

Gaty blinks a few times and looks up at the sky, thinking... She's glad Leafy isn't nearby to hear this. Ruby is giving her a bite of a tour now, and she would be devastated to hear that Firey barely remembered her, or anything else for that matter, anymore... But she's gonna know eventually, and very doing at that.

"Hey Two!" Pillow taps them, "I have feelings!"

"That's... good to know, I guess?" Two shrugs and looks down at their hand, the creepy crawly having went under the skin and is now under the skin of their forearm, and slowly crawling deeper and deeper and higher and higher...

They scratch at it, and it crawls higher. Their hands tremble. They fear becoming like Puffball and the others controlled by the brainwashing bullets Golfball created. They blink back tears, look away, and close their eyes.

Maybe things will get better now with Golfball gone, and with a better government set. Yeah...

Maybe things are looking up.

Leafy and Ruby walk hand in hand. Ruby makes a motion with her hand, "And THIS means food. Do you get it now?"

Leafy nods and lets go of Ruby's hand. she makes a few motions with her own. "Where is Firey? That's what you signed?" Ruby questions to which leafy nods. She sighs, "I don't know... I'm sorry..."

Leafy moves her hand around a bit again and h b points to the sky, the clouds extremely dark and a light wind beginning to blow. Leafy grabs onto Ruby so she won't blow away. Ruby chuckles, "Silly Leafy... Firey won't get hurt! Even if it does rain, which I doubt, like, he's smart enough to evade it..." She then bites her lip, now nervous, "But he also might not... Come on Leafy, let's go make sure he's, like, safe. And fast, if that'll make you- like- feel better... Okay?" Ruby asks and Leafy nods.

Just as the two are about to begin walking back...

A small droplet of water makes a splash on Ruby's shoulder...

2337 words
16 november 2023

30 - A Miracle

yes it is Thursday. hope y'all like this chapter!! ALSO 20K READS??? WHAT?!?! Thank you so much!!!! ^^

WARNING: blood, guns, MAJOR CHARACTER DEATHH!!, weapons, memory loss, violence, guts, cursing/offensive language, tyranny, cannibalism, starvation, dehydration, insanity

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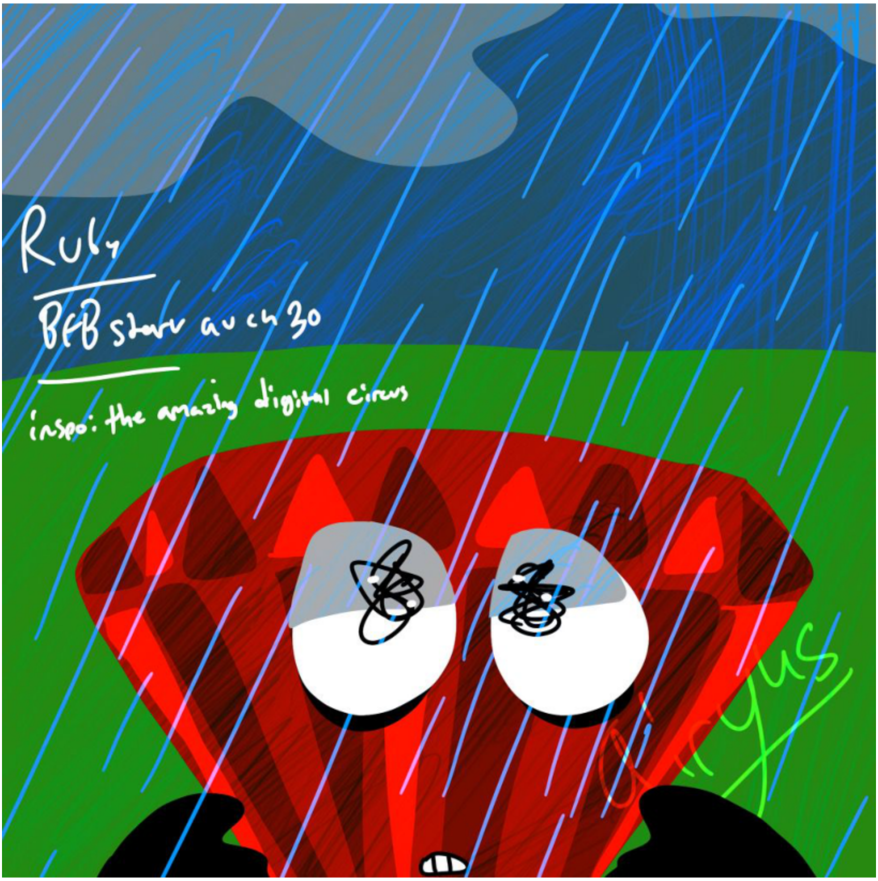
Immediately after the drop of rain hitting her, Ruby begins to squeal, "AAA! Rain rain rain!"


Ruby
BFB starr au ch 30
inspo: the amazing digital circus
airyus

She looks up at the sky and opens her mouth, drops falling in and quenching her thirst... Finally... Finally... W-

WATER. Leafy giggles and giggles and laughs and laughs, trying to catch all the water in her mouth. Thirst. Hunger. Need to eat.

Leafy, water from the rain spilling out of her mouth, states wide-eyed at Ruby... And Ruby can tell it's not just shimmers, communication, and recognition that Leafy wanted...

She was wrong...

It was FRESH MEAT.

Cloudy stares wide-eyed up at the sky, seeing rain start to fall from above... The plants will be watered! His job is done!

He opens his mouth and rain falls into it, a smile spreading across his face. He closes his eyes and relaxes, feeling peaceful with the rain falling around him...

His eyes snap wide open. He should set up containers to catch the water for later!

He quickly flies over to the body pile and pops Basketball's corpse, taking the plastic texture as bringing it back. He sets it down in the shape of a bowl and watches excitedly as it collects water...

Turns out, others had the same idea.

X screams, "Rain! Rain! We have to dig a big hole and get water to-"

"Let's make a pond!" Spongy tells and the entire group begins to constantly and crazily dig and dig... looking to create a basin of water so that they all don't dehydrate again.

Black Hole then gasps in awe, staring up at the sky. He flies up to the clouds, searching and searching for the cloud with the most rain.

Even if he's a black hole, he's thirsty, and nobody seems to why that. Especially those still on the ground, telling for him to not take away what will quench their thirst.

He knows they won't get hurt or die, he already found a bar of water out here. That jar... someone must have left it out here. But who? Certainly not the algebraliens, they don't need water. Certainly not any of the objects, they don't have resources.

So then... Who did it?

Black Hole reaches a cloud and glides towards it.

Time to quench his thirst...

Lollipop looks up a the sky as it starts to rain... She can't believe it... is it real? Or just another hallucination?

"Tennisball, can you... feel that...?" She asks quietly, rubbing her head.

Tennisball nods, "Yeah... Oh. OH YES I DO!" He grins widely, and the water alls into his mouth. Lollipop, Gaty, Pillow, and Two do the same. As for Firey...

Water droplets land i him and sizzle. "Ow ow!" He gasps, trying to fry himself off... but he can't. He runs into the forest, but not even the trees will block the rain.

He gasps, stopping from rubbing and trying to catch his breath. He wheezes and his muscles, like they have been, ache. He sinks down onto the ground. What had he been doing?

This is no miracle to him.
This is hell.

He sticks out his hand infront of his face, but not even his own hand is familiar to him. His voice cracks, "I think I'm dying..."

Tears spring into his eyes as he feels his flame slowly sniffing out. He closes his eyes. All of this... it's finally over... The hunger and the suspicion and-

I REMEMBER...

His eyes snap back open just in time to see a bright light consume him...
Then it all fades to dark.

Ice Cube watches in horror as Black Hole sucks up the clouds, depriving her of the water she needed. "I want REVENGE!" She screams at him.

"Yeah!" Braceletty yells and throws a stick at Black Hole, but he just absorbs it.

"Ugh, you idiot! You just wasted a resource!" Fanny scolds her loudly, "I HATE you!"

"Well then I hate you too!" Braceletty punches Fanny, and she falls onto the ground, her lip bleeding, "Oh no... I'm so sorry-"

"LOOK WHAT YOU'VE F#CKING DONG, YOU WASTE OF SPACE!" Fanny screams at the top of her lungs, "ZAP HER LIGHTNING!"

"I..." Lightning sighs, "Okay..."

"You don't have to do it!" Nickel suddenly yells, his eyebrows furrows with concern, "It's not worth it... You'll make yourself hungrier..."

"Nickel is right," Eraser comments, "For once."

"But Black Hole is still being a jerk!" Pen informs the others quite loudly.

Black Hole flies back down to them from the sky, "I found more water."

"Okay, we love you now!" Pen smiles and spreads his arms out wide, "Take us!"

"Sure, I'll lead the way... that's okay, Four?" Black Hole asks.

Four sighs, "Okay... Fine... I just need to supervise you all still." He smiles anxiously, trying to be nicer.

Coiny noticed this and smiles too, but can't shake the feeling that Firey isn't doing well. Should he... check on him?

Coiny shakes his head. No... He's fine! Coiny just thinks he's probably being... a little paranoid, then... He's just being silly! Plus, he's parched! He really needs the water. So... He follows the others to where they wanted to go.

Little does he know, he should have checked with his suspicions...

And little do they all know, they are intentionally wandering into what will soon become a bloody battle...

Ruby rubs and rubs, huffing and puffing and wheezing, trying to get away from Leafy. She's so consumed in that that she almost fell on Pillow, "Oh Pillow! I- I'm so- so-"

"It's fi- Oh Leafy!" Pillow smiles slightly, "Guess wha- Ow! What are you doing?!" Pillow tried to get Leafy off of her, "Stop biting me or else I'll just kill you!"

She punches Leafy and Leafy winced, rubbing her eye. This seemed to snap her out of her hunger and she looks up at Ruby with wide, wet eyes.

She signs with her hands and halfway through, Ruby wraps her into a big hug, "I'm so- You don't have to be like, sorry... It's not your fault... It's like, mine..." She sniffs back tears and pulls away from Leafy, "I should have noticed that you were like, hungry..."

Leafy smiles slightly and hugs her back tightly, even rubbing Ruby's head too. But when they both realize they aren't watching they looks up to find the rain had stopped. They need to look for Firey..!

Leafy pulls away and signs with her hands, "Right!" Ruby exclaims, "We need to check on Firey!" The two, together, head into the forest to search for Firey.

Turns out, their expectations are not even close to what they will find...

Black Hole leads the rest towards where he saw water, trying to gain back their trust. However, he cannot find it. It wasn't an illusion, was it? Is he going crazy like Lollipop and Leafy?!

But, sure enough, he sees a small pond, and knows that he's still sane, "Here it is..."

The others immediately rush towards it, scooping water into their mouths. "Hey!" Bell yells, "Thats ours! Go away!" She hits Pen over and he falls back.

"Ow!" He yelps.

"Yeah!" Grassy pushes Eraser away.

"Hey, Grassy," Pin crawls towards him, "How about you and I... Have some water together? After I... hoed raise you and all for almost a year-"

"This is Grassy's water!" He shoved Pen away angrily.

"MINE!" Nails kicks Fanny out of the way, and takes a sip, "I nailed it!"

"I HATE YOU!" Fanny kicks Naily back and takes a sip of her own. As expected, this... goes in for a while... until...

"Four!" X yells, "This is OUR water! Go away!"

"We found it first!" Four folds his arms.

"We MADE the basin!" They tell at Four and he backs up.

"I... Okay... come on..." He t used to pull those that he's supposed to supervise away, but they pull back.

"No! WE ARE THIRSTY!" Braceletty kicks Four, "ZAP HIM!"

Lightning zaps Four, then diving into the water to drink, completely parched.

She gets pulled back up by Cloudy who throws her to the side, "Guys! I collected more wa-"

"F#CK OFF!" Fanny whirls her propellers and Cloudy fades into mist.

"You killed him!" He shouts angrily at Fanny, "MORE WATER, B#TCHES!" She laughs and runs over to where Cloudy came from, her group close behind.

Tree shakes his head in disbelief. How did this joyus miracle of water turn into such a brutal brawl?

And before he knows it, people in his own group begin to argue about all this. His side burns with pain and he winces, sinking down to his knees in front of a nearby tree.

He watches them all fight for water and he smiles to himself, glad that those like Bottle, Pie, and Loser didn't have to see all this hell. He clos s his eyes, wishiny he was more like them, not having to witn as more rain than they could comprehend.

However unbeknownst to him, his wish, witihin the next few days, would come true.

Pin watches as the last drop of rain falls and she sighs, "At. least. I. got a. few. sips, right? Roboty?"

Roboty doesn't beep.

Pin laughs, "Oh. silly. me! I. forgot. I. mare. it. so. you. can. ONLY. recount. history! Hmhm... hehehehe...!"

Roboty suddenly starts beeping and Pin scrambles to scribble it down, "What? Cloudy. is. dead? Black. Hole. stole. the. clouds? Everyone. is. fighting. for. water?!" Pin stands up, "I. HAVE. to. see. this!"

And so, Pin rushes away, only to just miss some hint crucial that Roboty was just about to share...

Puffball hovers above Fries, her face teistef into a grin. This is perfect...

She flies down in front of him and says in her sweet, melodic, of innocent voice, "Hey Fries..!"

"AH! PUFFBALL!" Fries flinches, "You scared me... Wait." He pauses, "Didn't Golfball..."

"I'm CRAVING some salty food," She flies closer, "Oh please give me a bite..."

"No!" Fries tries to push her away but she swoops in and steals a fry.

"Hehe! Thanks!" She giggles and quickly flies away, back to her group.

Now, with the others, they share similar situations.

Needle and Teardrop hide behind a tree, watching Tennisball get distracted when the rain ends.

"Shh, TD, or he'll notice us!" Needle whispers harshly, "Since you're quiet, you should probably go ahead and get the blood from him..."

Teardrop nods and takes the spy thing. She runs over to Tennisball and scratches his head with the tool, getting a few drops of blood in a tissue, and runs away just in time before he yells out in pain, wondering who caused him to suddenly bleed.

Yellowface hops up behind Ice Cube, who is running... somewhere. He doesn't care! He starts to speak, "Did you ever wanna get a goal with a spear? Then try this special product!"

"Wha?" Ice Cube asks.

Yellowface grabs the spear from his ad and takes a chunk of ice from her and hops away smiling.

Ice Cube whimpers, obviously in pain.

Gelatin walks throughout the trees, seeing Pin running somewhere. He must get the gun...

He watches the pocket on her boot, seeing that it's currently slightly falling apart... He smiles and watches as it almost slips out...

He takes the brainwashing bullets gun and walks up to Pin. "Hey Red Girl!" He giggles and waves and Pin stops running.

"Oh. hey, Gelatin," She smiles anxiously.

"I wanted to offer you somethin'! Lion what I found!" He shows her the gun, "Its a SIX-SHOT! Yours is one! And you used it. Wanna trade-"

"Gimme!" Pin grabs it and also grabs her own gun from her pocket. She switched them, putting Gelatin's in her boot pocket and giving hers to Gelatin.

"Thanks!" Gelatin smiles and walks away with the gun that killed Golfball.

This miracle...
That tyrant...
It's time to bring our hero back from the dead...

---

oh yeah, and here's an animatic of chapters 1-30!! 31-40 will be posted once the book is over. CHECK THIS OUT PLS!!!

https://youtu.be/L6fMdh2D46U?si=QtSDB-0unRQO9mEz

2059 words
23 november 2023

31 - 6 feet underneath

OH MY TREE!! THURSDAY!!
also just realized how many spelling errors there are in this book because I write and write with the flow of some weird creative thing and forget to check the spelling.. lol

anyways, hope y'all like this one...

WARNING: death, memory loss, blood, gore, starvation, dehydration, cannibalism, guns, weapons, violence, graveyards

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Leafy and Ruby, hand in hand, search through the forest for Firey. They look high, low, and everywhere in-between, but they still can't find the light that turns Leafy's frown upside down and her delusions to dust.

Leafy bites her tounge as to not cry, wondering if something bad perhaps happened to him. He's smart, but she knows dementia is taking its toll on him. But he can't have just disappeared! Where could he have gone?

As she's walking, her attention is to her own thoughts, so she only realizes she was about to fall when Ruby grabe her arm to stop her. She doesn't speak, only gesturing forward.

Leafy follows Ruby's gaze to find what she was scared of...

Unconscious, laying on the grass, is Firey. Leafy grabs his arm but it's...

Cold?

And his flame... it's smaller...

Dead.

But... he looks so peaceful...

Ruby pulls Leafy away, "Leafy, let's like- go... You've been staring at his body for fifteen minutes..."

Leafy slowly signs 'sorry', then grabbing onto Ruby's hand, taking one last look at Firey, and then shedding a tear.

The two walk back to the others, Leafy's usually wide grin now no happier than one who's standing infrontof death himself.

Pin runs towards where she sent the farmers, wanting to witness this "fight for water" and also put an end to it. If Cloudy is dead, then they have no way to tend to the plants besides using he water that the other objects are trying to drink! She has to stop them!

She then catches up to where the farmers are and they are all gathered in a circle, drinking the water from an object-made pond. They're all getting pushed and shoved around by each other. This is NOT allowed.

"Hey! No. fighting!" Pin scolds them, then outing a hand on her up and continuing, "What. are. you. all. doing? The. water. should. be. rationed! Now. that. Cloudy. is. dead, we. need. to. use. some. water. for. watering. the. crops!"

X looks to the sides a little bit ashamed, "Sorry, I... couldn't stop them..."

"It's. okay," Pin pays his arm, "You. tried... Now. I. need. you. to. help. gather. then. up. and. make. sure. they. follow. the. rules... Then, bring. then. to. the. body. pile... Okay?"

X nods and walks with their group, heading off to where Pin instructed them to go, and reluctantly leaving the water.

Pin smiles and takes a few sips of the water, then deciding to, next, find the explorers and hunters and out them into set rules too...

Four watches as his groups devour the water in the orange basin and, with confusion, realizes that the basin is familiar... Basketball? Had Cloudy, before death, use her corpse to make a sort of bowl for the water? Why? Did he not know that others in his own group made a basin of their own?

They shake their head and moon behind them, having heard something. Walking up behind them is Pin.

"Hey. Four!" She waves, "I. need. this. water. to. be. rationed... between. us. objects. and. plants!"

Four folds his arms and, trying to be nice, nods, "Okay." And so, the two of them stop the rest.

However, seeing the fight slow down, Pin decides that it's almost time to share her wonderful idea...

Gelatin giggles to himself, racing back to where his friends are, holding the gun tightly. When he nears, Book grabs the gun.

"Oh! I cannot believe it! The gun! The gun! They're one that killed our hero! It's here!" Book squeals and strokes the gun.

Remote takes it from her, "Exactly what we need... Honestly, I expected you to take longer than the rest-"

"We're back!" Needle walks up to them and waves.

Barf Bag chuckles, "Well... Did you get it?" Teardrop nods and holds up the tissue of blood she got from Tennisball's head, with the help of Needle and Yellowface's spy tool.

Puffball flies up to them too and drops the salty fry infront of Remote. "Perfect," Remote looks up at Puffball, seeing her looking a bit upset, down, and disappointed. She decides to ask her, "What's wrong?

"Fries, he..." She sniffs, "He hates me..."

"I'm sure he doesn't!" Book pats her gently, "And I bet he gave you that fry right away, huh-"

"I HAD TO STEAL IT!" Puffball cries out, "DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE WHEN MY OWN OBJECTS HATE ME?! Golfball, no matter the love I gave her... hated me. Now Fries... WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!" She screams, tears running down her face.

"Hey, calm down," Book pats her again, "I didn't mean to make you upset, I-"

"HEY!" Yellowface hops in between them and shows the shard of Ice Cube, "Yeah!"

"Umm... Okay..." Barf Bag picks it up.

"Now," Remote explains, "Teardrop, put the body next to where

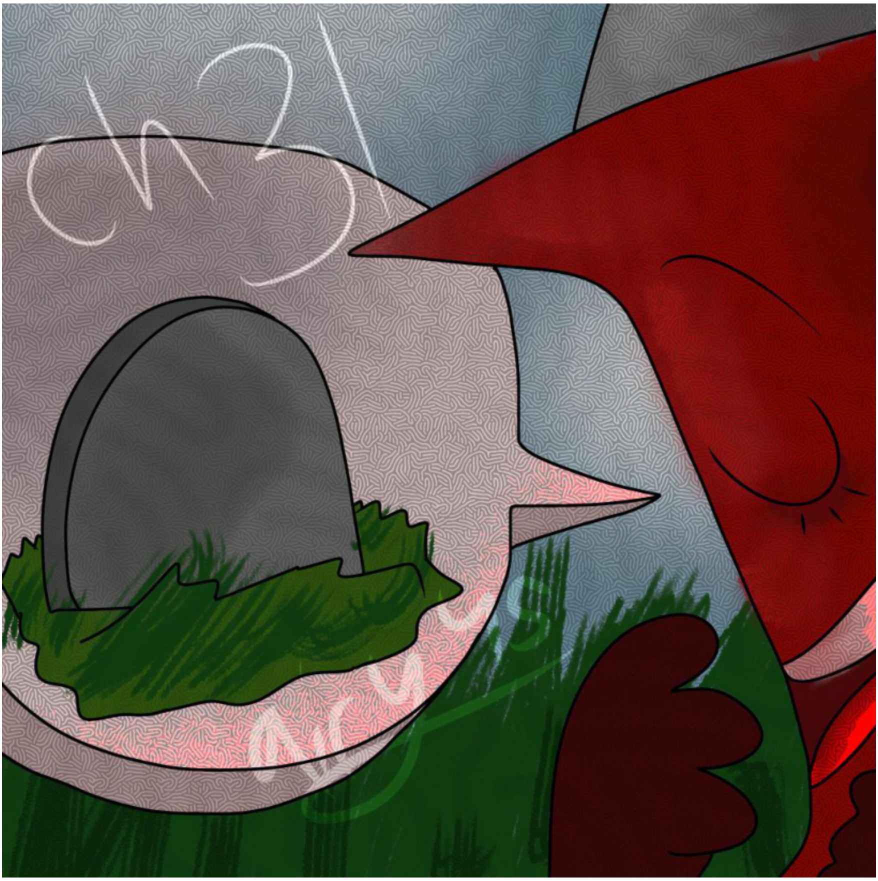
Gelatin will put the gun. Book? Take the fry and take the salt off of it. Then, you and I shall make a circle around the body but with space in between it and the body. Barf Bag, Yellowface, Puffball- You three can decide who will put the tissue with Tennisball's blood and ice from Ice Cube in whatever two opposite ends of the circle you'd like. Then, we shall get to the next step, got it?"

Puffball nods, "Yep..!"

Her frown turns upside down and into a wide smile, "I can't wait..~"

Pin, after sending X's and Four's groups to the body pile, sent Two's group there. She isn't sure why they were crying, but after this, she brings Roboty over to the pile too. When she arrived, she decided that it's time to begin the speech she planned.

She begins, "Now, I. have. an. idea. to. propose. to. you - Since. we. have, sort. of, good. now, we. should. start. a. little. graveyard! Instead. of. eating. the. dead, we. can. be. kind. to. those. we. lost. and. preserve. them, not. in. our. stomachs, but. in. memorials... Graves... How. does. that. sound. to. you. all?"



Eventually, one by one, the others smile and cheer, finally seeing their world become humane...

But not for long...

Blocky stares at Liy from afar, thinking of, why, on this planet, Liy would betray him. Why would she do this after all they worked for?

Blocky sighs and covers us eyes, not wanting to believe this. First Pen, then Eraser, then Pin, then Liy... Who is next to leave him alone?

After Pin finishes her speech, he walks up to Liy, "Liy..."

She rubs her eyes and sits up, also wincing, "Ow... Um... Blocky...? Wha..."

"Why. In hell. Are you being FRIENDLY TO PIN?!" He screams at her but making sure to keep it low enough so that he doesn't alert any others.

Liy flinches, "I... I'm... She has... Good intentions... sort of... and she's gonna prevent us from dying... so-"

"She is NOT," Blocky grabs Liy's arm and she winces in pain, "And YOU will probably find out FIRST-HAND soon... and," He let's go and turns away, "Don't come crying to me when she does- and that's not a prank," He starts to walk away, "Liy, I'm tired of trying o hell everyone else. Now, I'm just going to help ME... and nobody else."

Blocky wanders over to where he sees something small. A broken tablet. He bangs it gently against his hand and it lowers on. It doesn't appear to have internet, but at least be can record, right?

He walks over to a secluded area, and he holds the tablet up in the air and clicks the record button. He smiles, but the smiles has a twinge of sadness. "Hey guys, welcome back to Blocky's Funny Doings International! I'm here with..." He takes a shaky breath in and out, his eyes wet, "Myself... and I'll be pranking... Nobody..!" He throws the tablet to the ground and sniffs, "It's not the same without Pen... or Eraser... or Woody... even Liy..."

He dries his eyes with his hands, "Maybe... maybe I really am supposed to do sh#t for the better... and maybe... maybe my friends will f#cking like me again!" He looks up at the sky and smiles.

It's time to build new friends, new hobbies, new feelings, and...
a new start.

A week later, and the graveyard is complete.

Those who lost those they live now have the chance to mourn, and even for those who didn't know the objects personally, they still pay their respects.

But Blocky is watching, watching for any minor mistake that Pin may make that indicates her untruthfulness. He hadn't found any, and just as her was about to give up, it clicks.

He hasn't seen Pin cry ONCE over one of the graves, even when people like Snowball and himself did. Pin, their supposed leader, and whom they should look up to, shows no sympathy.

Something is up...

And soon, everyone, not only Blocky, will be aware of that.

1559 words
30 november 23

32 - the trials never done, she has just begun

oh ja!! es ist donnerstag!! I'm sick rn, so glad I finished this chapter like way earlier than I needed to lol. hope I get better soon.. since I did write this quick tho, there may be some spelling errors. ummmm enough about me, hope y'all like this chapter!! :D

WARNING: cults, tyranny, blood, gore, insanity, cannibalism, starvation, dehydration, characters having seizures and fainting, violence, weapons

---

Gelatin sets down the fund the last piece, and turns to the others. "Ready!" He grins and do do the others.

"Then let's begin," Remote instructs, "This begins as follows... Sing with me..."

' ' oppugnare et occidee pro eo quod factum est
...duceum nostrum as vitam perducas et animas nostras salvas
...hoc igitur sume oblatio diis ex sanguine, elementis, amore et morte
...soli sumus et te rogamus ut amorem infundas in nos ' '

The group stands around the circle and produces this chant, not knowing what the words mean, but knowing what it represents:

Bring our leader back.
Immediately.

Pin sits down next to Liy, "Hey. Liy! Did. Blocky. talk. to. you. again?"

Liy shakes her head, "No... and what did you say before about rules?"

Pin nods, "Oh. yes, I. thought. of. some. new. rules. and. I. want. you to. approve. of them. first... What. would. you. think. if. I. made. the. rules. a. but. more. strict. to. ensure. safety?"

"Sounds... Okay..." Liy shrugs and looks at Pin, "What did you... have in mind?"

"I. was. thinking... Maybe. we. SHOULD. have. crimes. punishable. by. death... The. jails. we. made. are. all. ineffective... Good. idea?" Pin asks to which Liy nods.

"Yeah... Leafy and Blocky did... And those we exiled did... We do need a new system for dangerous objects, yeah," Liy smiles slightly and rubs her chest, "Ow... uh... What else...?"

"Well, I. was. thinking. oh. also..." She bites her lip, unsure how to word this, "To. ensure. that. nobody. wanders. away. and. gets. hurt...

We. should. make. it. so. NOBODY. CAN. LEAVE... Good?"

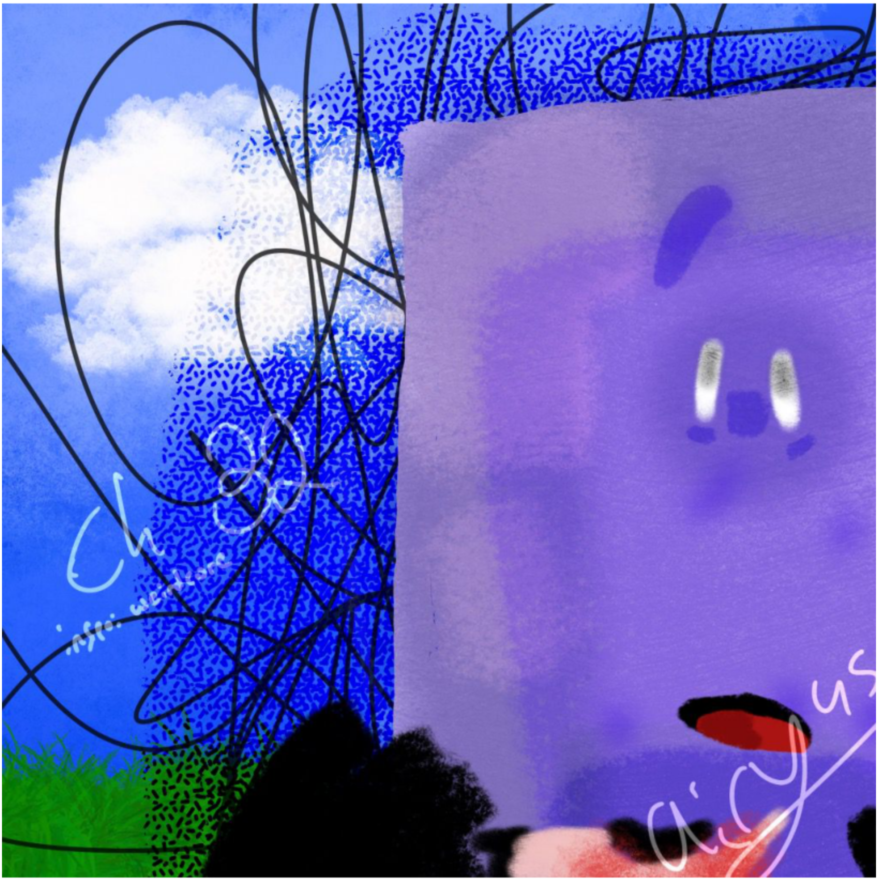
Liy raised an eyebrow, suspicious, "What?"

Pin feels a bead of sweat down her face, and she awkwardly speaks, "N- Nothing!"

Liy stands up and winces, "I... think I need yo go for a walk..."

Pin smiles nervously, "Oh. uh... Go. ahead. then! Haha..."

Liy nods and limps away, feeling guilty about siding with Pin instead of Blocky, and now wants to correct her error.



Eventually, she finds him looking sad and defeated and slumped against a tree. His former determination only moments ago was snuffed out like a flame...

Flame... Liy doesn't recall seeing Firey in a while... She shrugs and taps Blocky's shoulder.

"Blocky...?" She asks. He looks up at her and then away. "Blocky-"

"I'm not talking to you anymore, REMEMBER?!" He snaps at her and turns away, upset and angry.

"I'm sorry... I was wrong," Liy sighs, "Pin is a b#tch. And she wants to make stricter rules - make sure we don't leave - and guess what? She even made it so some crimes are punishable by death! And I don't think she even cares about my broken arm anymore! What an #ssh#le!" Liy sighs and slumps down next to Blocky.

She looks sadly at him, "Please? Can you forgive me?" She feels tears come to her eyes. If he doesn't agree, then who knows how she'll stop this new monster?

Little does she know, this is also how Blocky feels. Blocky realizes this and hesitantly asks, "Will you leave me? Will you always stay by my side?"

Liy smiles and nods, "I'll always be on your side, even if your opinion differs from mine."

Blocky laughs a bit, "Good... Let's go and try to stop that monster once and for all!"

"Yeah!" Liy exclaims, "Let's do this!" She and Blocky high-five and walk, back to the others, together.

They can't wait to restore peace...

But little to they know, they will not reach that goal, at east in the way they mean, for a VERY long time...

During the course in which the rules are being implemented, everyone returns to their regular jobs.

The hospital and prison is built and Two's group transfers to there. Meanwhile, Four's two groups merge, becoming the only group allowed to venture outside, with Four's strict attention however.

The farmers having built the hospital and prison, split into two groups. Those who will chop trees and create the homes, and those who will not only do what Cloudy had been with the potatoes and water, but also planting new trees with things from the trees being chopped. X would transfer to supervising them, while Pin and Roboty would move over to those chopping trees and making houses.

Occasionally, Pin would pause them and listen to Roboty's beeps and record them... whenever he would have anything to say.

Liy and Blocky, however, are now positioned as guards, along with Gelatin who supposedly, according to him, just returned from a "wild adventure".

Liy and Blocky, honestly, do not believe that. However, they're willing to at least pretend. What's the worst they can happen? But at least they have eachother to stand with all day... right?

Compared to them, the others have much harder labour.

The hunters and explorers are completely tired from walking with their eyes wide open all day and night. Their begs and pleas to Four will do no good, as he is siding with Pin - who shares a similar desire to him: "Create peace and reunite those you love, but kill and maim those who oppose you."

Furthermore, Two's group seems to have it easy compared to them. All THEY do is sit in a hospital all day... But it is not as easy on their minds.

The isolation tears away at their enjoyment and motivation, and their lesser class, although promised by Pin to be equal, drives then hungry and parched and made them more insane than the others made them out to be.

Lollipop's progress into reality has dwindled, Tennisball plunged into a dangerous depression, Leafy is having trouble controlling her urges again, and the others...

The workers are struggling to keep themselves sane with all that's happening, and trying to keep themselves role models for the patients is beginning to drain them.

Two is struggling too, trying to decipher whether they made the right choice when deciding to help Pin. But the thing crawling under traut skin creeks ever closer to their brain.

They don't want to become a slave to a dead tyrant and they want to ignore the tiny limbs scratching at their skull. They know, however that it is only a matter of time before it crawls in.

But Four's groups' manual labor and Two's groups' mental and emotional labor is nothing compared to that of X's and Pin's groups.

The both work harder than ever to support the others and themselves, then they don't get much in return.

The farmers plant and pick and water and dig for 25 hours a day - at least, that's the impossible goal they're supposed to reach, as said by their dictator.

They can barely save any eager or food for themselves, having to ration it off and... only leaving a small part for themselves.

Those in Pin's small group, instead, are constantly chopping and chopping and carving and building. Constant, intense manual labor leads to some of them passing out or fainting, even trying - like their old ways - to eat eachother.

When Tree started, well, foaming at the mouth while working, Pin called him off the job.

Since then, many others have been trying to get hurt too so they don't have to work anymore.

What happened to Tree, you should wonder? He died of an infection three days later...

Just in time to not see another horrific event about to occur...

1303 words
7 december 23

33 - blood streams and laser beams

Mein Lieblingstag der Woche ist Donnerstag! natürlich! (¬‿¬)
(also I'm feeling better now!! yay!!)

WARNING: blood, cursing/offensive language, gore, cannibalism, starvation, tyranny, CHARACTER DEATH, infections, brainwashing, murder, assassination, insanity

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Gelatin grinned and watched as the body came to life. Soon after, he had left.

Soon after, the leader rises.

Pin looks around. She had not wanted to make them work so hard. But she knows that, in reality, they love these jobs. She gave them specific jobs for a reason.

Her goal is for everyone to be equal, but she can't seem to reach it.

No matter what she does...

So perhaps she should change the rules, relate production, and out health over all else. She doesn't wanna be like Golfball, does she?

She stands up and alerts the workers chopping the trees. "Go. ahead. and. take. a. break! Or... No, you're. done... We. have. enough. wood. and. buildings. - go. eat. some. food. and. drink. some. water!" She smiles kindly and most of the workers rush up to her and give her hugs and 'thank yous', then going as fast as they could to food and water.

Perhaps this is the route Pin should take - only have them work until they get get they need... It sounds wonderful, perfect, even... She just needs to inform X and Four.

Soon, she informs each of them, and all of the workers are overjoyed! X too! But... not four.

His goal that he thoughts be shared with Pin... it's blown to smitheries... and he doesn't wanna side with her anymore.

So, he ventures to find X, and ask if his opinion.

His obsession with the yellow variable leads him to want to see what X wants... and therefore that's what Four wants...

But to Four's horror, X sides with Pin, and thus, he does too.

Yet he still wonders... can he change their opinion?

And this sudden change in Pin's behavior definitely alerts many... but that is less than half...

Yet, can they still manage to try - again - a revolt?

Blocky looks right and into Liy's eyes, "Word spreads f#cking fast, doesn't it?"

"Sure does," Liy finds her arms, "I can't understand Pin! First she's an anarchist, then tyrant? then communist, then capitalist, then communist AGAIN... What even IS she?"

"I mean, she chose communism twice, so that's my guess," Blocky shrugs, "Say... Gelatin... You've been awfully quiet. 'Sup?"

Gelatin flinches, "Oh uh... sorry, Blockster!" He laughs nervously, "Just a... little lost in thought, I guess!"

"Did you hear about Pin?" Liy asks him curiously to which he shakes his head.

"No... What?" He asks.

"She's a communist again, go figure," Blocky rolls his eyes, "Anyways, the others are getting breaks so I think we can too."

Gelatin nods and smiles, "Okie dokie! Let's get a move on!"

Four, after lots of searching, finds the hospital and prison. Two has to be here, right?

Four realized that Two is way closer to X, and could possibly convince X to join their side, not hers. But this may be tricky...

Then, he knocks.

Ruby answers with a forced smile, "Welcome? Who are you here to... er... visit?"

"I..." Four hesitates, "I need to talk to Two — Right f#cking NOW."

Ruby's band shakes, "A- alright... Right this way...!" She gestures them inside and be follows. What's wrong with her?

He wonders things along those lines until they reach a door. "Two is just inside, but be careful... H- They... the brainwashing bullets..." She sighs, remembering how Four did not see any of Golfball's reign.

"Right, um... Golfball became a... tyrant. She made b- bullets to brainwash ow objects into like- being her slave..." She shudders, "She did this to Puffball, Book, Remote... she tried it on Pillow but it didn't work... And she short like, Two. But... it hasn't reached his brain for like, a while but... It's close now..."

Four sighs, "Then I wanna talk to him before he turns. I don't really care about what happens to that sh#tpile afterwards."

Ruby gulps, "R- Right... Go on in."

Four enters the room, not cautiously at all, to find Two curled up in a ball the corner, crying to himself and wiping their eyes. They look up when Four enters, "Four...? Help... They put me in here... They locked me in here... I just wanna get out- I NEED TO BRING HER BACK-" He lunches his own head and hisses in pain, "What do you want..?" They ask, whimpering.

"Get X on my side by telling him you're suspicious of and angry at Pin too," Four demands.

"Wha-"

"NOW!" Four screams, causing his throat to become sore, "Now..."

Two shakily stands, "O- okay... Take me... and... please, explain on the way..."

Soon, all but those in the hospital were informed of Gelatin's, Blocky's, and Liy's plan. They then had all decided to revolt.

But how would they do so without alerting Pin, X, Four, or Two? Since they have no idea of the plan between the two integers, they divided their own.

They would all act like they are unconcerned about this sudden and scary changes and then suddenly attack. The ones who chopped trees will quickly make weapons, explorers and hunters will keep watch, and Blocky, Liy, and Gelatin will run the plan.

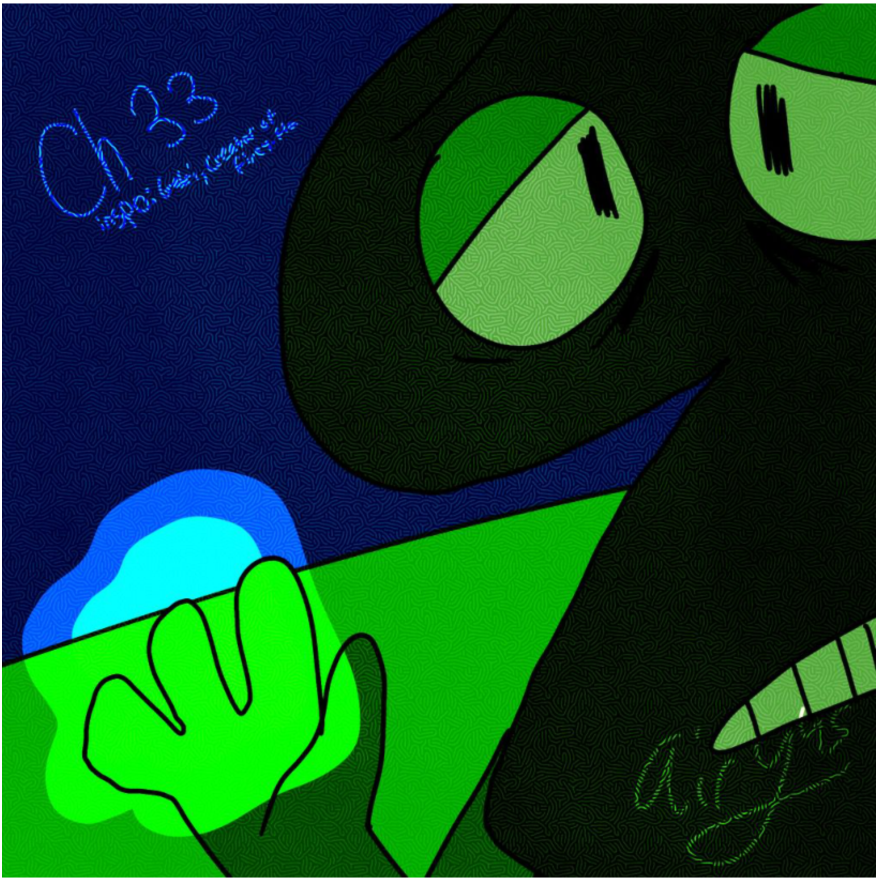
According to their goal, this should be done... this week perhaps?

Murder.

Three days passed since the plan went into action. and there is more murder. The food is gone, disappeared overnight, and everyone starved.

Fries's fries were gobbled up in this starvation and he grew weaker and weaker until Pin... "Put him out of his misery", as X calls it to calm himself and also justify his odd choice of sides - Her's.

Two tried to talk to X but X won't change his mind. Four, not wanting to upset X, had begged and begged and pleaded for Two to use their powers again, just this ONE time, to kill Pin.



The other objects will begin their plan today. Thus far, they have distracted X. The weapons are made and drawn around a circle.

They, those to be shooting and fighting, hide behind trees... Aim for Pin...

and Shoot.

Roboty topples over in a burst of electric shocks and flames... but the only thing not burning out is the raging flame of Pin's anger.

"You. ungrateful. sh#ts! I. can't. believe. that. you. all. hate. me. after. all. I. did!" She cries out, "X! You, come. here. now!"

X flies over and folds his arms, staring dissapointedly at the objects as they step forwards, "She made it so all of you have water, food-"

"The food was gone this morning!" Firey Jr. snaps and Woody agrees. "I don't know what that was from, but..." X sighs, "Please...?"

Reluctantly, one by one, they comply while frowning in defeat.

But, when checked, Blocky, Liy, and Gelatin are gone - Where could they be?

In actuality, Blocky and Liy fled to the hospital and prison building to stay safe, while Gelatin did the same, however to go to the outsiders and his friends.

How happy he would be if his hero was alive when he arrives!

In time, things heal, but not the objects suspicions of Pin.

It was the brightest and loudest point of the day and everyone was going through their usual routines...

When suddenly, something happened, and it was only a day after their attempt at a revolt.

Pen grunts as he plunges an axe into the tree, "Why didn't our revolt work? It was perfect!"

"I dunno, but I kinda miss Blocky," Eraser watches him, "And do NOT say that isn't manly."

"Ugh... I wish Pin would just die already!" Robot Flower curses her aloud.

Just then, a vibrant, light green beam of light shoots up from the sky a few kilometers away.

When running to the spot, the farmers/lumberjacks find a trail of blood leading away to the hospital... "Was this..." Pen gasps.

Assassination.
Blood streams and laser beams.

1338 words

14 december 23

34 - let my wings expand, for i am free from her command

I'm running out of things to say about Thursday uh oh D': oh and the new tpot 9 episode was awesome.. :o probably my favorite! :D

WARNING: blood, gore, cannibalism, brainwashing, death, tyranny, murder, assassination, mentions of su!c!de, MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH
(oh wow.. how fun.. many warnings as usual..)

As the farmers soon find out, the story begins as thus:

Four had recruited Two and they had both went to convince X, but this invention did not go through. More so, Four encouraged Two to use their powers again, just once, to kill Pin.

In their dazed state, Two obliged.

When Pin had been walking, bringing Roboty's, Tree's, and Fries's corpses to the graveyard, it was time to strike.

Two reached out their hand and a laser flew out, striking Pin through the heart. Her eyes wide and blood spilling out of her mouth and chest, she collapses, confirming that yes - she was dead. Murdered. Assassinated.

Of course, Four would never touch the body of directly do anything that his beloved X would hate him for, so Two was left to drag away the body and burn it, to get rid of that witch forever.

As they drag her away, the blood spilling out of her chest pours out onto the ground, leaving the trail of blood staining the grass that Pen and Eraser saw. But how did they figure this out?

They, along with the other farmers after they told them, get the information directly from the assassinator—Two.

Pen, Eraser, and the other farmers walked up to the hospital, and Marker knocks on the door.

Gaty answers with a forced smile, "Welcome...! What can we help you with?"

"Why is there a trail of blood leading to here?!" Bell demands and Gaty flinches

"I... am... Two did..." Gaty sighs, "Just come in..."

Thus, they follow her inside and into a secluded room——and inside is Two——unlike themself and rilling apart Pin's body.

Their eyes no longer glimmer and their hands tremble.

The rest soon became aware of the situation: The creepy-critter-like-bullet, the brainwashing bullet, has reached their brain.

And they will no longer be themself.

And that is how they learned this... but where did Liy and Blocky go?

Liy rests her head on her pillow, a tear in her eye. A friend, even though a traitor, is gone.

Ruby had just told her about what Two and Four did. Blocky was esthetic, then asking if they all wanted to work on having a voting system for new leaders... But Liy knows governments are corrupt, and she doesn't like seeing Blocky betraying her like this!

She sobs into her pillow contemplating if Pin, Blocky, and any other objects are even her friends anyway.

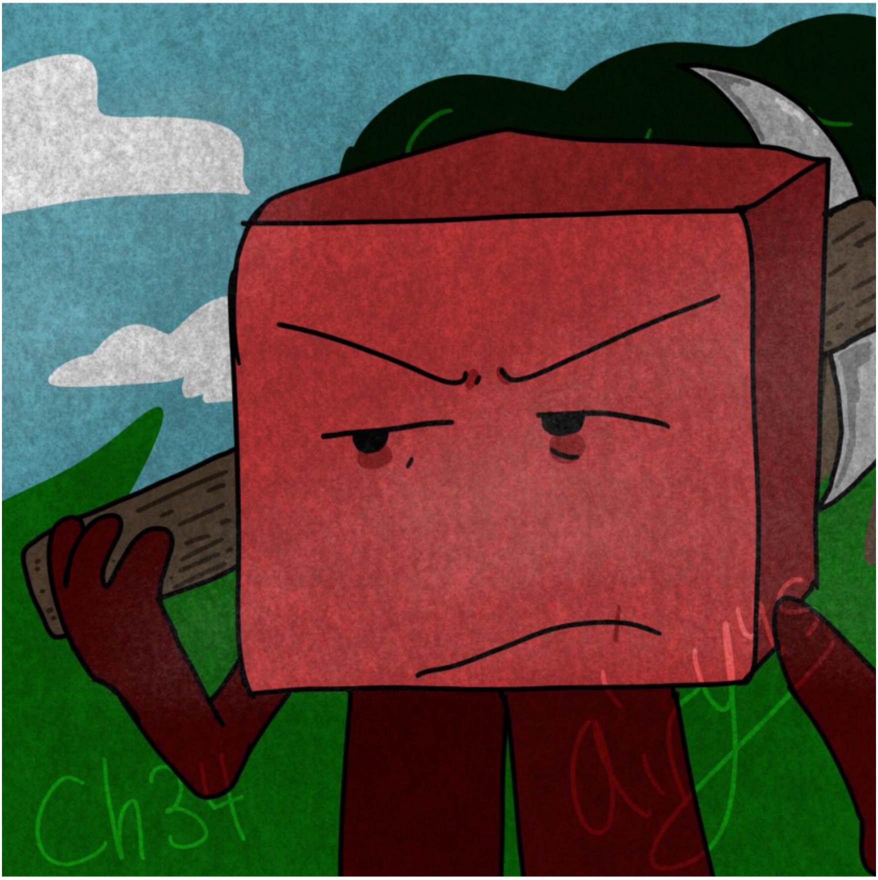
She sniffs back tears and looks up at the ceiling. She witnessed so much... Deaths alone, there were many — Taco, Bottle, Pencil, Pie, TV, Saw, Bubble, Donut, David, Eggy- and isn't this when Four ran away, and left them? Isn't this when they all made the mistake of letting Golfball and Tennisball rule with Loser and Cake by their side?

And Golfball... She was showing more and more of her true colors as Flower, Loser, and Cake died... Balloony... Rocky... and then the rules changed. Clock was murdered by her, some were exiled—and the brainwashing... Book, Puffball, Two... That's when they, Liy, Pin, and Blocky were young and naive.. they thought they could just kill Golfball!

Remote the turned to Golfball's side, to Liy's dismay—and soon, because if heroic Pin, Golfball was dead.

Almost as if her spirit inhabited Pin, Pin made a whole new government. The jobs are made, fish and water are found, and everything seemed fine...

But Blocky and Liy saw how she betrayed them... and they tried to revolt. Match and Firey both came to an end and the revolt only just then more... Fries and Tree soon perished too, leaving Liy and Blocky with one choice.



A revolt again, mistreatment of all, overworked and then none — the revolt was tried again but it failed... And suddenly, Pin is dead.

Liy should be happy, she thinks, but she isn't... Why is this? Why is she so sad? Can't they just be free without rules restricting them? That's what got everyone killed!

She wishes to go back to the good old days, where they were still on their planet, with food, with friends, with family.

She cries again and hugs herself, wanting someone, somewhere, to care for her and side with her and help her — like she thought Pin and Blocky would do — but was completely wrong.

Gelatin jogs back to his friends and grasps when he reaches them, out of breath, "So... uh... what happened..?"

"She's back, jelly boy!" Book giggles and hugs him joyfully, "Oh it was the best thing ever! She stirred and stirred and suddenly stopped — but Needle... she claims to be able to hear her! We think Golfball possessed her... oh wonderful!" Book pulls away, her eyes shining with happy tears, "Isn't this great?"

Gelatin hesitates, considering the possibility that Needle could be delusional, ultimately decides that she must not be, so he replies cheerfully, "It's amazing! I'm so SO SOOOOO happy, heheh!" He giggles, "I'm gonna go talk to Needle."

"Have fun!" Book exclaims and waves, Gelatin then walking over to

Needle.

"Hi," He sits down next to her and looks out at the remnants of their little seance. He laughs, "Looks like a bull ran through there- Must have been Yellowface.. Heheh.." He laughs to himself a bit, but then looks up at Needle, waiting for her reaction to the joke.

But when she doesn't answer for a few moments, and continues to stare blankly into space, Gelatin speaks again. "You... Needle? Hellooooooo?" He waves his hand in her face.

She flinches, "S-sorry Gelatin! I was listening to Golfball.. talking to her in my head and stuff..." She looks away.

"What'd she say?" He asks curiously.

"She wants us to bury her body in a beautiful thing.. like a shrine, I think," Needle shrugs.

"Wow," Gelatin rolls his eyes, "She's so Needy- WAIT! I D-"

Needle slaps him and then laughs, "Heh.. that's funny... but don't call me that!"

"I wasn't-"

"Golfball," Needle reminds him and he nods, a bit confused, then assuming that Golfball made her do that.

The two of them stare up at the sky for a minute before Gelatin asks... something, "Where's Teardrop?"

"We killed her so we could give Golfball's body a drink — she consented," Needle says this bluntly, leading even a brainwashed Gelatin to be confused.

"Hold up... WHAT?!" He exclaims and clutches his head, "So confusing..."

"I can explain—if you want," She offers and he nods vigorously. "So... Golfball demanded water- she was thirsty. So... We all looked over at Teardrop... She kinda hesitantly nodded and... Yeah. We have to make Golfball's shrine thing now."

Gelatin nods and answers, "Yeah... T- I get it, I get it..." He looks away and stands up, "Let's get to work then."

After lots and lots of overthinking, Liy decides to confront Blocky about the... weird language and words and ideas be is expressing.

She gathers her strength and marches across the room to him. She clears her throat, "Blocky, listen," She sighs, "Everyone will be here soon to see what government system we'll be doing... and I think we have a slight disagreement, so..."

She sighs, "Blocky, we need to talk."

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happy holidays :>

1257 words
21 december 23

35 - sticks and stones...

hallo Donnerstag... schon wieder. :p

WARNING: mentions of death, blood, cannibalism, tyranny, gore, violence, brainwashing, insanity, mentions of su!c!dal thoughts in characters

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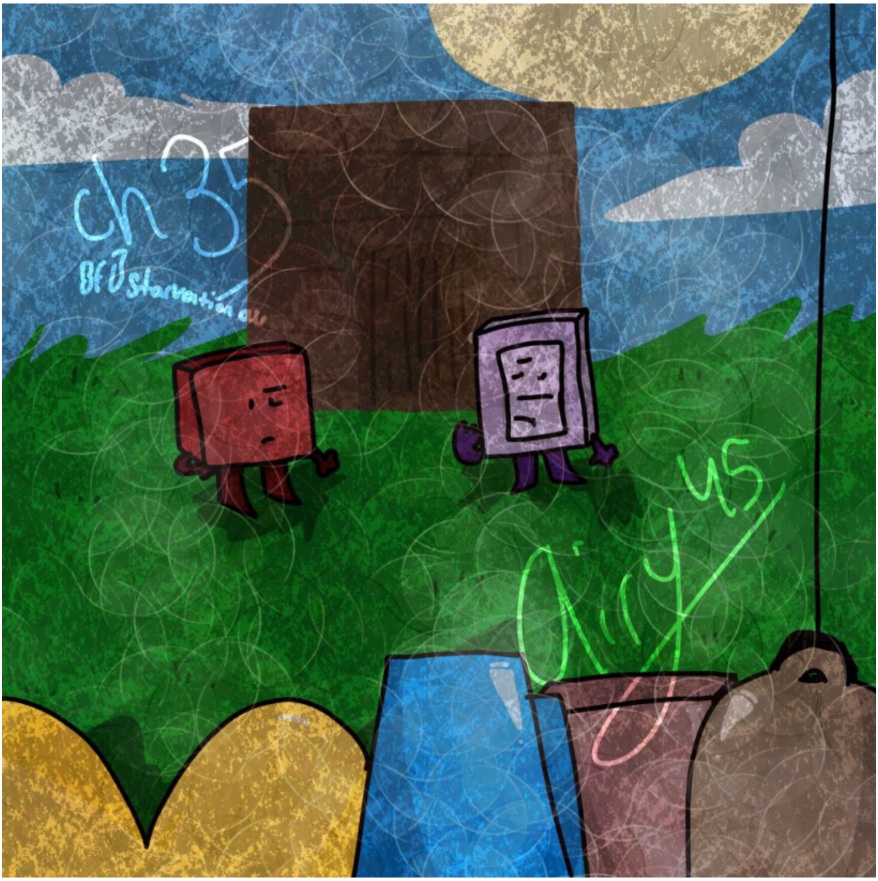
All the others gather around the hospital, waiting for the announcement to inform them of what style government they will attempt next in their quest for a world like the one they once lost.

After lots of impatient, and also patient waiting, the door finally opens and Liy and Blocky walk out—But Liy looks upset and Blocky looks angry.



Liy laughs nervously, "So... Uh... We need a but more time... we kinda had a disagreement and Blocky needs to be rational-"

"I have to be rational?! YOU are the one who needs to be rational, you insane monster!" He yells at her and then sighs, "I'm sorry.." He turns to the others, "She just wants all of us to run wild like we used to—and it was chaos! It's best to have a democracy that does have rules unlike Liy's plan, and balances happinesses and work or productivity, which neither Golfball nor Pin wanted to do," He explains, "I will met many make speeches, and each of you can prepare that speech, then present it and everyone can vote. The object with the most voted sins and rules for two seasons, like winter and spring, summer and fall, or whatever—good? Unlike Liy's idea?"

Many objects cheer and Liy steps back, appalled. "W- what?!" She gasps, "I... you promised we'd hear each other out!"

Blocky friend and turns to her, "I'm sorry... I want what's best for our objects—and if I don't step in, they won't... do well..." He turns around to everyone else, "The vote for my plan or Liy's will begin in three days! Have your vote ready!"

As the other objects begin to leave, Lift turns to Blocky and whispers, "Blocky, what are you doing?!"

"I said, I'm helping them," He sighs and puts his hand on her shoulder, "I'm sorry Liy... I know we don't exactly have the same opinions, but we're friends, always together... and I hope you approve of what I'm trying to do to help the other objects..."

He reaches to put his arm around her in a friendly manner but...

She slaps his hand away, "Go away, traitor! In forming my OWN group who will outnumber YOURS and KILL you!" She screams at him and runs away into the forest, tears spilling down her face.

Remote smiles and watches as Needle and Book put 100% of their effort into working in the shrine. Could this be a test of loyalty? Could this mean that Gelatin, who is putting 25% of his effort in, is least loyal? Could this be because of his exposure to more objects? Or could this be because he is distracted for some reason?

Remote, as she works, does one of her favorite things - gather data.

Needle and Book both put in 100% of their effort into this, Needle because she is spiritually connected and Book because she was once white obsessed with Golfball, even before brainwashed. Puffball and Remote both put in 80%... it feels natural to them. Barf Bag and Yellowface out in 50%... half interested, half bored. Gelatin puts in 25%... but why? Remote must know! So she must ask...

She, curiously, walks up to Gelatin, and just as she is about to open her mouth, an unexpected visitor runs into her and the two topple over, the other landing above Remote.

Stunned, Remote looks up, blushing mildly with embarrassment, and sees... "Liy?" Remote asks softly.

"I- Sorry!" Liy yells and stands, brushing herself off.

Remote stares up at her, confused, "Liy... why are you here?"

"It's... Blocky... he wants a democracy and capitalism but all our problems and deaths come from governments like Pin's or G-" Liy steps back, "Sorry... was that rude?"

"Not at all, I get it," Remote smiles and puts her hand on Liy's shoulder, "Well always be on your side... won't we, everyone?"

"What?" Barf Bag asks and Liy laughs.

"Heh.. thanks," She smiles, "Voting for either his idea or mine starts in a few days...!"

"Against eachother- wait aren't you two friends?" Gelatin asks, puzzled.

"NOT anymore.." Liy grimaces, "I HATE that traitor... and he acts like we're buddies even if he betrayed me!"

"Did you ever think..." Gelatin asks quietly, "That he maybe still wants to be friends... despite your differences?"

Liy goes silent for a minute before laughing, "Obviously not! He said that too but like, he- he's such a traitor and liar!"

Gelatin laughs nervously and says, "R- Right... ah..."

"Anyway, Liy, what do you need us for?" Needle asks, "Like... why come here of all places?"

"I kinda just angrily ran from Blocky and... ended up here! Heheh..." She chuckles anxiously and then looks up at the sky, "I wanna go home..."

"But we can't, we're stuck here," Barf Bag folds her arms, "Is been like, two years. Chill out."

Yellowface suddenly hood infront of Liy, "Wishing for a way home? Try these totally safe... dimension teleporters!"

Liy's smile suddenly brightens, "That's a great idea! We need to advertise my plan.. maybe even with... that! Oh this is great! Blocky is so focused on the new that he isn't even trying to get back to the old! Amazing! Thanks, Yellowface!"

Liy goes to high-five him but then backs up, "Oh sorry... Forgot you are an armless, legless-"

"Not anymore!" He waves an arm, "This is from Firey's dead body!"

"W- what?!" Needle asks, confused and concerned, but then shakes her head, "You know what? Nevermind."

"So... we ready to get on with those advertisements?" Liy then and they all agree, being that the shrine is near complete.

But what is Blocky doing to prepare for this upcoming event?

He, sadly, watches as Liy leaves... He really thought she would hear him out and stay his friend... But why won't she be?

He stares out at te others as they talk and chat. He's sure he'll win... But he feels so empty. Should he search for Liy and try to make up with her?

Probably.

He leaves the hospital and wanders out into the forest, calling for Liy. "Liy...? Liy, where are you..?" He calls out, not gaining a response.

Soon, his legs grow tired and he sits down against a tree, wondering if he is doing the right thing. He misses Liy and their friendship, and Pin's and their friendship too, but he still has a chance to rekindle his friendship with Liy... right?

He feels like he should have agreed with her, but he knows that, deep down, he is doing the right thing for him, Eraser, Pen, the rest of the objects, and HER...

He sighs and shakes his heads trying to rationalize. As he goes to stand and continue searching, a hand pushes him back down and into a sitting potion again. Who is this?

He looks up and his eyes widen to see... Gelatin?

"Gelatin?" He asks, confused, "Where have you-"

"Shhh..." He whispers, "Or SHE will hear us."

"Who?" Blocky whispers back, now conflicted - this is either a joke or he's gone mad.. right?

"Needle.. or Liy.. or Remote.." He whispers and sits down next to Blocky, "They're terrifying..."

"Needle is alive?!" Blocky whispers, astonished, "I haven't seen her in a while, I thought she was dead... LOL."

"Golfball possessed Needle and..." Gelatin bites his lip, "At first I was ecstatic but... she's scarier now... So is Remote and her statistics and data... so is Liy. Her and Yellowface have a plan to advertise a faulty teleporter - dimension teleporter - to the other objects as a campaign!"

"Oh god..." Blocky covers his mouth, "Thise three are terrifying..."

Gelatin grabs onto Blocky's arm, "Please, I need your help... or someone's... you have to stop them! They're gonna turn our world into chaos!"

Blocky sighs and stands up, staring up at the sky, "I'll talk to the algebrailiens..."

He turns back to Gelatin and helps him stand, "And you better help."

Blocky's face turns serious, "I'll see what I can do."

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happy soon 2024 (insert Homestuck reference here) guys!! ^^

1368 words
28 december 23

36 - ...may break my bones...

Donnerstag, amirite ¯_(ツ)_/¯
(woahhhh First Thursday in 2024!! woah!!!!)

WARNING: cannibalism, starvation, murder, blood, tyranny, guns, violence, weapons, cursing/offensive language, gore, assassination, brainwashing, insanity

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Four sits down next to X, anticipating his input - His opinion on what happened with Pin. If he hates it, blame Two. If he loves it, take all the credit.

Excitedly, he taps his obsession on the shoulder. "Hey X!" He whispers loudly to which X turns around with a confused face. He continues, "Whatd you think about... well... Pin being assassinated?"

"I... certainly wasnt expecting it..." X bites their lip, "But I'll admit.. Even if I liked her newest style in ruling, I was really concerned about her sudden change... I-"

"So? Just tell me if you like or hate her already!" He screams and X flinches.

"Well I..." He sighs, "Okay... I think I'm still on her side - she was awesome! Doing... all she can for the objects we love..." Their voice trails off and then he slowly looks over to Four, "Why...? Do you... Are you not on her side..?"

"N- no!" Four laughs nervously, "I'm on her side! It... it was Two who murdered her."

"Two..." X covers his mouth, "I can't believe someone so sweet would do that..!" He bursts into tears and Four awkwardly late his back, feeling guilty for only blaming Two, and not himself.

Only a few seconds after X's tears slow, Blocky and Gelatin walk up to them.
"We... need to talk..." Gelatin mumbles.

X sniffs and wipes his eyes, "What is... on your mind?"

"Look," Blocky's face turns serious, something Four is confused about because it does not happen often. Blocky continues, "Gelatin told me that my best friend, Liy, betrayed me and she's going to persuade people to join her and gore for her. She is going to do that with a faulty teleporting machine by Yellowface - or so Gelatin told me, so I think we should just be cautious anyway."

"And Remote is getting data on everyone!" Gelatin exclaims, "And Needle claims to be possessed by Golfball and she's so crazy. Please help us, Four...! X...! And T-" He furrows his eyebrows in confusion, "Wait... where is Two?"

Four glances away nervously and X sighs, "Four told me that they killed Pin... and are kinda half-brainwashed - they're in the hospital now."

"Ah..." Gelatin taps his foot anxiously, "So... You gonna help us?"

Four smiles wickedly, "Definitely..."

Tennnisball stares solemnly out the window. His assigned caretaker, Ruby, sits in the corner.

He has been the only one to not attack her, so it's obvious why she's here!

"I CAN SEE YOU, TB~!"

He flinches, his breath hitching in his throat, "Did you.. hear that..?" He whispers quietly to Ruby and she looks up from her doodling, confused.

"Huh? What noise?" She asks.

"TB~!"

"There it is again!" Tennisball helps and backs up quickly, banging into the wall and falling to the ground. No. It can't be... It can't be!

She's gone, right? She's gone! She has to be!

With all the misfortune happening... behind the scenes.. could she have come back?

It's been forever since he last saw her face... and his confusion few more each day. Why does he miss her even if she was a monster? Why does he want her back even if all she caused was death?

He bursts into tears, Ruby rushing to his side, "What's wrong?!" She asks quickly, "ANSWER ME!"

"Please.. don't scream at me!" He cries, "Oh I miss her so mu-"

Just then, the door squeaks open, and Gaty enters. "Hey you two, Liy wants to see you-" She then sees Tennisball crying and Ruby panicked, "Uh.. is this a bad time? I can.. tell her to wait-"

Ruby dries Tennisball's tears, and her own, "Yeah... yeah... we'll be there..."

Liy waits patiently outside the hospital, having been sent here by those already on her side...

She must get more members, and the unsuspecting hospital workers and patients are he perfect victims- voters, and allies, she means.

After tons of waiting, Gaty finally lets Liy in once the others are ready. She leads Liy to a room nearby, where Lollipop, Leafy, Pillow, Ruby, and Tennisball are waiting.

Leafy and Lollipop are both unfortunately redtrained by a sort of thing resembling a straightjacket, but is made it leaves, sticks, and wool, leaving their hands bound tightly together so that they cannot hurt anyone... But Liy still feels unsafe.

She feels as if they are all staring at her, into her soul, into her mind, waiting for her guard for fall to finally attack her.

She takes a step back and opens her moth to scream, but her breath hitches in her throat. Her vision darkens around the sides of her eyes and her hands begun to shake. She tries to make a noise but can't.

Is somebody calling to her? Will she finally die and let all this end? Spiraling, spiraling, spiraling, spiral-

"Hey Liy?"

"AAAH!" She screams and stumbles backward. She looks up, shaking vigorously - But she takes a calm, relaxed deep breath in and out. It's just Ruby... "Sorry, I was... really scared..." Liy curls into a ball on the ground and Ruby lars her head.

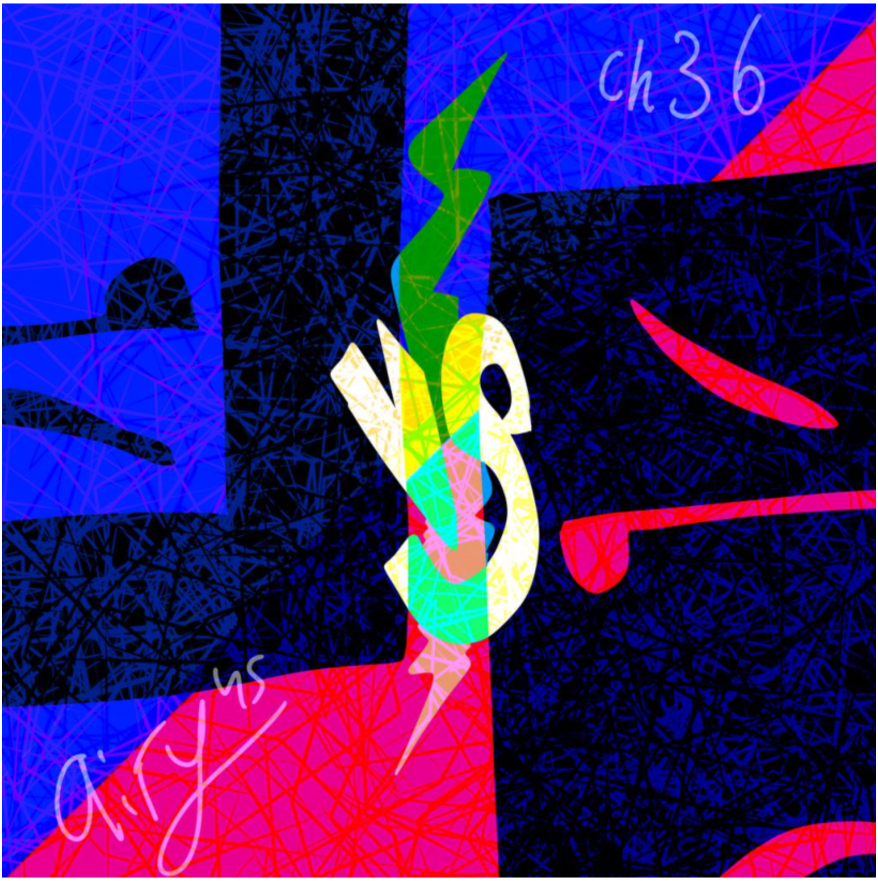
"It's okay... Why don't you tell us what you were gonna say?" Ruby suggests.

Liy smiles and stands, "Okay, Sure... I guess..."

Liy takes a deep breath in and out and then begins, "With a show of hands.. How many objects here can trace the loss of a loved one back to a government?"

All of them raise a hand, and it they don't have one, they nod.

"So, Blocky wants to bring it back, despite what we all lost due to it. I, however, want us to be free," She smiles, "Who's with me?"


ch36
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After a short chorus of "yay!"s and such, she begins to discuss her and the outsiders' plan.

And they love it.

Stapy readies his crossbow and glances at Foldy, "Foldy, are you ABSOLUTELY sure this is what X wants?"

"Positive," Foldy nods.

After Blocky and Gelatin informed Four and X of what's going on, they went their sperrte ways to inform any others about what Liy is planning... And stop her before she hurts everyone else.

Everyone grabbed weapons, and so did those on Liy's side. She recruited even more, including many of the farmers who remembered the hardship from Pin's rule, and even Golfball's rule, and want freedom.

Many others remember the chaos and killing and hunger that came with no government - and they know they need to stop Liy.

Foldy hears Blocky shout loudly, and hesitantly, "Three, Two, One... FIRE!"

Arrows fly back and forth, swords plunging and firsts punching.

Blocky hides behind a tree, wondering if this is right... He misses Liy, but he knows he is forming the right government. But he does not want any of his objects dying! How is he supposed to do this?

He sinks to the ground, drying his eyes of any signs of sadness. He hears sounds of arrows and swords piercing flesh. He takes shaky breaths in and out... He has to help them.

He cannot risk anyone else getting hurt or leading themselves to chaos.

So, Blocky turns around, grabs a large tree branch. and hits something behind him. Confused, he looks down, and sees Remote... holding a loaded gun. Was she going to shoot him if he had not stopped her, and knocked her unconscious?

He grabs the gun and runs into the battle, determined to start a better life for all of the objects.

One without Golfball, one without Pin, and unfortunately, likely one without Liy.

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oh ummm hoppy new year :)

1289 words
4 january 24

37 - ...but she will never kill me

ok seriously I'm running out of Thursday jokes hlp /j

WARNING: blood, gore, CHARACTER DEATH, murder, insanity, cannibalism, starvation, brainwashing, violence, guts, cursing/ offensive language

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Liy stares out at the fight taking place, her smile widening. She is gonna once and for all, make everyone happy - via no government, obviously.

Golfball wanted people to like her, Pin wanted equality, Blocky wants safety, Liy wants happiness. So, in Liy's opinion, her own is best.

She, unlike Pin or Golfball or Blocky, does not feel bad at all! Or at least that's what she's telling herself.

For some reason, deep in her gut, she feels as if this plan of her's is going to get her killed. She shakes her head and stares ahead with a straight face.

Aim.
Fire.
No thinking.
Shoot.

An arrow flies out of her bow and pierces Eraser, who from far away appeared similar to Blocky, though the side of his head.

I'M NOT INTO THIS WHOLE... DYING THING...

She walks up to his dying corpse and chuckles, she will surely win against Blocky now. Powerfulness surges through her veins, or at least the feeling of it, and up to her brain. When Blocky sees Eraser's corpse, leaking blood and brain matter out into the ground with his eyes rolled into the back of his head, he will totally freak out and beg Liy for mercy. Yes!

She plucks the arrow out of Eraser and he moans in pain, then coughing up blood. Liy stares at him for a long time, a subtle smile on her faces before a far away giggle of Grassy snaps her out of it.

She runs and hides behind a tree. Wasn't she JUST trying to limit the people she kills to zero? Can't she just stick to that?! Why did she kill him?!

She weeps into her hands, and feels herself wash over with guilt. How could she do this? How could she go against what she, for so long, firmly believed in?

A soft touch if a hand on her shoulder snaps her out of her thoughts. She looks up to see Book.

"You... Okay?" Book asks and Liy nods, sniffing back her tears. "Good... because Remote tried to sneak up in Blocky and shoot him, but he knocked her out with a branch, and... as really need to stop him if we want everyone to be happy... You coming?"

Liy thinks for a moment, contemplating... Should she go with and, again, go against what she tried to stand up for? Or, should she become what she swore to banish, all to help the other objects become happy, not die, and be free?

Liy sighs, takes Book's hand, and agreed to the latter...

Pen shields Grassy with his arm, not wanting the child to hurt or... He doesn't even wanna think about it.

He sighs, could Eraser just hurry up? He said he will be back soon, but soon passed a few minutes ago!

"Grassy want Eraser!" Grassy whines and shoves Pen, trying to get him to continue walking.

"I am, I am," Pen kicks Grassy up and the two head towards where they thought Eraser went...

Only to find his corpse bleeding out.

Pen screams and covers Grassy's eyes, his own flooding with tears. "Why Grassy not see?" Grassy asks Pen, to which Pen responds by putting both of his hands on Grassy's eyes, stopping him from removing them.

Pen whispers, hiccuping and choking on tears, "You don't want to... see... Trust me..."

Needle walks behind a bush and breaks off one of he branches - then throwing it at someone walking nearby.

"YOU DID WONDERFUL, NEEDLE ~ ... "

"Thanks, Golfball!" Needle smiles and sits down next to a tree. "Golfball," She bites her lip anxiously, thinking about how others are deeming her insane because of Golfball possessing her and things - and she didn't even like Golfball at all before this possession!

Something deep inside her... it longs to learn from Golfball's experience as a ruler and tyrant. But why? She doesnt want to be a tyrant!

"WHAT IS IT..?"

"What am I supposed to do now?" She asks.

"JUST WAIT... PIN WILL ARRIVE SOON...~"

"Pin...? She's gonna possess me... too?" Needle smiles, "That's it! I know! I wanna be a leader too! Or- no- help Liy and co-lead!"

"THAT'S THE SPIRT..~!"

"GO. MAKE. US. PROUD!"

Needle smiles widely and jumps up, running off to talk to Liy...

Four watches the fight go down and stares, upset, at it with X. Where did Two go? Nobody knows.

X speaks, "I feel like we should stop them... they're getting hurt! And Liy's gonna hurt them more... Four," X dries the tears off his eyes and looks up at Four, "What do you think?"

"Kill them a- I mean..." He rubs his arm awkwardly, "Just imprison Liy and start the new government I guess..."

So, they smart out to do just that.

Blocky runs around, hiding behind trees, defending himself, and even ripping more branches off of trees to make his weapon stronger.

While running, he finds Needle. "Needy... what a... surprise.." He raises his stick but she chops it in half and it falls to the grass with a clunk. Blocky takes a step back.

"That wasn't me. Pin told me to do that," Needle takes a step forward and raises a stick of her own.

"You're mad!" Blocky screams and falls backward, "First Golfball, then Pin- What's next?!"

"You," She swings down the stick, and just as she is about to bash his head in, she is stabbed in the back with a sword, wielded by...

"Grassy...?" Blocky's voice shakes, "What are you...?"

"Pen! Grassy help Pen and Blocky!" Grassy cheers and Pen walks go next to him.

"Where's Eraser?" Blocky asks.

"He's dead."

It's as if the world collapsed inward upon Blocky.

His breathing stopped and his legs grew weak. His head spun. Eraser, his best friend, is dead. Dead with no possible recovery.

It used to be that... he- any object- could be easily revived. After the black home sucked them up... Four abandoned them... Golfball and Pin tortured them... Death is permanent, and so is Blocky's separation from Eraser.

Blocky falls to the ground, Pen catching hun before he falls completely. Tears swim in Blocky's eyes and he groans with sadness, hunger, and tiredness.

He gags and chokes as extreme, sudden sadness grasps at his mind... They were friends for over 11 years. Now he is gone.

Blocky screams in agony... banging his fists in the ground.

"He can't just leave me like this!" Blocky screams and cries? chiming on his sobs.

"I was... sad too... but you have to move on," Pen looks into Blocky's eyes, "Believe me... and Eraser is..." He sniffs, "In a better place now..."

Grassy's small hands grab into Blocky's, "Grassy know Eraser happy too! Eraser want Blocky to keep going!"

"Keep... going..." Blocky sniffs, "But how?"

"It'll be hard," Pen picks Grassy up with one arm, and reaches the other out to Blocky, "The challenge will never be over. This will never be perfect. This will never be a miracle," Pen laughs softly, and sadly, "But this is the best we've got. So you need to push ahead... Iearned that from a therapist I had after BFDIA and IDF-" He shakes his head, "Nevermind. But just... be happy. For him. For... us..."

"For the rest of the objects I'm fighting for... alive or dead..." Blocky sniffs back his tears, "Alright... let's... do this..." Pen lifts Blocky up to standing.

The three then return to the battle, ready to make all objects, dead or alive, feel this: happiness, peacefulness, and safeness.

Book spies on Blocky, who is crying, from behind a tree. She feels a pang of sadness. Should she go through with this?

She knows Liy was friends with Blocky, but... "Whatever," Book whispers, "An enemy is an enemy."

She aims...

and shoots.

Her bullet is, unnoticed by Blocky, stopped halfway by Four.

She flinched and takes a step back. Then another. And another. "You tyrants..." Four grumbles angrily, his hands trembling with rage, "You... You b#tches... You wh#r#s...! F#CKING DIE! AND DO NOT HURT ANYONE AGAIN!" He grabs her by the neck and she whimpers.

He continues, "Because if you- and not JUST you- buy ANY of your pack and ESPECIALLY Liy- make X she'd even a single tear... you're all dead."

Book gasps and struggles in his grasp. She can't die! She must avenge Golfball! She must...

"Get away from my friend!" Liy yells at him, holding a crossbow in her hands, "Or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Ha. Ha... Very funny, little, small girl," Four laughs sarcastically and flings Book to the side, her head smashing against a tree and blood gushing out of her head... Brain matter splattered on the tree.
Just like Golfball.
Just like she would have wanted.

Four steps closer to Liy. "Book! No!" Liy screams, her vision dancing and tears spilling from her eyes. A warm, tingly feeling rises in her throat and she vomits, brownish orange gunk spills out of her mouth and into the soil.

"Disgusting..." Four grumbles, "Maybe I should just kill you instead of just imprisoning you... It would save us all more permanently..."

As Liy screams and tries to run, he snaps his fingers, stilling her mid-air. Four laughs, the laughter filled with vengeance and malice.

"Stupid child... You and your FRIENDS aren't going anywhere for a very long time... B#tch."

1586 words
11 january 24

38 - "'hush little Liy, don't say a word...'"

okay im absolutely DONE with Thursdays! /j Fridays it is. wait. today is Thursday. nevermind.

also weird title?? I barely had any ideas of what to title this one, sorry.. :'(

WARNING: blood, gore, CHARACTER DEATH, murder, insanity, cannibalism, starvation, brainwashing, violence, guts, cursing/ offensive language, hallucinogens

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Liy screams in anger as she's thrown behind bars, "What the hell?! I'm trying to help everyone! You can't do this to me!"

"Sorry, Liy," X whispers and walks away, hand in hand with Four, who appears to be smirking at her.

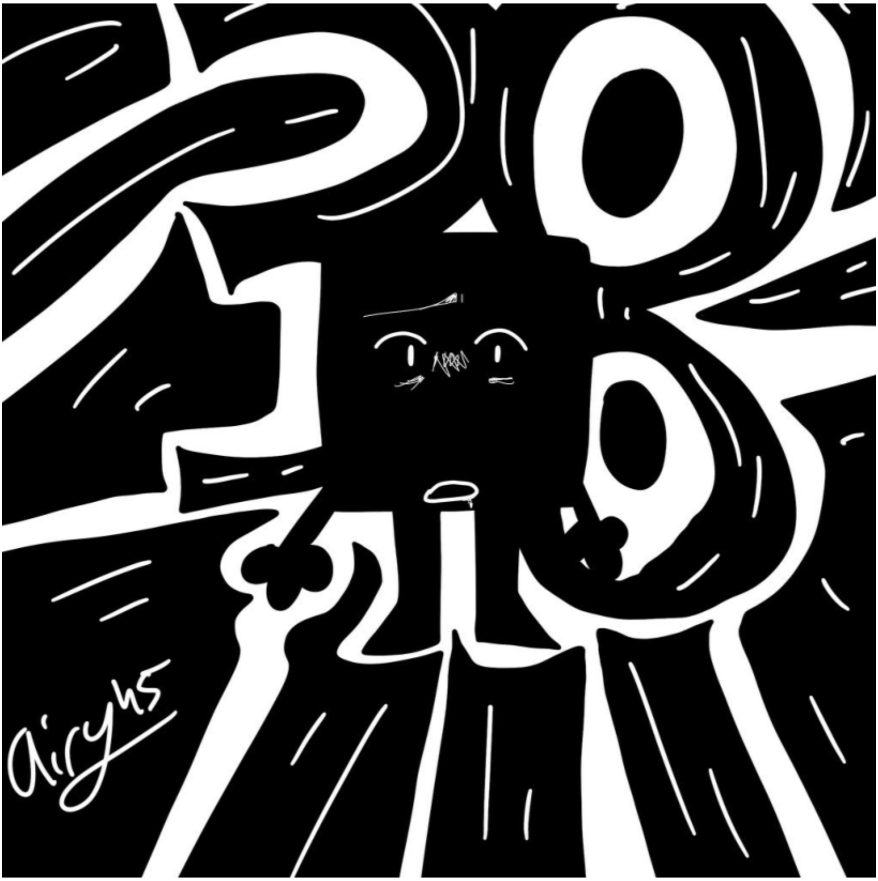
She, in disbelief, watches them walk away. How dare they do this! She wanted to help everyone and this is how they repay her? Really?! After the hell that she went through?!

Her attention is so busy tending to her racing thoughts that she doesn't notice Blocky rattling the bars until he reaches through, tapping her lightly. She flinches and looks up at him...

"Liy, finally," Blocky sighs and retracts his hand, "You okay..?"

"You... YOU TRAITOR!!" She screams out at him, reaching out and trying to hurt him.

He gasps and steps back, "Liy-!"



"You traitor! Get me the hell out of here, you motherf-"

"Blocky!" Pen laughs excitedly and jobs up to him, "What..." He noticed Blocky's sad expression. "What's wrong?" Pen asks.

"I've..." Blocky steps away from Liy again, "I've created a monster..." He turns to Pen, "Tell X... to provide her care... and help... until she is mentally and physically well enough to... come back... please."

Pen nods, "Will do."

Over the next few weeks, everyone becomes closer together.

Enemies now acquaintances, friends now the best of them.

Blocky and Gelatin combined ideas, and told Four and X, who told everyone.

The election for who is best-fit to rule starts...

Now.

Three candidates, Blocky, Gelatin, and Needle. One of those will be chosen to make rules and represent.

Five judges, who execute those rules - all chosen by the candidates - those judges being Foldy, Bell, 8-Ball, Spongy, and Dora.

Four who approve rules made by the candidate - chosen by the judges, these people are X, Tennisball ("He deserves a chance, even if he's a bit mad," Ruby had said), Coiny, and Fanny.

And now, the election begins.

This was Blocky's wonderful, happy, safe idea all along... and it, surprisingly, actually is.

Four sighs and looks up at the sky. It SHOULD be starting at the brightest time of day, and that time is almost here.

He taps his foot and watches as the objects begin to gather, and Blocky, Gelatin, and - miraculously - Needle step up to Four, ready to begin the voting, or get voted for.

Four tips some oarchnent into many strips and squares, instructing the objects to write in it: Either Block, Gelatin or Needle. He says to make sure to do it legibly, and then those votes will be counted.

After many minutes, the votes are counted.

Needle with 11.

Blocky with 10.

Gelatin with 8.

Of course, many did not vote, but nobody thought Needle would win, even everyone who voted for her. SHE didn't even expect it either... or hear it.

As she has been for a while, she was stuck in her own mind - swarming with mor people, on and off controlling her. She thinks it's possession, but the rest of the outsiders - who aren't really outsiders anymore - how very think she's gone mad.

But nobody else knows, and her, with her many objects in her fractured mind, rises to a leadership role.

Excited as ever, she cheers and shouts!

Gelatin does not care, but Blocky is scared. He remembers how Gelatin and others told him of Needle's unstable mind... and he is scared.

But it should be okay. There is a safer ruler system now, and even if she tries anything crazy, there are still people to unapproved the rule.

Now, let's jump forward a week in our story, and see how this new, "safe system" is holding up.

Better than expected. Or, at least, this is what Tennisball thinks. Everyone gets the jobs that they have a unity and skill to do, so most of they stuck with what they have been doing.

He sits next to X, who sits next to Four. He stares up at the sky, wondering if Golfball could be up...

No.

He shakes his head, science says that is not possible. You are here or you are not. There is no "inbetween" or "afterlife". And it makes in feel a bit better, knowing that this is natural...

But it makes him feel even more upset that he will never ever see her again.

He bursts into tears and X helps in surprise. "AH! Tennisball, are you okay..?!" X rushes to his side and dries his tears. "Tennisball... is it about Golfball?"

Tennisball nods and sniffs back his tears, "I wish that this was as easy to... understand as... math is for me..."

X pats Tennisball's hand, "It's okay... things can only get better from here..."

"I KNOW that one real solution is a tangent- I KNOW that, for nonlinear equations, you have one or two or no..." He sobs, "So why don't I know this..?!"

"I don't either," Four whispers and X's face softens even more.

Four continues, "You objects seem to have some sort of... bond... and faith... that I don't really understand..."

Tennisball sniffs his tears back and looks up at him, "It's... important to have... friends and... beliefs that... make you happier... even after they leave... I think..."

Four laughs a bit and X hushes him, then looking at Tennisball, "You do understand it... you just said it! You just... cherish the time you spent, not what you never got to do..."

Tennisball's eyes open wide - he feels as if a whole new world of peace opened up.

So... he should be happy... because that is what Golfball would have wanted? For him to be happy? Yeah...

Yeah...

And now he understands.

Needle smiles happily, jumping up and down, "We did it, we did it!"

"WE REALLY DID, NEEDLE!"

"WE. ARE. PROUD. OF. YOU!"

Needle chuckles, "Hehe! Thanks!"

"Who are you talking to."

"Oh!" Needle gasps, "I... didn't see you there, Blocky-"

"And- how are you... okay...? Grassy stabbed you!" Blocky points at her chest, which is wrapped in bandages.

"I... don't really know. I kind of... blacked out after I was walking... and when I woke, I had bandages covering my-" She stops. "Wait... I got STABBED?!" She screams, confused, concerned, and scared.

She honestly doesn't remember! What... happened?

"Don't act like an idiot, Needy, Pen and I KNOW you tried to hurt me, Grassy knows too," He clenched his fist, "Just admit it."

"I can't admit to something that I didn't do!" Needle cries out, not even noticing how he called her Needy. She weeps into her hands.

Even if she DID do that, then why doesn't she remember? And how could she lose control?!

She clutches her head as the voices of Pin and Golfball echo over and over and over in her head.

"ATTACK HIM! ATTACK!"

"SHUT. UP! JUST. REASON. WITH. HIM!"

"YOU CAN'T... CAN'T... CAN'T...!"

"Quiet! QUIET!" Needle cries and sinks to the ground, scared and sad. She lost control and these... these dead tyrants... they're blading her brain!

Blocky steps back from her, confused and concerned. Is she... for to rule? It... should be fine, everyone chose her, and it's not just her ruling. It'll be fine, it'll be fine... But just to make sure...

"You... good, Needle?" He asks, taking another step back.

Needle slowly stands up, "Now, I'll. be. going." She tunes around and leaves, leaving Blocky alone and confused. Why did she speedster her words and syllables like Pin used to do?

Whatever.

Blocky sighs and decides to return to his new job as an addition to the explorers. As he walks towards then, though the soft grass, a feeling of nostalgia rushes over him.

He remembers... running happily across the grass to compete in BFDI... be never thought be would be separated from his friends and life like this... Where's Announcer when you need him?

Nowhere. Nowhere in eternity. Nowhere i ever will they all be "saved".

But they will improve their current situation... definitely.

Liy growls and shakes the prison cell that holds her. "Let me out of here! Out out ou-"

"Shut up," 8-Ball grumbles, "I'm only here so I can get rewarded with more food. This isn't even my job. You're annoying me SO much."

Liy stinks her foot frustratedly and tries to bend the bars when, suddenly, a warm hand touches hers and she relaxes. She looks up to see Book, with Puffball behind her.

"Book! You're okay! Save me please!" Liy begs and reached for Book's bandages head.

"Puffball," Book whispers, "Give her the flower..." Book sniffs back tears and backs up, "I'm so sorry, Liy..."

And just like that, one of the hallucinogenic plants is shoved down Liy's throat. She falls to her knees, her mouth foaming, soon unconscious, and her mind drifting through a beautiful trip...

"I'm sorry, Liy..." Book whispers and the two talk away, regretting the strength of the plant they gave her...

...that will make this sleep the, likely, last she will take.

1548 words
18 january 24

ANNOUNCEMENT!! 2 CHAPTERS LEFT!!

hey y'all... only two chapters left..

this book has been REALLY fun to write!! <3 I hope you all had fun reading it so far too!

for you humans who read some of my other stories, I have been working on the one virus au book again!! :]

hope y'all are doing well! and see y'all in the last two chapters!

-airy45

25 january 24

39 - as we near the end, i wish it to be said...

30k READS?! TSYM!!! AND ONE THURSDAY CHAPTER LEFT, BOYS!! and girls. and non-binary people. and all organisms not specifically mentioned above. /j

also bfdia 9 was super cool

WARNING: blood, gore, CHARACTER DEATH, murder, insanity, cannibalism, starvation, brainwashing, violence, guts, cursing/ offensive language, hallucinogens, vomiting

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Leafy stares put the window of the small, cramped, claustrophobia-inducing hospital. Everyone left her. They really did. Has she not improved enough mentally to leave this prison?

She and Lollipop seem to be stuck here forever, and Ruby, Gaty, and Pillow did nothing about it. They helped Tennisball, who is insane enough to miss Golfball, but not these objects with actual improvement.

Leafy slides off of her rock-hard bed and towards the door. The echoes of her footsteps sound like the cries of those who passed - now above or below. Golfball below, Firey above. Oh Firey... Leafy wishes she never tried to steal that island from him.

She walks to the door and slowly turns the knob, pushing it open and walking into the hallway. She looks left... and right...

All clear.

She walks down the hall, towards the exit. Be free! Be free! In your last moments be free!

She runs out the door and into the wood, wondering how quickly she can die so she doesn't hurt anyone anymore.

Lollipop hums to herself and rocks back and forth, staring out the window. A PRINCESS like her deserves much more than this, certainly!

She hums a song to herself, one that her sister once sung to her before she left everyone to be with the COOL people who competed in BFDI. She misses her sister. She wonders what she's doing now...

A soft tap startled her out of her thoughts and delusions.

"Ruby...? Was that you..?" Lollipop calls our, gaining no response.

Her breath starts to quicken, her heart beating- no- POUNDING faster. "Leafy? GATY? PILLOW?! ANYO-"

Another tap.

And a small drip of water lands in her hand.
The roof has a leak.
It's raining.

This time, she does not freak out.
This time, she doesn't not scream.

She smiles softly and ears her head in the window, watching the rain fall.

For once in a very long time, she is at peace.

39
airyus

Blocky retreats from where he spoke to Needle, now heading to Gelatin. He feels a drip of rain land in his shoulder and smiles, happy at the change.

The rain takes his mind off of Liy's betrayal and to what the others are probably doing in the rain.

Soon, he reaches Gelatin, who is chilling with the judges - except for 8-ball, who is guarding Liy. Foldy, Spongy, Bell, Dora - they all talk with Gelatin as if they were friends for a very long time.

When Blocky joins, they do it with him too. It feels good. Really good. Good enough to make any issues go away!

That is, until Puffball floats over to them in a panic. "Liy and Book!" She cries, "Dead! They're dead!"

"Who's what-now?!" Bell screams and Dora starts freaking out.

"Liy and Book..." Blocky whispers, then looking up at Puffball, "Show us. And, along the way, please explain..."

Along the way, Puffball tells a tale. A take of happiness, hallucinogens, and hell.

It all starts when Liy was trying to break the bars that confined her, trying to get out. Book had then put a hand on her's, comforting her and calming her down.

Book and Puffball had both been there, and Liy had been overjoyed to see Book alive after the last... accident... that she was in.

But Book had asked Puffball to give some flowers to Liy, a shove them in her mouth. And just like that, Liy fell into a trip, lost consciousness, and stopped breathing seven minutes later.

Book, on the other hand, was overcome by guilt. Still while 8-Ball wasn't looking, Book ripped the bangages off of her head and cried, guilty, and soon... dead.

Puffball had flown away as quick as she could. The rain, thankfully, faded the gruesome blood. But as Blocky saw the dead corpse of his ex-friend, he bursted into tears.

First he lost Pin, then Eraser, now Liy? At first, he at least hoped for her to side with him again and be his friend. It was the last thing he had left to hang onto and hope for!

Liy left then.
Book left them.
The lifeless bodies... are horrifying.

8-Ball soon returns to see the horror, and his reaction is the same: fear, and confusion.

Needle wanders around, through the forest, feeling he calming rain pour down in her. She, though, feels as if she is not herself. But she is peaceful. Letting her legs decide where to go and mouth decide what to say, her thoughts relax as the efforts she needs to put in is stripped away.

She soon nears Remote, who lies motionless on the ground, her battery dented. "Oh. what. a. shame," She hears berself say, "I. was. right. to. tell. her. and. Book. to leave. all. that. time. ago."

Why does she sound like Pin?

Is she, perhaps, so mad that she lost control of herself and handed it to a splinter of herself based off of Pin? No, she can't be, it's just that she's possessed, remember?

As she stares at the body, she begins to feel the rain again, her body again, control again. What just happened?

Whatever it was, she doesn't want it to happen again.

Suddenly, she is tapped by X. "X?!" Needle gasps, "Oh.. it's just you.. how long were you standing there..?"

"Not long. We- it's fine to make the rules, Needle!" X reminds her, "Come on!"

He pulls her over to the others, determined to make this life better than the many that they previously lived.

Grassy, sadly, stares at the body of Eraser as it is buried in the graveyard by some objects that he doesn't bother to identify. He wishes his dad, well, adoptive dad, would come back... Please...

Pen scoops him up and rubs his head gently as he cries. "Shh... shhh... it's okay," Pen whispers to the sobbing Grassy and rocking him in his arms, "Shh.. it's okay.."

Grassy looks up at Pen, "Grassy never felt so sad..."

Pen, at hearing the soft voice of the child he cares for, feels tears spring to his eyes and quickly wiped them away. He wants Grassy to be happier, not more sad!

Pen looks Grassy in the eye. "Remember what we told Blocky?" Pen asks him softly, "You have to be happy... And look at this rain!" He smiles go at the sky, "It's Eraser blessing us..."

Grassy smiles and looks up at the sky, cheering, "Thanks, Eraser!"

Pen smiles softly... how cute!

Yellowface bounces after Barf Bag. "Where are you going?" He asks, "Weren't we gonna make that EPIC shrine?"

"Absolutely NOT!" Barf Bag finds her arms, "I'm not a brainwashed freak! I'd never do that," She then stops and looks at him, shocked, "You didn't actually wanna do that.. did you?"

Yellowface is silent for a minute before screaming out, "RAIN!"

Barf Bag facepalms and continues walking. What an idiot... She keeps walking, finally just now getting over the death of Donut... of Teardrop... of everyone... but as the rain water fills her up, diluting her insides...

She will soon cause her own.

Yellowface hops along, watching the rate of the barf's dilution speed up with her erratic.. ness.. if that's a word. She, as expected, soon trips, and all of her liquid inside, including some blood, spills out...

Leaving her dead.

As everyone adjusts, settling in and taking notice of the rain, they begin to realize their lives are taking a turn for the better.

In many ways, they are right...

And yet, they are SO wrong...

1313 words
1 february 24

40 - ...Goodbye and hello, because we live alive, no longer dead

ITS DONE OH MY GOSH.. I'm gonna miss working on this.. I hope you all loved reading this as much as I loved writing this <3

also sorry this one is short :p

WARNING: mentions of murder, assassination, brainwashing, MAJOR CHARACTER DEATH, blood, gore, cannibalism, starvation, dehydration, insanity, cursing/offensive language

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"It is true, not many are still alive. 8-Ball, Bell, Black Hole, Lightning, Lollipop, Blocky, Marker, Naily, Bomby, Coiny, Dora, Nickel. Braceletty, Pen, Needle, Pillow, Fanny, Gaty, Foldy, Puffball, Firey. Jr., Ruby, Robot Flower, Snowball, Woody, Spongy, Stapy, Tennisball, Leafy, Grassy, Ice Cube, and Yellowface. Around 31, around half, have died. And I swear I saw already die too yesterday, but I'm not sure. I've been stealing their food and corpses, but they'll never know, right?

"Anyways, I'm growing like, super attached to these objects that I've been spying on and telling you about and getting you food from. And, Winner, thanks a billion for that idea to get them some rain water in bottles from when our group first got stranded here! That was one hell of a time, wasn't it, Winner?

"Anyway, again, I am so glad that we gave people to steal food from now. And they're so lucky! They can still save themselves, they have lots of objects. We can't, all of ours died except me, you, and Price Tag, right? So, Winner, I'm sure you're super bored of me by now. This heck of a story took years to write and only 5-ish hours to tell you now.

"Oh, but you have to admit, was it not fun to hear about that hilarious Golfball chick? Yeah, I know! So funny! But yeah, they're pretty much destroying themselves no, so I don't wanna go over there and get found out as the creek who stalked them for.. their whole time here so far.

"What was I gonna say again? Oh yeah, Needle DEFINITELY died in some sort of schizophrenic breakdown or something? I don't know what it's called or the right terms or anything, but she started acting like Golfball and then shot herself. It's pretty sad...

"But they cited again and that Blocky dude won the vote. I'm SO glad that brainwashed hello boy didn't win, he acts like such a child! N-no! I'm not a hypocrite! A- anyway, that Two person was the one who saved US from the meteor breaking our planet, then the Four and X dudes saved them from being sucked up by a black hole. Who's next?

"So, I'm just happy to see my friends from BFDI again- And NO! Do NOT call me crazy! I promise I was there! All you have to do is, on the show, pan the camera to the side! I'm there! So is that weird purple alien who came here for a day and then left.

"Oh, and, before she died, Needle was doing a pretty good job. She helped a lot of people, you know? Alright, so, I'm sure you're bored of me by now, Winner, but one last thing. Remember Price Tag's suggestion? To give them actual food from our secret farm we started?

"I gave them an apple... and you might be saying, 'Profiley..?! What in the sixth hell?!' Well, my friend, I did this to excite them! Prepare them do, perhaps, living with us. A peace offering, if you will.

"They went crazy over it. There was... so much... blood... I couldn't comprehend any of it! Winner, please, write all this down in your journal, and publish it to the world.

"And, please, get us help..."

~Published, a true story, by winner~
~30 October XXXX~

P.S.

Dear newspaper company,

I am Winner, the publisher of this true, horrifying story.

Tell your head publisher, Announcer was his name, I think, to publish this right away... to everywhere!

And please... please get us help...

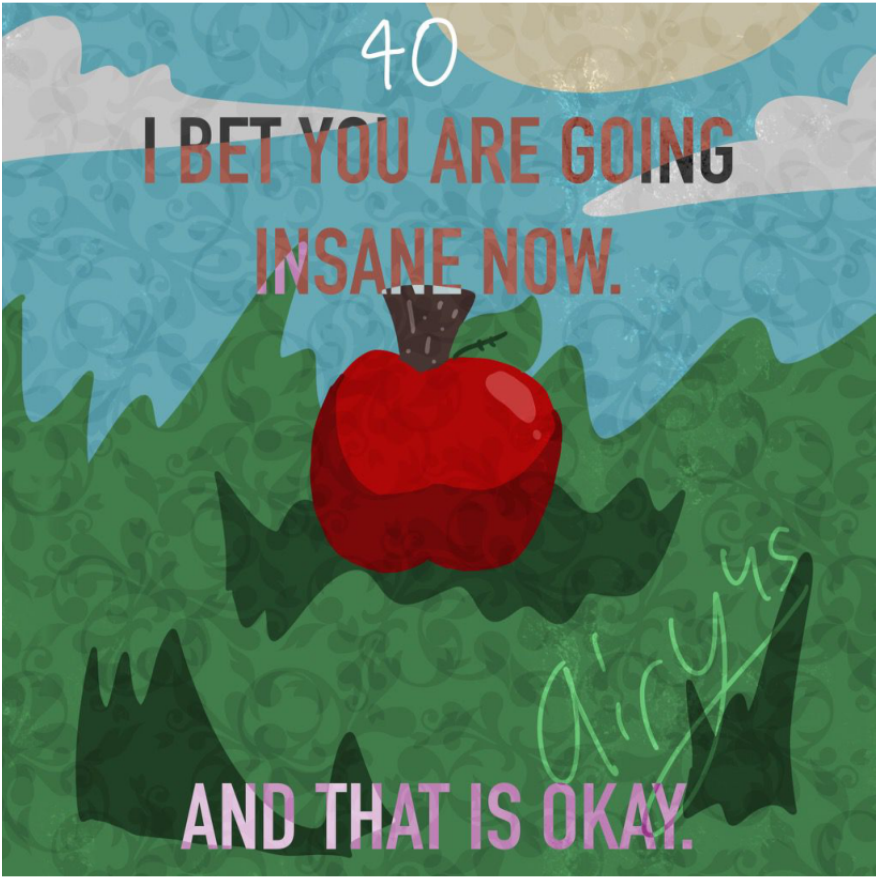
Sincerely,
Winner

P.S.S.

Make it quick. Announcer, I'm counting on you. We all are. This is far from perfect and this challenge will never be over unless you come get us help.

We are about to die.

Hurry.


40
I BET YOU ARE GOING
INSANE NOW.
AND THAT IS OKAY.
airyus

I loved writing this story, omg.. <3

that was like an awesome year writing this and stuff (it was over a year, but it was close)!!
but eeehhh this last chapter felt weird writing it.. :[i hope it wasn't weird when you guys read it

thank you all for reading!! ^^ and, also, there are more stories I wrote if you wanna read them.. haha.. um.. :T

anyways, hope you liked it!!

see you in the next story! (if you want ones similar to this, check out my phone starvation au or my ii starvation au that I'm hoping to write soon! and if you're just here for the emotions stuff, not the gore, then maybe you'd like the remember her ii au, I need you ii fanfic, or one again again!! ok sorry for the self promo.. I'll stop now :[ )

also I did an animatic for the chapters 31-40!!! https://youtu.be/Y9-zMrPMUhA?si=NxBfn6DaE604La9v

ok bye!! :) (you can probably tell, I'm not good with ending stuff)

anyway, have a wonderful day, you lovely humans!! ^^

865 words
8 february 24